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OSBERN BOKENAM'S  
LEGENDEN

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

C. H O R S T M A N N

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HEILBRONN  
VERLAG VON GEBR. HENNINGER  
1883

H-SS

A-576

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## EINLEITUNG.

Den namen des dichters dieser legenden, Osbern Bokenam, hat uns die schlussnote am ende des manuscripts aufbewahrt; er selbst will seinen namen nicht nennen, damit die unbedeutendheit desselben seinem werke nicht zum schaden gereiche (s. Prol. 33 ff.) und um bösem willen keinen anlass zum spott zu geben (s. ib. 196). Trotz dieser zurückhaltung erzählt er selbst an verschiedenen stellen seiner legenden so viel über sein leben, dass wir aus seinen angaben ein gutes stück seiner biographie construiren können — eine andere kunde über sein leben besitzen wir nicht.

Nach seiner eigenen angabe wurde er am tage der heiligen Fides, also am 6. october geboren (s. 5, 462), volle 50 jahre vor seiner dichtung der Margareta (s. 1, 8), die er am 7 september 1443 begann (s. Prol. 187—191), also wahrscheinlich im j. 1393. Ueber seinen geburtsort erfahren wir aus dem Prolog (135—170), dass er bei einer alten priorie „of blake chanons“ liege, in welcher der eine fuss der h. Margareta mit fleisch und bein aufbewahrt werde, jedoch ohne die grosse zehe und die ferse, die in einem nonnenkloster von Reding<sup>1</sup> verehrt würden; jener fuss wirke viele wunder, besonders wenn man in zeit der noth ringe oder broschen, womit man ihn bei einem früheren besuche berührt, zurück zu bringen und der heiligen zu widmen verspreche — so sei er selbst vor 5 jahren in der nähe von Venedig durch einen solchen ring, mit dem er „at his parting“ die reliquie berührt, aus einem sumpfe, worin ihn ein bösewicht (a cruel tyraunt) aus einer barke getrieben, gerettet worden. Den namen dieser priorie verschweigt er — durch die nennung der wunderkräftigen reliquie glaubte er sie seinen zeitgenossen deutlich genug bezeichnet zu haben. Leider fehlt es uns an nachrichten über diese reliquie,<sup>2</sup> so dass es schwer wird, den geburtsort des dichters mit sicherheit nachzuweisen. Vermuthlich<sup>3</sup> ist sein geburtsort Bokeham (jetzt Bookham) in Surrey, ein 8 engl. meilen von dem im anfang des 13. jhdts. gegründeten Augustinerkloster von Reygate gelegenes dorf; — diese vermuthung gründet sich auf seinen namen, den er in diesem falle von seinem geburtsort erhalten haben würde (wie Lydgate). Seine heimath in Suffolk anzunehmen, ist jedenfalls kein zwingender grund vorhanden. — Ueber seinen stand erfahren wir, dass

1 Reading ist also nicht geburtsort des dichters, wie ich in den Altengl. eg. n. f. unrichtig angegeben. Ueber die reliquie vgl. Monast. Angl. IV 48.

2 Unter den in den Act. ss. Boll. Jul. V aufgeführten reliquien der h. Margareta sind gerade die in England befindlichen ausgelassen; auch das Monasticum Anglicanum bietet keinen anhalt.

3 Diese auf den namen des dichters gestützte vermuthung danke ich Prof. Zupitza.

er ein Austyn frere (Prol. 32) war, nach der schlussnote vom Convent of Stokclare (in Suffolk): er selbst nennt Clare als den ort, wohin er von seiner italienischen reise vor 5 jahren die geschichte der translatio der h. Margareta mitheimgebracht. (Prol. 122). Nach der schlussnote war er Doctor of Divinity; dass er ein gelehrter und mit der theologie seiner zeit wohlbekannter mann war, zeigt er in seinen legenden häufig genug. Mehrfach erwähnt er seine reisen: so war er mindestens zweimal in Italien (s. Prol. 108); das letzte mal war er in Rom und lernte auf seiner rückkehr in Montefiasco, wo er vom regen aufgehalten wurde, die geschichte der translatio der h. Margareta kennen (Prol. 107—122; wohl auf derselben reise, die 5 jahre vor seiner dichtung der Margareta stattfand (Prol. 159), wurde er bei Venedig durch das genannte Miraculum gerettet. Ausserdem machte er im jahre 1445, vor dem beginn seiner dichtung der Magdalena, eine pilgerfahrt nach S. Jago, aus anlass des dortigen gnadenjahres vgl. 8, 110—126).

Er war ein treuer sohn seiner kirche — er würde jeden irrthum gegen die kirchliche lehre widerrufen (2, 43), er beklagt, wenn auch mit vorsicht, den verfall der kirchlichen zucht in seinen tagen (13, 383 ff.). Wenn er öfter von der „wrecchynesse of his forelyuyng“ spricht (9, 1050; 10, 905), so muss man diese phrase nicht allzu streng nehmen. Nach seinem werke zu urtheilen, war er eine naive, harmlose, gutmüthige natur, jeder schärfe abhold, vorsichtig, dabei zufrieden mit sich und der welt, etwas eitel und selbstredig; aber die sünden eines grossen characters hat er schwerlich gekostet. Er ist eine friedfertige gelehrtenatur, in engen kreisen befangen. Er liebt es, sein licht in gelehrten digressionen (so weiss er selbst über dysenterie zu reden 12, 43—70) und feinen distinktionen (wie im anfang des Prologs) leuchten zu lassen, doch tritt seine gelehrsamkeit nicht prahlerisch hervor. Selbst seine satire ist vorsichtig (so bei seiner klage über den verfall der kirchlichen zucht 13, 395 ff.) und gutmüthig (wie da wo er gegen die kunstvollen hofdichter mit ihren schmachtenden baladys und amalletys ausfällt, 8, 245 ff.).

Eine weiche natur wie unser dichter ist ein freund der damen. Die hälfte seiner legenden sind auf bitten geistiger freundinnen gedichtet; auch hochstehende frauen, wie die lady Bowser, Countess of En, schwester des Herzogs Richard von York (des vaters von Eduard IV.), und Elisabeth Ver, Countess of Oxenforth zählt er zu seinen bekannten. Selbst auf die heiligen erstreckt sich diese vorliebe — so hat er Caecilia, Fides und Barbara zu seinen „Valentyns“ erkoren (10, 901). Diesem zuge entspricht es, dass er gerade und ausschliesslich heilige frauen und jungfrauen zum gegenstand seiner dichtung gewählt hat; dass er sich mit absicht auf diese beschränkt hat, erfahren wir aus Magd. 60. — Vermuthlich hatte er die absicht, sein werk zu einem grösseren cyclus weiblicher heiligen zu erweitern, wobei ihm in der idee Chaucer's Legend of good women vorgeschwebt haben mag — ist aber an der vollendung desselben, wahrscheinlich durch den tod, gehindert worden. In seiner jetzigen gestalt fällt es in eine reihe

einzelner legenden auseinander, ohne ordnung und ohne andere einheitlichkeit als die des gleichen charakters der heiligen. Als ganzes betrachtet, ist es unfertig.

Er begann seine legenden heiliger frauen, als er bereits „volle 50 jahre“ alt war (1,8), schon „fer runne in age“ (2, 10), in einem alter, wo, wie er sagt, er besser thäte „to leue makynge of Englysh“ und die sünden seines lebens zu büßen. Dass er alle diese stücke erst im alter dichtete, ergibt sich aus 8, 60. Dieses werk ist offenbar sein erstes grösseres in englischer sprache<sup>1</sup> — frühere werke hätte er gewiss zu erwähnen nicht unterlassen. Dafür hat er vorher bereits ein lateinisches gedicht in balade ryme (7 zeil. strophen) verfasst (s. 2, 685—7, dessen inhalt er nur mangelhaft bezeichnet — wir erfahren blos, dass er darin über die 3 töchter der h. Anna und ob sie von einem oder drei vütern stammen, handelt; vielleicht (?) war es ein Marienleben. — Die reihe der legenden beginnt mit Margareta, welche er im jahre 1443 am Tage der Vigilia Nativ. b. Mariae, 7. sept., anfang (Prolog 187); nach beendigung der vita machte er eine pause von 9 tagen, von S. Matthaei vorabend bis Michaelis, und dichtete dann die Translatio (s. 1, 670 ff.). Dass der dichter in der that mit dieser legende begonnen, zeigt der einleitende character des Prologs, der, obwohl speciell zur Margareta gedichtet, seiner anlage nach und in seinem ersten theil wie eine erste allgemeine einleitung aussieht.<sup>2</sup> Ein weiteres datum gibt der dichter für seine Magdalena, die er, auf die am Dreikönigstage 1445 an ihn gestellte bitte der Lady Bowser, sogleich nach der rückekehr von seiner im laufe desselben jahres gemachten pilgerfahrt nach S. James (S. Jago), also wohl noch vor ende des jahres 1445 begonnen hat (s. 8, 1 ff.). In derselben legende, v. 55 ff., führt er die bis dahin von ihm gedichteten legenden auf, in folgender reihe: Anna, Margareta, Dorothea, Fides, Christina, Agnes, 11000 Virgines, ausserdem Elisabeth, welche letztere er jedoch damals erst begonnen habe. Die ersten 7 waren also i. j. 1445 bereits fertig. Katharina, Caecilia, Agatha

<sup>1</sup> Der herausgeber der Roxburgh Ed. schreibt ihm auch den im Monast. Anglic (s. v. Stok-Clare, VI, 1600) in begleitung lat. hexameter abgedruckten engl. dialog zu. Derselbe führt den titel: This dialogue betwixt a Secular asking and a Freere answering at the grave of Dame Johan of Acres sheweth the lineal descent of the lordis of the honoure of Clare, fro the tyme of the fundation of the Freeris in the same Honoure, the yere of our lorde MCCXLVIII, unto the first day of May the yere MCCCLVI. Er sagt darüber: the English verses, to whomsoever the Latin may belong, are certainly Bokenam's, as the style and phraseology are wholly his. Although containing the information given in the Latin, they can hardly be called a translation. In the following stanza he mentions the Duke of York, afterwards Edward IV (i. father of Edward IV), in a way that accords with the date of the legends (vgl. 8, 24 ff.):

What hight that ladie whos issue had grace

This lordship tatteyne? — Dame Anne I-wis,

To the erle of Cambrigge and she wife was,

Which both be dede, god graunte hem blys.

But hir son Richard, which yet liveth, is

Duke of Yorke by descent of his fadir,

And hath Marchis londis by right of his modir. (Vgl. Beil. p. 269.)

<sup>2</sup> Ich habe daher diesen Prolog von der verszählung der Margareta abgetrennt und für sich gerechnet, vielleicht nicht ganz mit recht, da er immerhin speziell zur Margareta gehört.

und Lucia können demnach erst später gedichtet, Elisabeth später vollendet sein; und zwar bleibt für diese, da die hs. bereits im jahre 1447 geschrieben ist, nur das jahr 1446 als Entstehungszeit übrig. Wie schnell er dichtete, ersehen wir aus seiner angabe in S. Katharina (v. 1056) dass er diese lange legende (1065 vv.) in 5 tagen vollendet habe. Für die ersten 7 legenden hatte er kaum mehr als ein jahr gebraucht. — Wenn die ordnung, in welcher er jene 7 ersten legenden aufzählt, mit der des ms nicht übereinstimmt, so erklärt sich dies aus gründen des metrums und reims. Da die im jahre 1445 noch nicht gedichteten stücke auch im ms. auf jene ersten folgen und Margareta offenbar die reihe anfang, so scheint der schluss gerechtfertigt, dass die ordnung des ms. auch die der entstehung ist.

Mehr als die hälfte der legenden hat der dichter auf bitten oder zur erbauung von freunden und freundinnen geschrieben: so Margareta auf bitten seines „sone and fadyr“ Thomas Borgh, eines klosterbruders zu Cambridge (s. Prol. 175 ff.) — es ist dies derselbe Thomas Burgh, der nach der schlussnote (die ihn ebenfalls „hys sone“ nennt) die abschrift des werkes besorgte; diesen freund mahnt er besonders, seinen namen nicht zu verrathen und die frager auf falsche fährte zu leiten (Prol. 195 ff.). Anna dichtete er für seine freundin Katharina Denston (p. 66), frau des John Denston, deren tochter nach der Heiligen Anna hiess und denen er im schlussgebet auch einen sohn wünscht (v. 697 ff.); Dorothea auf bitten des John Hunt und seiner ehefrau Isabel (7, 241); Magdalena auf die aufforderung der Lady Bowser, Countess of Eu, schwester des Herzogs Richard von York, wie er weitläufig in der einleitung dieser legende erzählt; Katharina zur erbauung für Katharina Howard und Katharina Denston (9, 54 u. 1053); Agatha für Agas Fleg (11, 56); Elisabeth auf bitten der Elisabeth Ver, Countess of Oxenforth (vgl. 8, 65; 13, 82 u. 1159). Fides scheint er besonders desshalb aufgenommen zu haben, weil er am tage dieser Heiligen geboren wurde; auch gehörte sie zu seinen besonderen lieblichen (10, 901).

Die legenden erscheinen mit dem apparate von prologen, wie er damals mode war; ohne prolog sind nur Christina, 11000 Virg., Fides und Dorothea. Bei Margareta und Magdalena geht ausserdem ein längeres vorwort (bei Magd. Prolocutorye betitelt) voran; das zur Marg. behandelt das was und warum des werkes, das zur Magd. die veranlassung der dichtung; beide sind sehr persönlicher natur. Eine besondere, gleichfalls persönliche überleitung findet sich zwischen den 2 theilen der Margareta (v. 630—700). Die eigentlichen prologe behandeln besonders die etymologische deutung des namens der Heiligen und schliessen mit einem gebet; doch enthalten auch sie vielfach noch persönliche bemerkungen oder die widmung u. a. Den schluss der legenden bildet in der regel ein schlussgebet, in Agnes ein förmlicher epilog.

Die legenden sind in wechselnden versmassen gedichtet. Häufig haben prolog und vorwort wieder andere versmasse als die eigentlichen legenden: so ist in Marg. und Magd. das vorwort in reimpaaren, der prolog in 8zeiligen, die legende selbst

in 7zeiligen stropfen geschrieben; in Elisabeth die ersten 12 verse in reimpaaren, der prolog in 7zeil., die legende in 8zeil. stropfen; in Agnes der prolog in 8zeil., die legende in 7zeil. stropfen; in Anna der prolog in 16zeiligen doppelstropfen, die legende in 7zeil. stropfen; in Katharina der prolog in 7zeil. stropfen, die legende in reimpaaren; in Lucia der prolog in 8zeil. stropfen, die legende in reimpaaren. Die beliebteste versform ist die 7zeil. strophe (reim ababbcc), worin 11000 Virg., Fides, Dorothea ganz, ferner, den prolog abgerechnet, Margareta, Anna, Agnes, Magdalena, endlich auch die prologe zu Katharina und Elisabeth gedichtet sind. Für die prologe ist sonst die 8zeil. strophe (reim ababbebc) häufiger verwendet: so bei Margareta, Magdalena, Agnes, Lucia; Christina ist ganz in dieser strophe gedichtet. in Elizabeth die eigentliche legende. Die 16zeil. doppelstrophe (mit durchgehendem reime) erscheint nur im prolog zu Anna; doch zeigt sich auch in Christina häufig die neigung, zwei 8zeil. stropfen durch den reim zu binden, indem die zweite strophe mit dem schlussreim der vorhergehenden beginnt (vgl. z. b. 488 u. 9, 496 u. 7, 504 u. 5, 512 u. 3, 520 u. 1, 528 u. 9, 536 u. 7 u. ö.). In reimpaaren sind Caecilia und Agatha ganz (mit prolog), Katharina und Lucia ohne den prolog, ferner die einleitungen zu Margareta und Magdalena gedichtet.

Die hauptquelle des dichters ist die *Legenda aurea* des Jacobus a Voragine, Erzbischofs von Genua, den er häufig unter der bezeichnung Januence (d. i. Genuensis) citirt. Doch ist nur ein theil der legenden aus dieser quelle entnommen, nämlich 11000 Virg., Magdalena (doch benutzt er für den ersten theil auch die evangelien, vgl. 751), Elisabeth, Caecilia, Agatha und Lucia, auch Dorothea.<sup>1</sup> Ferner die etymologieen in den prologen zu Margareta (vgl. v. 42), Agnes (v. 34), Katharina (v. 9). Andere quellen benutzt er für Margareta, Anna, Christina, Fides, Agnes; in Katharina hat er die L. A. vielleicht theilweise benutzt, daneben aber eine andere quelle (abweichend von der L. A. sind besonders v. 105—138, 447—485, 590—694, 938—42, 966—981, ausserdem manche einzelheiten, so kommt der name *Cursates* v. 782 in L. A. nicht vor). Für Margareta benutzt er eine der fabelhaften varianten der apocryphen Acta (ed. Surius und Lipomani), worin die erscheinung des drachen (v 448 ff.) wunderbar ausgemalt wird — am meisten ähnlichkeit mit seiner schilderung des drachen zeigt unter den bekannten versionen die bei Mombritius tom. 2a, fol. 103<sup>2</sup>; die *Translatio* schöpfte er aus einem ms welches er in Montefiasco kennen lernte — es ist dies die in den Acta SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 41 abgedruckte geschichte, von der die darstellung des dichters jedoch in manchen punkten abweicht. Für Christina benutzt er eine ausführliche version, die mit der der Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 524 nur eine theilweise ähnlichkeit zeigt (vgl. auch Vinc. Bell. Spec. hist.

<sup>1</sup> Dorothea stimmt genau mit der version im anhang der L. A. (cap. CCX), nur haben die eltern der heiligen hier andere namen (Dorus u. Thea); vgl. Act. SS. Boll. 6. Febr. Bd. I, 772.

<sup>2</sup> Vgl. darüber Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 28.

XIII). Fides beruht auf den jüngeren Acta bei Surius, welche die Passio der hh. Caprasius, Primus und Felicianus, und die Translatio durch Dulcidius mitenthalt. Die legende der h. Agnes gibt er genau mit den worten des h. Ambrosius, des vermeintlichen verfässsers dieser legende (in d. Opp. Ambr. V, Epistolarum lib. 4, ep 34); abgedruckt ist diese lat. quelle auch bei Surius und in den Act. SS. Boll. Jan 21, bd. II p. 350.

Ueber sein verhältniss zur quelle spricht er sich am schlusse von S. Agnes (v. 678 ff.) aus, wo er sagt, dass er dem Ambrosius gefolgt sei „not wurde for wurde — for þat ne may be In no translacyoun aftyr Jeromys decre — But fro sentence to sentence“. In der that überträgt er bald wörtlicher (wie in Agnes, 11000 Virg.), bald freier. Insbesondere liebt er abschweifungen aller art: bald tischt er uns von seiner gelehrsamkeit auf (wie 12, 42—70), schaltet erklärungen ein (wie 1, 17 40, 72—88 u. ö.), wagt auch eigene deutungen vorzubringen (wie 13, 27—54), oder versucht beschreibungen im damaligen kunststil (so wenn er die schönheit beschreibt 1, 209 ff.; 9, 70 ff.); bald berührt er persönliche verhältnisse, beklagt sich über die ungunst der musen, Apolls und der Pallas (1, 167 ff u. ö.) oder sein unvermögen mit Gower, Chaucer und Lydgate zu wetteifern (6, 12 ff. u. ö.); bald citirt er seine quelle oder führt andere werke über denselben gegenstand an (so Capgrave's jüngstgedichtete legende von der h. Katharina 9, 43 ff., Lydgate's Marienleben und ein lateinisches gedicht „of þe weddyng dyrees“ in 10 büchern zum lobe Marias 2 610—9; sein eigenes latein. gedicht 2, 683). Diese neigung zu abschweifungen kennzeichnet besonders seinen stil.

Als dichter ist er keineswegs so unbedeutend wie man ihn bisher geschätzt hat; sein talent verdient alle achtung. Naiv, natürlich. liebenswürdig, von gesundem humor — so ist er selbst, so ist sein stil. In seiner behägigen breite plaudert er gern und von allem möglichen, am liebsten von sich selbst — er gehört zu den persönlichsten dichtern. Seine schwatzhaftigkeit ist oft erstaunlich — das geht vom hundertsten ins tausendste, so dass die sätze, durch immer neue einschießel unterbrochen, nicht selten ins ungeheure wachsen — man vergleiche z. b. die einleitungen zu Magdalena und Margareta.

Seine darstellung ist ungezwungen, besonders wo er sich gehen lassen kann, und frei von der geschraubten, überkünstlichen manier Lydgate's, ja es scheint als ob er sich als vertreter des natürlichen in einen bewussten gegensatz gegen die gesuchte und gezierte redeweise der kunst- und hofdichter stellt.<sup>1</sup> Dennoch verräth sich seine klassische bildung, sein gelehrter charakter deutlich genug: sein streben nach eloquenz ist unverkennbar. Obgleich er in der kunst der rede nicht mit

<sup>1</sup> Gerade in dieser reaktion gegen die unnatürliche, latinisirende redeweise seiner zeitgenossen (besonders Lydgate's, der die fremdartigsten lateinischen constructionen (wie acc. c. inf., part. absol.) in die englische sprache einzuführen sucht, scheint mir die litterarische bedeutung Bokenan's zu liegen; seine tiefere bildung liess ihn den hauch des klassischen anders und besser verstehen. Doch bleibt seine reaktion nur eine leise und halbe.

einem Chaucer, Gower oder Lydgate rivalisiren will (seine worte klingen fast ironisch), so gebraucht er doch gern selbst rhetorische mittel. Dahin gehört besonders seine verwendung antiker vorstellungen. Wunderlich genug sieht es aus, wenn er Pallas, Apollo, Orpheus, die Musen, Clio und Melpomene, den Parnass und Helicon in die christliche legende einführt, von Lachesis und Attropos, von Fortuna's wheel und fickleness, the trumpet of Fame redet, Phoebus den thierkreis durchwandeln lässt. Daneben figuriren dann auch personificationen wie Dame Nature und Dame Grace (z. b. 9, 70 u. ö.). die an die moralitäten erinnern. Solche wendungen geben dem stil unseres dichters etwas barockes; er zeigt eine eigenthümliche mischung von natürlichkeit und pedanterie. Die legende verliert unter diesen arabesken ganz ihre sonstige feierlichkeit, die ehrwürdigen gestalten der Heiligen verschwinden hinter dem bebrillten (vgl. 1, 658) antlitz des gelehrten doktors. — Im vergleich zu Lydgate zeigt er eine ungleich grössere natürlichkeit und leichtigkeit, sein gesunder sinn bewahrt ihn vor dessen verrirungen; eher könnte er als ein nachahmer Chaucer's erscheinen, dessen eloquenz er vor allen rühmt (prol. 83 ff.); doch finden sich auch einzelne anklänge an Lydgate (so 13, 675).

Ueber seinen dialekt lässt sich der dichter selbst im prolog zu Agnes v. 29 ff aus: da Pallas ihm ihren beistand weigert weil die frischesten blumen der rhetorik bereits von Chaucer, Gower und Lydgate gepflückt seien, so will er nicht weiter mit ihr debattiren und sich von des Tullius wiese fernhalten; „and þerfore spekyng & wrytyn I wyl pleyuly Aftyr þe language of Suthfolk speche“, und wem das nicht gefalle, der möge sich anderswo umsehen. Diese betonung seines dialects hängt mit seinem streben nach grösserer natürlichkeit des ausdrucks zusammen; sie ist der grund, warum er sich lieber in den formen seiner engern heimath bewegt und selbst englokale wörter nicht verschmäht, als sich sprachlich an die dichter seiner zeit anschliesst. Sein werk ist deshalb ein werthvolles denkmal des dialects von Suffolk, werthvoll besonders für unsere mangelhafte kenntniss der englischen dialecte. Als eine eigenthümlichkeit dieses dialectes erscheint die vorliebe für i statt e in den endungen, nicht nur in der pluralendung is der subst. (wie bei Chaucer) — i. r. findet sich nur is, i. r. zu his, þis, is, amys — sondern auch in den endungen yn (vgl. die inf. sowkyn, knelyn i. r. zu Mawdelyn 8, 1095), yd, yst yth, yr; das schwanken zwischen kentischem e und i (vgl. i. r. mende kende neben mynde kynde, aber nur fer st. fyr; lest threst, wete wrete smete neben smyte knyrt, i. t. cherche, merithe); von a und o (hond stond lond u. hand land, any eny u. ony, aber nur man, long strong); von seche u. seke. lyche u. lyke. Die verbalendungen sind mittelländisch: yth in 3 sgl. praes. und im plur. imperat., yn im plur. praes.; die 2. person sgl. endet auf yst, selten auf ys (seyis 9, 852, hase has 3, 540; 10, 289); in der frage ist þou öfter im verbum aufgegangen (z. b. why shewyst 11, 163, why taryist 12. 333, knowyst not 10, 738, 754, 779). Der infinitiv endet meist auf yn (en), seltener das part. praet. der starken

verba (i. r. ist dieses meist ohne endung, wie in drawe, blow, knowe, soye, bete forgete, take, bounde, begunne, aber born lorn neben bore lore; i. t. ist yn weniger selten); der vorschlag y vor dem part. fehlt ganz. Für das part. praes. begegnet neben yng zweimal i. r. noch ende:lyuende 9, 377, dredende 12, 252. Eigenthümlich ist der gebrauch der hülfsverba im infinitiv: shuln, wyln, moun, kun (dieselben formen auch im plur. praes.: we wyln, ye shuln, moun). Neben haue begegnet im inf. und plur. praes., auch 1 sgl. praes. (2, 464), die form han hane, wie neben take im inf. und part. tan. Das pron. fem. ist she, acc. hire; das der 3. person plur. þai þei (auch þe), acc. hem und them, poss. here und there. Ausser chyldryn, oxyn, eyne endet auf yn auch bothyn (dafür auch bothne), gen. bothyns. Statt der conjunction that erscheint nicht selten auch at (im ms. ist dieses von anderer hand meist in þat corr.). Eine eigenthümliche conjunction ist ne hap = nisi forte, ne; merke ferner less = unless. Die adverbien enden nur auf ly. — Der dialekt ist also von der art wie sich bei seiner lage an der südöstlichen grenze des mittelländischen dialectes erwarten liess. — Zu bemerken ist noch in graphischer beziehung der eigenthümliche zusatz von h<sup>1</sup> nach, auch vor, t und s, wie in greth, outh, lefth, crafth, tyraunth, perfyth, courght, smyht, meryht, contryht, despyht; vshe, confush, wysh, auyhs, vertnhs und vertush, offyhs, nyhs, saeryfyhs u. a.; ferner die schreibung cht neben ht ght in nycht u. a (wofür mit abbrev. auch ny<sup>t</sup> geschrieben wird).

Die sammlung ist uns nur in einem ms. erhalten: ms. Arundel 327. Diese hs., perg., 8<sup>o</sup>, 201 foll. zählend — doch ist bei der zählung von fol. 161 nach 168 überggesprungen — ist sehr schön und sauber geschrieben. Nach Margareta ist eine lücke von 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> foll.; wahrscheinlich ist diese legende besonders geschrieben und den andern vorgesetzt. Es lassen sich verschiedene Hände unterscheiden, die je einzelne graphische eigenthümlichkeiten zeigen; so sind Margareta, Anna, Christira je von verschiedenen händen geschrieben. Die der Margareta schreibt th st. þ, Schluss-n und (seltener) m mit verlängerungsstrich, unterstreicht die eigennamen, setzt abtheilungsstriche (eine art von interpunktion) inmitten der verse; w und y sind anders geformt als später. In Anna fällt das nur hier einigemale vorkommende z auf (in abouzt nyzt), ferner die schreibung þ<sup>e</sup> þ<sup>i</sup> þ<sup>u</sup>, die häufige abbreviation g<sup>r</sup> = ge, die abbrev. cōn = cion, das häufige e in den endungen es ed (ede) statt des sonst üblicheren ys yd, auch der gebrauch von u statt y in aftur lengur blyssud clepud chaumbur, selbst wyntour (2, 259). In Christina haben die abbreviationen für er, e, is (an ll') dieselbe form; hier zuerst erscheint die schreibung cht neben ht ght, ou in ould tould foulk. Von Christina ab scheint die hand dieselbe zu bleiben. — Obwohl in Cambridge von verschiedenen händen geschrieben, erscheint das ms. als eine möglichst getreue abschrift des originals — was besonders auch mit rücksicht auf die zuverlässigkeit der dialektischen formen von wichtigkeit ist; der einfluss der schreiber erstreckt sich höchstens

1 Dieses h scheint Längezeichen zu sein.



auf wenige graphische unregelmässigkeiten. Für die treue der abschrift spricht die saubere schrift mit sorgfältig ausgeprägten buchstaben, auch die vielen schreibfehler, welche bei solcher schrift zu entstehen pflegen, indem der schreiber über der feinen ausprägung der buchstaben den sinn verliert; fehler wie in *euchyddyst st. quenchyddyst* 3, 621 lassen sich nur auf diese art erklären. — Zu bemerken ist noch, dass sich an mehreren stellen die störende hand eines correctors zeigt: derselbe hat *u* in *tuoould tould foulk* (in *Christina*), *u* in *malyneoly*, *c* in *offreyn* (3, 195) *auspunctirt*, *wyntour* in *wynire* (2, 259), *blessud clepud* (in *Anna*) in *blessyd clepyd* corrigirt, *vor at* (= *that*) *þ*, nach *þe* (= *they*) *i* übergeschrieben; doch sind diese laute und formen oft genug unverbessert geblieben. Diese correcturen sind wenig später als das manuseript.

Nach dem der schlussnote von anderer hand in kleineren lettern angehängten zusatz hat der bekannte freund des dichters, Thomas Burgh, klosterbruder in Cambridge (vgl. Prol. 207), für den der dichter seine Margareta schrieb, die hs. im jahre 1447 in Cambridge mit unkosten von 30 shillingen anfertigen lassen (*doon wrytyn*) und dieselbe einem nonnenkloster — name und ort desselben sind nicht genannt — geschenkt, zum gedächtniss für ihn und seine schwester, Dame Betrice Burgh, die diesem nonnenkloster angehört haben mag. Diese notiz ist in eben diesem nonnenkloster (*þis holy place of nunnys*) hinzugefügt, zu einer zeit, wo Thomas Burgh und seine schwester bereits verstorben waren, wie sich aus den schlussworten (*of þe wych soulys Jhesu haue mercy*) ergibt. Wir besitzen also in ms. Arundel die von Thomas Burgh besorgte abschrift. Auffällig erscheint in dieser notiz, dass die abschrift der ganzen sammlung von Thomas Burgh, dem doch nur die Margareta bestimmt war, besorgt ist, nicht am orte des dichters, sowie, dass sie bereits im jahre 1447, wo der dichter eben erst die letzten stücke beendet haben kann, angefertigt ist. Hieraus vermthe ich, dass Thomas Burgh überhaupt erst die sammlung zusammenstellte oder veröffentlichte, und schliesse, dass der dichter damals soeben verstorben war und Thomas Burgh, dem der dichter seinen nachlass anvertraut haben mag, eben desshalb diese abschrift, also die erste, anfertigen liess.<sup>1</sup> So würde es sich auch erklären, warum der dichter seine sammlung, die doch nur aus wenigen stücken besteht, nicht fortgesetzt hat. Diese annahme des todesdatums Bokenam's erscheint umsomehr gerechtfertigt, als der dichter selbst bereits sein nahes ende vorausgeföhlt zu haben scheint — darauf deuten die worte in *S. Anna* v. 10—6.

Vermuthlich<sup>2</sup> ist daher das jahre 1447 als todesjahr Bokenam's anzunehmen.

1 Hierdurch wird es auch erklärlich, warum Thomas Burgh, den der dichter doch so dringlich gebeten seinen namen zu verschweigen (Prol. 201 ff.), den namen des dichters in der schlussnote verrieth; der tod des dichters ent- hob ihn eben jeder verpflichtung.

2 Diese annahme ist natürlich unhaltbar, wenn das in der Roxb. Ed. dem dichter zugeschriebene gedicht (s. beilage p. 269), welches im jahre 1456 gedichtet scheint, wirklich von Bokenam herrühren sollte; doch scheint mir dies keineswegs gewiss.

Abgedruckt wurde die hs. bereits für den Roxburgh Club, unter dem titel: *The Lyvys of Seyntys*<sup>1</sup>. Translatyd into Englys be a Doctour of Dyuynite clepyd Osbern Bokenam, Frer Austyn of the Convent of Stokelare. London 1835. Trotz der sorgfältigen wiedergabe der lettern sammt den (oft falsch gezeichneten und nicht hinlänglich geschiedenen) abbreviationen des ms. ist diese ausgabe sehr fehlerhaft und unzuverlässig. Sie ist ein einfacher abdruck, ohne interpunktion und ohne jede philologische bearbeitung des textes. —

Schliesslich versäume ich nicht, an dieser stelle meinem geehrten freunde, herrn prof. Zupitza, für einige freundliche beiträge meinen besten dank auszusprechen.

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<sup>1</sup> Dieser titel stützt sich auf die worte der schlussnote: In thys boke be wretene þe seyntys lyuys; doch rührt diese note wohl von Thomas Burgh her, nicht vom dichter, der seiner sammlung von legenden heiliger frauen gewiss einen anderen titel gegeben haben würde.

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# OSBERN BOKENAM'S LIVES OF SAINTS.

## (PROLOG.)

**T**wo thyngys | owyth euery clerk  
To aduertysyn, | begynnyng a werk,  
If he procedyn wyl | ordeneelly:  
The fyrste is „what“, | the secunde is „why.“  
In wych two wurdys, | as it semyth me, 5  
The foure causys | comprehendyd be  
Wych, as filosofys | vs do teche,  
In the begynnyng | men owe to seche  
Of euery book: | and, aftyr there entent,  
The fyrst is clepyd | cause efficyent, 10  
The secunde they clepe | cause materyal,  
Formal the thrydde, | the fourte fynal.  
The efficyent cause | is the auctour,  
Wych aftyr hys cunnyng | doth hys labour  
To a-complyse | the begunne matere: 15  
Wych cause is secunde; | and, the more clere  
That it may be. | the formal cause  
Settyth in dew ordre | clause be clause; —  
And these thre thyngys | longyn to „what“,  
Auctour, | matere, | and forme ordinat. 20  
The fynal cause | declaryth pleynty  
Of the werk begunne | the cause „why“,  
That is to seyne, | what was the entent  
Of the auctour fynally, | & what he ment.  
Lo, thus ye seen mown | compendiously 25  
How in these two wurdys | „what“ & „why“  
Of eche werk | the foure causys aspye  
Men mown, | requyryd be philosophye.

Der Prolog und Marg. ist von anderer hand geschrieben  
als der rest des Ms.; am schlusse sind 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> seiten leer gelassen.

But to oure purpoos. | if be „what“ or „why“  
 30 Be questyoūn maad of thys trefyhs, | pleynly:  
 As for the fyrste, | who-so lyst to here,  
 Certeyn, the auctour was an Austyn frere;  
 Whos name as now | I ne wyl expresse.  
 Ne hap | that the vnwurthynesse  
 35 Bothe of hys persone | & eek hys name  
 Myht make the werk | to be put in blame,  
 And so for hate of hym | and eek despyht  
 Perauenture fewe | shuld haue delyht  
 It to redyn | and for this chesoun  
 40 Throwyn it in the angle | of oblyuyoun.  
 And yet me thinkyth, | it were pete  
 That my werk | were hatyd for me.  
 For this, I suppose, | alle men weel knowe,  
 No man the rose | away doth throwe  
 45 Althow it growe | vp-on a thorn;  
 Who is so nyce | that wil good corn  
 Awey caste, | for it growyth in chaf?  
 Men also drynkyn ale | and lef the draf,  
 Al-be-it | that ale thorgh draf dede ren;  
 50 Gold eek, | as knowe weel alle wyse men,  
 In foul blak erthe | hath hys growyng,  
 And yet is gold, | as a precyous thyng,  
 Streghlytly be-schet | in many a cophyr;  
 A margerye perle. | aftyr the phylosophyr,  
 55 Growyth on a shelle | of lytyl pryhs.  
 Yet is it precyous; | and no man whyhs  
 The vertuous crepaude | despyse lest  
 Thow a todys crowne | were hys fyrst nest.  
 And to thys manyfold | of nature  
 60 Exaunplys | acordyth weel scrypture:  
 For, as the old testament | beryth wytnesse,  
 The sone hys fadrys wykkydnesse  
 Shal not bere, | but if he it sewe;  
 And if he do, | thanne is it dewe  
 65 That he be partenere in peyne  
 As he was in blame, thys is certeyne.  
 Wherefore, | if my werk be sure,  
 Lete not disdeyn | it disfigure

Of the auctour, | I lowly beseche;  
 For, sekyr, | that were a symple wreche, 70  
 As a lytyl to-forn | now here seyde is,  
 Tellee (!) the chyld | for the fadrys mys.  
 The matere wych I wil of wryte,  
 Althow but rudely | I kun endyte.  
 Is the lyf | of blyssyd Margarete, 75  
 Virgyne & martyr, | whom dede hete  
 The loue of Jhesu | in hyr tendyr age  
 So feruently, that for al the rage  
 Of fers Olibrius | and hys tyrannye  
 Than Cryst forsaken | she had leuere dye — 80  
 As pleynly declaryth | hyr legende,  
 As they shul heryn wych lyst attende.  
 The forme of procedyng | artifycal  
 Is in no wyse | ner poetycal  
 Aftyr the scole | of the crafty clerk 85  
 Galfryd of Ynglond | in his newe werk,  
 Entytlyd thus, | as I can aspye:  
 „Galfridus anglicus“, | in hys newe poetrye.  
 Enbelshyd wyth colours of rethoryk  
 So plentenously, | that fully it lyk 90  
 In May was neuere | no medewe sene  
 Motleyd wyth flours | on hys verdure grene; —  
 For neythyr Tullius, | prynce of oure eloquence,  
 Ner Demostenes of Grece, | more affluence  
 Neuere had in rethoryk, | as it semyth me, 95  
 Than had this Galfryd in hys degre.  
 But for as meche | as I neuere dede muse  
 In thylk crafty werk, | I it now refuse  
 And wil declaryn | euene by and by  
 Of seynt Margrete, | aftyr the story, 100  
 The byrthe, | the fostryng, | and how she cam  
 Fyrst to the feyth | and sythe to martyrdom,  
 As ny as my wyt | it kan deuysel  
 Aftyr the legende; | & sythe what wyse,  
 Be whom, | & how oftyr, | she translatyd was, 105  
 And where now she restyth | & in what plas,  
 As I dede lerne, | wyth-owte fayle,  
 The laste tyme I was in Itayle,

Bothe be scripture | and eek be mowthe —  
 110 Wyth story is | no-thing vnkowthe  
 At Mownt-Flask — | who me not leue,  
 Lete hym go thedyr | & he shal it preue —  
 On thys half Rome | ful fyfty myle  
 Or ellys more; | where men begyle  
 115 The wery pylgrymys | kun ful wel  
 Wyth Trybyan | in stede of Muskadel; —  
 Where from Rome | homward ageyn  
 Whil I was taryed | wyth greth reyn.  
 Thys blyssyd virgyne | I dede visyte.  
 120 And al the processe | I dede owt wryte  
 Wyth I purpose now to declare  
 On ynglysh, | & it brout wyth me to Clare. —  
 But who so wyl aske me fynally  
 Of thys translacyoun | the cause why  
 125 In-to oure language, | I sey: causys two  
 Most pryncypally | me meuyd ther-to.  
 The fyrst cause is, | for to excyte  
 Mennys affeeyoun | to haue delyte  
 Thys blyssyd virgyne | to loue & serue,  
 130 From alle myscheuys | hem to preserue,  
 Aftyr the entent | of hyr preyere  
 Beforȝ hyr deth, | as ye aftyr shul here.  
 And no man wuudyr | thow I diligence  
 Do to plesyn | the wurthy excellence  
 135 Of thys holy maydyn! | for euene by  
 Wher I was bornȝ, | in an old pryory  
 Of blake chanons | hyr oo foot is,  
 Bothe flesh and boonȝ, | I dare seyn this;  
 Where thorgh a cristal | bryht and pure  
 140 Men may beho(l)denȝ | eche feture  
 Ther-of — saf the greth too only  
 And the hele: | wyth in a nunry  
 Beenȝ, | Redyng clepyd, | as they there seyn.  
 But as for the foot, this is certeyn:  
 145 Many a myracle | hath ther be shewyd  
 Bothe on lernyd : & eek on lewyd;  
 And specyally, | if wyth broche or ryng  
 The foot men towche | at here partyng



Vp-on the bare | and wyth hem it bere :  
 If they ben in ony dreed or fere 150  
 To myscheuyn, | lete hem be-hete  
 Thedyr to bere | and there to lete  
 The same thyng | that towchyd the fote,  
 And they shul sone haꝝ helthe & bote,  
 If they it doo | wyth good deuocyoūn — 155  
 Thys is fully | myꝝ opynyōn.  
 For, treuly, | vp-on my conscyence,  
 I had her-of | good experyence,  
 Not mykyl past, | yerys fyue,  
 Whan lytyl from Venyse | me dede dryue 160  
 A cruel tyraunth | in-to a fen  
 Owt of a barge, | and fyue mo men;  
 Wher I supposyd | to haue myscheuyd,  
 Had not me : the grace releuyd  
 Of god | be the blyssyd medyacyouꝝ 165  
 Of thys virgyne, | aftyr myn estimacyouꝝ :  
 For, sone aftyr | I had be-hyht the ryng  
 Wyth wych I towchyd | at my partyng  
 Hyr foot bare, | to bryngyn ageyn,  
 I was releuyd | ryht sone, certeyn — 170  
 Now blissyd mote be | that holy virgyne  
 Wych to synful preyers | lyst hyr ere enclyne!  
 And thys is oo skyl | why I am steryd the more  
 Hyr lyf to translate. | as I seyde to-fore.  
 Another cause | wych that meuyd me 175  
 To make thys legende, | as ye shal se,  
 Was the inportune | and besy preyere  
 Of oon whom I loue | wyth herte entere,  
 Wych that hath a synguler deuocyouꝝ  
 To thys virgyne, | of pure affeccyouꝝ; 180  
 He me requyryd | wyth humble entent —  
 Whos request to me | is a comaundement —  
 That, yif I hym louyd, | I wold it doo.  
 I durst not hastyly | assente hym to,  
 Weel knowyng myn owyn infyrmyte, 185  
 Tyl I had a whyle | weel anysyd me;  
 And thanne, the yeer of grace | a thowsend treuly  
 Foure hundryd | and also thre and fourty,

In the vīgylē | of the Natyuyte  
 190 Of hyr that is gemme of virgynyte,  
 The seuenete day euene of Septembre,  
 Whan I gan inwardly to remembre  
 Hys request growndyd | in pete,  
 M<sup>r</sup>. thowt it were | ageyn cheryte  
 195 Hys desyr lengere | for to denye.  
 And yet I sore feryd me of enuye,  
 Wych is euere besy | and eek diligent  
 To deprauē priuily | others trewe entent;  
 Wherfore, hyr malyhs to repressē,  
 200 My name I wil not | here expresse,  
 As toforē is seyde. | wherfore I preye  
 And requere eek, if I it dare seye,  
 Yow, sone and fadyr, | to whom I dyrecte  
 This symple tetryhs: | that ye detecte  
 205 It in no wyse | wher that vylany  
 It myht haue, | and pryncypally  
 At hoom at Caunbrygge, | in your hows,  
 Where wyttys be manye | ryht capcyows  
 And subtyl, | wych sone my lewydnesse  
 210 Shuld aspye. | wherfore, of ientylnesse,  
 Kepyth it as cloos | as ye best kan  
 A lytyl whyle; | and not-for-than  
 If ye algate shul | it owth lete go,  
 Be not aknowe | whom it comyth fro,  
 215 But seyth, | as ye doon vnderstand,  
 It was you sent | owt of Ageland  
 From a frend of yourys | that vsyth to selle  
 Goode hors at feyrys | & doth dwelle  
 A lytyl fro the Castel | of Bolyngbrok  
 220 In a good town | wher ye fyrst tok  
 The name of Thomas, & clepyd is Borgh  
 In al that cuntre | euene thorgh & thorgh;  
 And thus ye shul me weel excuse  
 And make that men shul not muse  
 225 To haue of me | ony suspycyouŋ!  
 But for to drawe to a conclusyouŋ  
 Of thys long tale, | now fynally  
 I you besече, frend, | ryht enterly,  
 That ye vouchesaf | for me to preye

On-to thys *virgyne*, | that, ere I deye, 230  
 Thorgh hyr merytys | I may purchase  
 Of my mysleuyng, a pardoū of grace  
 And of myn old | & newe transgressyoun  
 That I may haue | a plener remyssyoun,  
 And aftyr the ende | of thys owtlawrye 235  
 Wyth hyre a-boue | for to magnyfyē  
 God in hys blysful | eternyte,  
 Where neuere shal ende | felycyte:  
 In wych place | vs bothe to dwelle,  
 The lord vs graunte, | that harwyd helle. Amen. 240

## I. VITA SCAE MARGARETAE, VIRGINIS ET MARTIRIS.

### PROLOGUS.

**O**f seynt *Margarete*, | the *virgyne* pure,  
 Wych lyknyd is | to a *precyous* margaryte —  
 And that wurthyly, | as in old scrypture  
 It is wrytyn, | I me now delyte  
 The lyf to translate, | if me wil respyte 5  
 Attropos a whyle | and not to hastyly  
 My fatal threed | a-sundyr smyte  
 Wych *Lachesys* hath twynyd | ful yerys fyfty.  
 And conuenyently | this *uirgyne* gloryous  
 May to a margaryte | comparyd be, 10  
 Wych is whyht, lytyl, | and eek *verteuous*,  
 As seyn auctours, | of thylk propyrte.  
 Whyht was *Margrete* | be *virgynyte*,  
 Be meknesse lytyl, | and most singulerly  
*Verteuous* be hyr excellent cheryte, 15  
 In myraclys werkyng | shewyd plenteuously.

- Louyd she nowt weel | virgynyte  
 And of body and soule | to kepe clennesses,  
 Whan Olibrius hyr profryd | his wyf to be  
 20 And that she shuld be clepyd | a pryncesse  
 And greth tresore shuld haue | & rychesse,  
 Lust, | welthe, | and wurshepe | excellently,  
 And for clennesses sake, | as I do gesse,  
 Alle hys greth profyrs | she set nowt by?  
 25 Greth meknesse she had | for Cristys sake  
 Whan the tytyl | of hyr natal dygnyte  
 In hyr yung age | she dede forsake  
 And hys handmaydyn | she chees to be,  
 Not setting be hyr fadrys enmyte,  
 30 And wyth hyr noryhs | dwellyd wyfully  
 In poure astate | and in low degre,  
 Kepyng hyr sheep | ful dilygently.  
 And if we wyl speken | of cheryte,  
 I-wys, she had | ryht greth habundaunce,  
 35 As in hyr passyoun | weel shewyd she:  
 For, as hyr legende | makyth remembraunce,  
 She steryd the pepyl euere to repentaunce  
 And to wyne hem to god | was ful besy  
 And, whan she shuld deye, | wyth greth constauce,  
 40 She maad a preyere | most cherytabyly.  
 More-ouyr, | as I doo wretyn fynde  
 In a book, clepyd „the goldene legende“,  
 And it is takyn | of the auctours of kynde:  
 The margaryte, | if of blood descende  
 45 Greth flux, | is good it to amende;  
 And the cardyacle passyoun | meruelously  
 From hurt of the herte | it wyl defende;  
 And mannys spyrtys | it coünfortyth souereynly.  
 And for this thre-fold manere of propyrte  
 50 Of the margaryte | may seynt Margrete  
 On-to that gemme | weel comparyd be,  
 For alle thre propyrtees | to hyr were mete.  
 And as for the fyrst, | I you behete,  
 Whan hyr blood owt ran | ful copyously,  
 55 She was so enflawmyd | wyth heuenely hete  
 That she it al suffryd | ful stedefastly.

As for the cardiaclē, | that temptacyoun  
 Betoknyth, | as clerkys doon declāre,  
 Of oure gostly enmye | wych is euere bouū  
 Mankende to trappe | and wil not spare 60  
 Hem to brynge | in-to sorwe and care:  
 Yet hurt he hyr neuere, | thow he were sly,  
 Ne no-wyse hyr kecche myht in his snare,  
 But euere of hym she had the victory.

In that the margaryte is a confortatyf 65  
 Of mannys spirytyſ. | it was weel sene  
 In oure Margarete, | wych al hyr lyf  
 Was in hyr spirytyſ bothe pure & clene:  
 Thorgh whos clennessē | many oon be-dene  
 Were in here spirytyſ | counfortyd inwardly, 70  
 And thorgh hyr doctryne, | as I do wene,  
 Steryd to leue synne | and eek foly.

Thus for this sexefold | propyrte  
 Of the margaryte. | wych deuly longe  
 To seynt Margarete | be congruyte 75  
 Of simylytude, we may vndyſonge  
 That in sexe vertuhs, she was stronge:  
 As in chastyte, | mekenesse, | & suyngly  
 In cheryte, | in constaunce | of suffryng wronge,  
 In goostly counfort, | and in vycory. 80

These sexe vertuhs | be figuryd mystyly  
 In the sexe wengys | wych that Isaye  
 Of the cherubyns | in hys vysyoun sy  
 Vp-on the hy throne, | wyth hys gostly yhe,  
 Standyng — | and to oure purpos now | signyfyē 85  
 That this blyssyd mayde Margrete wurthyly  
 Be these sexe vertuhs to heuene dede styē,  
 Ther in ioye to dwellyn | perpetuely.

Now, blyssyd virgyne, | wich in heuene aboue  
 Art crownyd in blysse | ful gloriously, 90  
 To them in erthe | that the serue and loue  
 Be euere propycyous! | and specyally  
 Vouchesaf of thy singuler grace, lady,  
 My wyt | and my penne | so to enlumyne  
 Wyth kunnyng & eloquence, | that suffycyently 95  
 Thy legende begunne | I may termyne! — —

- Whylom, as the story | techyth vs.  
 In Antyoche, | that gret cyte,  
 A man ther was, | clepyd Theodosius,  
 100 Wych in gret state stood | and dignyte:  
 For of paynymrye ! the patryark was he  
 And had the reule | and al the gouernaunce,  
 To whom alle prestys | dede obecyaunce.
- This Theodosius had a wyf ful mete  
 105 To hys astate: | of whom was born  
 A doughtyr fayr | and clepyd Margarete;  
 But ryht as of a ful sharp thorn,  
 As prouyded was | of god beforñ,  
 Growyth a rose | bothe fayr and good,  
 110 So sprong Margrete | of the hethene blood.
- For thow hyr fadyr & modyr in ydolatry  
 Were born & fostryd | and eek dede fyne  
 Here lyf in the same | and myserablylly  
 Aftyr here deth went to helle pyne,  
 115 Yet hyr dede grace | so illumyne  
 That she bothe crystnyd | & martyrd was  
 And went to heuene, | that gloryous plas.
- Hyr fadyr ful glad was | of hyr byrthe,  
 Hopyng she shuld haf be his counfort  
 120 In his olde dayes. | and maad gret myrthe;  
 To whom meche peple | dede resort  
 Bothe men and wummen | & maad disport,  
 Thankyng here goddys wyth herte glad  
 That here patryark | so fayr yssu had.
- 125 I kan in no wyse | remembre me  
 That euere I red | in the hethene gyse  
 What rytys were vsyd ! & what royalte  
 In namys yeuyng; | but as I deuise,  
 It was doon | in ful solemne wyse  
 130 An wyth many a cerimonye, | & specyally  
 In the chyldryns berthe | of statys hy.
- Aftyr this, | as it was the gyuse  
 In thoo dayes — | and yet it is so  
 Among astatys, | in ful goodly wyse —  
 135 A noryhs here doughtyr | they prouydyd to  
 Not fer fro hoom, | the wych shuld do

Al hyr dilygence | and eek besynesse  
 The chyld to fostryn | in al tendyrnesse.  
 This noryhs dwellyd | from the cyte  
 Of Antyoche | fourelongys but fyftene; 140  
 And priuily | a cristene wumman was she,  
 And in al hyr conuersacyoūn | bothe pure & clene,  
 As in that folwyth | it was weel sene:  
 For Margarete she fostryd | in al vertu  
 And tawth hyr the feyth of Crist Jhesu. 145  
 But whan hyr moder was | from hens past,  
 Wych deyd whil she was | tendyr of age,  
 Margarete hyr affeccyoūn | set so fast  
 Vp-on hyr noryhs, | bothe wyhs & sage,  
 That she forsook | al hyr hey lynage 150  
 And purposyd hyr fully | ther to soiourne —  
 For to hyr fadyr | she nold hom returne.  
 And for she dede wurshepe | Crist and loue  
 And wold not ageynturne | to paynymry,  
 Hyr fadyr hyr hatyd | & dede reprove, 155  
 And yaf no force | what vylany  
 She had had. | but the souereyn lord on hy  
 Thergeyn hyr fyllyd | wyth so gret vertu,  
 That in fewe yerys | she perfyht greu.  
 And not only | this excellence she had in grace, 160  
 But eek, to spekyn | of hyr nature,  
 Of al that cuntre | in the rownd compace  
 Was no-wher | so fayr a creature;  
 For shap | & colour | and eche feture  
 Were comproporcyond | in swych equalyte. 165  
 That she myht be merour | of al bewte.  
 Wherefore, if the craft | of descrypeyoūn  
 I cowde as weel bothe forge and fyle  
 As coud Boyce | in hys phisycal consolacyoūn,  
 Or as Homer. | Ouyde, | or ellys Virgyle, 170  
 Or Galfryd of Ynglond: | I wolde compyle  
 A clere descripeyoūn | ful expressely  
 Of alle hyr feturys | euene by & by.  
 But, sekyr, I lakke bothe eloquens  
 And kunnyng | swych maters to dilate, 175  
 For I dwellyd; neuere | wyth the fresh rethoryens  
 Gower, | Chauncers, | ner wyth Lytgate —

- Wych lyuyth yet, | lest he deyed late; —  
 Wherfore I preye | eche man hertly  
 180 Haue me excusyd | thow I do rudly.  
 And not oonly this *virgyne* | had singlerly  
 Of the yiftys of kynde | gret plente,  
 But also wyth *vertuhs* | ful excellently  
 In hyr soule inward | endewyd was she;  
 185 For she had feyth, | hope, | and cheryte —  
 The deuyne *vertuhs*, | and therwyth-al  
 The foure gret *vertuhs*, | clepyd cardynal.  
 And whan she to fyftene yer of age  
 Was come | and herde how cruelly  
 190 Cristene blood | thorgh the fers rage  
 Of tyrauntys | was sheed euene by & by,  
 For Crist to deye | she hyr maad redy;  
 And in the mene-whyle | she dede keep  
 In the feld eche day | hyr noryhs sheep. —  
 195 This same tyme | on-to Antyoche  
 A tyraunt, | the prefect of that cuntre,  
 From Asia — ward | proudly dede aproche,  
 And Olibrius be name | clepyd was he;  
 But, as he went, | wher he myht see  
 200 Ony cristene men, | ful cruelly  
 He hem destroyed | *wyth*-owte mercy.  
 And casuelly as be the same weye  
 He rood | wher Margarete dede pasture  
 Hyr noryhs sheep: | sodeynly his eye  
 205 On hyr he kest | of *contenance* demure;  
 And anoon hyr bewte | so sore dede lure  
 Hys herte, | that euene styлле he stent  
 And of hyr he took | more anysement.  
 And whan he sey hyr forheed | lely-whyht.  
 210 Hyr bent browys blake | & hyr grey eyne,  
 Hyr chyry chekys, | hyr nose streyt & ryht.  
 Hyr lyppys rody, | hyr chyng wych as pleyne  
 Pulshyd marbyl shoong, | & clouyn *in* tweyne:  
 He was so astoynyd | of that sodeyn caas  
 215 That vnnethe he wyste | wher that he was.  
 He lokyd no ferthere | than in hyr face,  
 Where of natural yiftys | plente was I-now,  
 Hym thowte that neuere | in so lytyl space  
 He had more seyn: | wych his herte drow



- As the magnet doth iryn. | but whan of his swow 220  
 As a man a-masyd | be sodeynly dede abreyde,  
 Thus wyth sad contenance | to his men he seyde:  
 „Goth forth faste yund | wher ye see  
 A ful fayr mayden | hyr sheep kepyng,  
 And wetyth veryly | whethyr bonde or fre 225  
 She is, | and bryngyth me sekyr tydyng!  
 If she be fre, | I wyl wyth a ryng  
 Hyr wedde | and brynge to gret honour  
 And endewe hyr | in many a castel & tour;  
 If she be bonde | and vndyr seruage: 230  
 For I wyl noon othyr man do wronge,  
 Hyr lord wyl I yeue | ryht good wage  
 And to my paramour | hyr vndyrfonge.  
 Hastyth you forth | and taryith not longe,  
 For from this place : I nyl parte, certeyn, 235  
 Til ye an *answere* | me brynge ageyn.“  
 Whan this was seyde. | ful hastyly  
 Hys men hem hyed | til, where she was.  
 They come; | to whom ful manerly  
 Of here comyng | they told the caas. 240  
 And anoon al the blood | owt of hyr faas  
 For sodeyn feer | was styrt away,  
 And deuoutly to god | she thus dede prey:  
 „Haue mercy, lord Jhesu. | vp-on me  
 And lese not my soule | wyth vnpetous men, 245  
 Make me, lord, | euere to ioyin in the  
 And wyth thy seruauentys | the to preyse, amen;  
 And sende an aungel | me wyt to ken  
 And wysdam | how that wyth-owte fere  
 I may this wykkyd prefect *answere*! 250  
 I see me, lord, | as an innocent sheep  
 Wyth rauennous wuluys | enuyround be;  
 Help now, good lord, | & from hem me keep,  
 If it plese thy souereyn maieste!“  
 Whan they this herd, | they gunne to fle 255  
 As from a wycche, | and wyth-inne a breyd  
 To here lord they come | & to hym thus seyde:  
 „Lord, whom enhaunsyd | hath Fortune  
 And set in the estat | of gret dignyte,  
 In no wyse thy power | may comune 260

- Be to hyr | to whom that sent were we;  
 For Crist as hyr god, | lord, wurshepyth she,  
 And to oure goddys | she nyl do seruyse  
 265 But hem blasphemyth | in wundryr wyse.“  
 Whan Olibrius | these wurdys herd,  
 He chaungyd bothen | colour and chere  
 And as a man mad | anoon he ferd,  
 And what he myht do he stood in dwere.  
 270 And aftyr auyusement | he bad that nere  
 They hyr shuld fecche; | & whan she come was,  
 He hyr thus areynyd | wyth a pale faas:  
 „Sey me, damysel, | of what kyn thou art  
 And whethyr thou be bonde | or ellys fre?“  
 275 „Seruage in me | had neuere no part.  
 For cristene I am, | sekyr, sere“, *quod* she.  
 „I aske of what kynrede | thou art“, *quod* he.  
 „I serue, she seyth, | that souereyn godheed  
 That hedyr-to hath kept my maydynheed.“  
 280 „Than folwyth it thus | ful *consequently*  
 That thou clepyst Crist thy god, *quod* he,  
 Whom that my fadrys dede crucyfye.“  
 „May no-thing be seyde sothere, *quod* she,  
 Thy fadrys naylyd Crist vp-on a tre,  
 285 Whom I do wurshepe wyth hool herte,  
 And they in helle suffryn peynys smerte.“  
 Whan Olibrius herd this *conclusyoun*  
 Of mayde Margarete, | he wex ner wood,  
 And to be shet | in a ful strong *presoun*  
 290 He hyr comaundyd wych fast by stood,  
 Euere musynge | in his marryd mood  
 How and be what maner of sotylte  
 He myht bereuyn hyre | hyr *virginyte*.  
 Aftyr this | in ful pompous wyse  
 295 He entryd in-to Antyoche cyte  
 And to his goddys | maad a sacrifyse.  
 As it was the custom | of that cuntre.  
 And on the next day | comaundyd he  
 Margrete to (be) brouth | to hys presence,  
 300 And thus he seyde hyr | his sentence:  
 „What is the skyl | and the cause why,  
 Margarete, | of thy gret cruelte,

That of thy-self | thou ne hast mercy  
 And thus wylt spylle | thy gret beute?  
 Leue al thys foly | and consente to me, 305  
 Be my councel, and I the wil auance  
 Of gold and syluyr | wyth gret habundaunce.“

Quod Margrete: „if thou, o wykkyd man,  
 Wystyst how lytyl | that I sette by  
 Alle thy profyrs, | thou woldyst not han 310  
 This besynesse | a-bowte me, trewly;  
 For from the weys of trewth | neuere wyl y,  
 But hym I wurshpe | whom euery creature  
 Dredyth, | whos regne shal euere endure.“

„Margrete, quod he, | lyst what I seye! 315  
 If thou my goddys | no wurshp wylt do,  
 Wyth my swerd, sekyr, | thou shalt deye —  
 Trust me veryly, | it shal be so!  
 And if thou wylt mekely obeye me to,  
 It shal be gretly | for thy behoue: 320  
 For thy body I wyl syngulerly loue.“

„My body, quod she, whan-euere thou lest  
 To exerceyse in me | thy tyranny,  
 Wyth holy virgynys | that I may rest,  
 To goddys sacryfyse | I offre redy; 325  
 For this I wyl | thou knowe vttyrly:  
 I no-wyse doute | for Cristys sake,  
 That for alle men deyed, | deth to take.“

Whan he herd this, | of gret cruelte  
 He comaundyd hyr be hange | in the eyr heye 330  
 And to betyn wyth yerdys. | where whan that she  
 Tormentyd was, | to heueneward hyr eye  
 Deuoutly she lyft | and thus dede seye:

„In the, lord, I truste | and in thy mercy,  
 Lete me not confoundyd be, | lord, endelesly!“ 335

And whil she thus occupyed | was in preyer,  
 The tormentours hyr shorgyd, | so cruelly  
 That lyk as watyr | in a ryuer  
 So ran hyr blood owt | plenteuously.  
 And whyl they betyn, | a bedel dede cry: 340

„Beleue, Margarete, | I counsele the,  
 And past alle maydens | weel shalt thou be.“

And not only this bedel, | but eek the men

- And wummen also | wych stood be-syde,  
 345 Whan they thus seyn | hyr blood owt ren,  
 Wepynge ful sore | thus on hyr they cryde:  
 „Margrete, for the we sorwe this tyde,  
 Olibrius in his ire | the hastyth to spylle:  
 Beleue hym, we counsele, | & lyue yet styлле!“  
 350 Whan Margrete among hyr sharp shours  
 Of tormentrye these wurdys dede here,  
 Quod she: „O ye wykkyd counselours,  
 Men and wummen. | what do ye here?  
 Goth to your werk! | for wyth-owte pere  
 355 The lord that syttyth | in throne ful hy,  
 Is myn helpere, | this weel troste y.  
 Also, more-ouyr, | I wyl ye knowe —  
 And in youre mende | doth it aduertyse:  
 That, whan Gabriel | his horn doth blowe  
 360 In the day of the gret | and last assyse  
 Whan men in body & soule vpryse,  
 Than shal my soule | be this torment  
 Be sauyn from that hard iugement.  
 Wherefore, | if ye wyl sauyn be  
 365 Thilk tyme. | I counsel you feythfully:  
 Alle fals goddys | forsakyth ye  
 And leuyth in my god, | wych is myhty  
 In vertu | and heryth alle men gladly  
 Wych to hym preyē | puryd from vyhs  
 370 And opnyth hem the gatys of paradyhs!  
 Alle fals goddys | doth ye forsake  
 Hastyly therefore, | be counsel of me,  
 Wych be not ellys, | I vndyrtake,  
 But gold | or syluyr, | stonys | or tre,  
 375 That goon ne mown. | speke, | here | ne see,  
 Formyd be man — | and if my sentence  
 Ye not beleue, | makyth experience.  
 And ye shul weel prouyn sensybylly  
 That they han feet | & mow not goon,  
 380 Erys not heryng, | and eyne sothly  
 Not seyng. | for in hem is noon  
 Spyryt of lyf | ner flesh ne boon  
 On here bodyes; | to swych godhede  
 No wyhs man owyth | to taken hede.

- Wherfore, my counsel | if ye wyl do, 385  
 My soule for yours. | ye shul saf be.  
 But thou, o tyraunt, | wych wylt not so  
 And Sathanas werkys | euere doost, *quod* she,  
 Thy fadyr, | and ageyn the hey maieste  
 Of oo god berkyst as a dogge shameles, 390  
 In helle thy peyne | shal ben endeles.“  
 Olibrius, this heryng. | fel in a rage,  
 Euene as a man | owt of hys mende,  
 And bad his tormentours | *in* that owtrage  
 Hyr tendyr flesh | to race and rende, 395  
 So hopyng of hyr to maken an ende.  
 And in this mene-whyle | she vp hyr eye  
 To heuene dede lyfte | and thus gan seye:  
 „Besegy I am | wyth wykkyd counsel,  
 And many doggys | han enuyround me 400  
 Wych ben ageyn me | fers and cruel:  
 Wherfore me counfort, | lord, I prey the,  
 And send down from heuene. | *myn* helpe to be,  
 A culuyr whyht, | lord, of thy grace,  
 Er than I deye, | her in this place! 405  
 And also, lord, | if it plese the,  
 I wold beseche wyth al *myn* herte  
 That I myht onys | *myn* aduersarye se  
 Wych *wyth* me fyhtyth | & me wold *peruerte*:  
 And I hym shuld make | ful sore to smerte, 410  
 And yeuyn exaunple | be my victory  
 Alle virgynys to truste | in thy *mercy*.“  
 In the mene-tyme | of hyr preyer  
 They rent hyr flesh | on euery syde,  
 So dispetously | that than a ryuer 415  
 Hyr blood to grounde | swyftlyere dede glyde;  
 That the vnpetous *prefect* | his eyne dede hyde  
 Wyth his mantel | & myht not suffre to se  
 Blood rennyng owt | so gret plente.  
 And whan he sey hyr han swych stedfastnesse 420  
 In suffraunce: | „Margarete, he lowde dede crye,  
 Consente to me | and wyth hertly meknesse  
 Wurshepe my goddys, | ne hap thoue euyl dye!“  
 „Thy counsel, *quod* she, | I fully denye;  
 For, if I of my flesh | shuld haue mercy, 425

- My soule perysh shuld, | as shal thyn, sothly.“  
 Whan he sey this, | to takyn hyr down  
 Hys tormentours ; from that hy iebet  
 He bad, | and in-to a ryht derk presoun  
 430 He comaundyd | anon she shuld be shet.  
 And euene as the klok | seuene had smet,  
 She entryd in-to that place lothly,  
 Hyre blyssyng, | and thus she seyde mekely:  
 „Behold me, lord, wych am the only  
 435 Doughtyr of my fader | and he hath me  
 For the forsakyn, | and so hym haue y:  
 Hens aftyr wil thou | my fadyr be!  
 And graunt that I may | myn enemy se  
 Wych wyth me fyhtyth | face to face,  
 440 Geyn whom I not | what I trespace!  
 Of alle thyngys, lord, | thou art iuge:  
 Twyn hym and me | deme ryhtfully;  
 And for thou art only | my refuge,  
 On hym I pleyne | that hurt am y  
 445 And woundyd also | ful greuously; —  
 Yet, if thou, lord, | be not wroth wyth me,  
 I set ryht nowt | be al his enemyte.“  
 And whil that she thus | occupyed was  
 Ful deuoutly | in hyr preyere,  
 450 An huge dragoun, | glasteryng as glas,  
 Sodeynly from a corner dede apere  
 Of the presoun, | wyth an horryble chere;  
 Hys herys were gylt, | his berd was long,  
 Hys teth of iryn | were myhty & strong;  
 455 Owt his nosethryllys | foul smoke he blew,  
 Hys eyne glastryd | as sterrys be nyht,  
 Hys tunge ouyr his crowne he threw,  
 In his clawys a swerd | burnyshed bryth;  
 And anon the presoun | wex ful of lyht  
 460 Of the feer | wych owt dede renne  
 From his mouth | & fast gan brenne.  
 Whan Margrete hym sey, | ful pale of cher  
 She was | and for very fer trewly  
 She had foryete | that god hyr preyer  
 Had herd | in wych she thus dede cry  
 „Shew me, lord, onys | myn enemy

Er than I deye“. | and aftyr thus seyde she:

„Lete not this dragoun, | lord, noyen me!“

This horrible beste | vp-on hyr heed

Put his mouth, | whil she thus seyde, 470

And eek his tunge, | wych was fer-reed,

Vndyr hyr hele | anoon he leyde,

And swelwyd hyr in | euene at a breyde.

And whan hyr cros in his mouth dede encrees,

He brast on-two. | & she scapyd harmlees. 475

And whan she thus | had the victory

Of hym | thorgh grace of god entere,

On the lefth syde | euene faste hyr by

Another deuyl sodeynly | ther gan apere;

Wych on hyr dede loke | wyth a lothly chere, 480

And at the laste | he thus owt abraÿde

Wyth a sneuelyng voys | & to hyr sayde:

„Ryht now | my dere brothyr Ruffyn

In a dragons lyknesse | to the I sent,

And whan (he) had the hool swelwyd in, 485

Vnwarly, | er he wyst what it ment,

Wyth thy wycche-craft | his lyf was shent,

For wyth tokne of a cros | thou dedyst hym breke;

Whos deth I now am come to wreke.“

As sone these wurdis | as he had seyde, 490

Be his longe herys | she gan hym kecche,

And vndyr hyr ryht foot | she hym leyde,

And thus seyde: | „O thou woful wrecche,

Lete be this cursyd | and froward tecche

My maydynheed to temte! | for myn helpe, sothly, 495

Is Crist, | whos name duryth endelesly.“

Euene at this wurd | a ful greth lyht

Illumyned sodeynly | that derk presoun,

And a cros aperyde | in heuene ful bryht,

On wych a dowwe | descendyd a-downe 500

And seyde: „Margrete“, | wyth a swete sowne,

„Alle seyntys in heuene | do the abyde,

And the gatys of paradyhs | ben opnyd wyde“.

Than Margrete, | aftyr to god dew thankyng,

To the fend hyr turnyd | & thus dede seye: 505

„Telle me of whens | thou art, foul thyng!“

„Seruaunt of Crist, quod he, I the preye,

- Fro my nekke | thy foot remeue aweye,  
 And alle my werkys | I wil the telle  
 510 Doon bothyn in erthe | and eek in helle.“  
 Aftyr this anoon | of hyr ientylnesse  
 Owt of his nekke | hyr foot remeue  
 Softely she gan. | and of his distresse  
 Whan he hyr felt | hym so releue,  
 515 „Gramercy, he seyde, | & be your leue  
 Now wil I, lady, | on-to your demaunde  
 Answere brefly, | as ye me comaunde.  
 My surname, treuly, | is clepyd Belchys,  
 Sathanas oure reulere is | & oure kyng,  
 520 And in the bookys pleyntly | wrytyn is  
 Of Jamnes & Mambres | oure ofpryng,  
 Oure gouernaunce | & al oure werkyng.  
 But to your purpos, | if ye it lyst to here,  
 I wyl shortly declare | how we come here.  
 525 Salomon, of the childryn of Israel  
 The wysest kyng | that euere was,  
 Of vs dede shette, | as storyes doon tel,  
 Many thowsendys onys | in a vessel of bras.  
 And whan Babylyones com in-to that plas  
 530 And wende greth tresore | to haue founde,  
 The vessels they broke | & vs vnbounde.  
 And thus whan we | vnbounde were,  
 Al erthe in-vyroun | we dede fulfyllen,  
 Serchyng whom we myght noye & dere —  
 535 For this propyrte | longith euere (vs) tyll.“  
 „This gouernance quod she, | for sothe, is ylle;  
 Wherefore go, Sathanas, | hom to thy kyn“ —  
 And wyth that wurd | the erthe swelwyd hym yn.  
 The next day aftyr fers Olibrius  
 540 Hyr comaundyd be browt to his presence.  
 To whom ful softly | he seyde euene thus:  
 „Consente, I counsel, to my sentence  
 And to oure goddys | offre frankencence,  
 Deuouthly knelyng | vp-on thy kne,  
 545 And past alle wummen | I wil loue the.“  
 „Laboure, quod she, | no more in veyn,  
 But take this answeere | euene for fynal:  
 Thy goddys neuere wurshepe shal I, certeyn,



- Ner be thy loue | I set ryht nowt at-al;  
 For not longe hereafter | deye thou shal 560  
 And after thy deth | be beryed in helle —  
 Wherefore wyth the | me not lyst to melle.“  
 Whan Olibrius herd this, | he gan to crye:  
 „Tormentours, | tormentours“, | as he wood were,  
 „Wyth glowyng ferbrondys | faste you hye 555  
 This wyechys sydys to brenne & sere,  
 As longe as ye ony flesh fynde there;  
 And whan she weel warmyd is in this wyse,  
 In fayr cold watyr | doth hyre baptyse!“  
 As he comaundyd, | doon was anoon, 560  
 That very pete it was | it to beholde  
 How on bothe sydys | euene to the boon  
 Hyr flesh was brent *wyth* brondys manyfolde,  
 And after boundyn | how in-to watyr colde  
 They hyr kest, | that this chaunge sodeyne 565  
 From hete to cold | shuld encrecyn hyr peyne.  
 But god, his seruauntys wych neuere forsake  
 Wil | ner suffre hem to myscheue,  
 Sodeynly maad | the erthe to quake  
 And queynt the fyr | that hyr dede greue, 570  
 And so in the watyr | hyr dede releue  
 That vnboundyn & harmles | she cam owte —  
 Wych wundryr was to hem | that stood abowte.  
 For wych miracle | fyue thousand anoon  
 Were there conuertyd, | and martyrd also. 575  
 And whan Olibrius sey | the mater thus goon,  
 Bethynkyng | what best was for to do  
 And dredyng more peple wold turne hyr to  
 If she lengere lyuyd. | wyth-owte more let  
 Sentencyd hyr heed | of to be smet. 580  
 Of wych sentence | ful glad she was,  
 Hauyng ful trust | in goddys goodnesse.  
 And whan she was brouth | in-to the plas  
 Where she shuld receyuyn | hyr iuwesse,  
 Fully replenyshed | *wyth* cherytabylnesse 585  
 Malchus she preyid | *wyth* humble chere  
 Of leyser | to make a short preyere.  
 And whan he hyr had grauntyd space,  
 She set hyr down | on eythyr kne

- 590 An vpward to heuene | lyftyng hyr face,  
 Thus gan for to preye: | „in eternyte  
 O lord euere-regnyng, | haue mercy on me!  
 And for thy gret pyte, | o blyssyd Jhesu,  
 There trespas foryeue | that me pursu!  
 595 More-ouyr, lord, | lowly I the beseche  
 For them specyally | that my passyoun  
 Othyr rede or wryte | or other do teche,  
 Or cherche or chapel make | if they mouñ  
 Or lyht | or launpe fynde | of deuocyouñ  
 600 To me-ward: | lord, for thy gret grace  
 Hem repentaunce graunte, | er they hens pace!  
 Also, if wummen | in trauaylyng be,  
 Oppressyd wyth peyne | & greuaunce,  
 And for helpe deuoutly do preye to me,  
 605 Graunth hem sone | good deliueraunce!  
 And generally, lord, | in ony male-chaunce  
 If to me for socour | men calle & crye,  
 Graunt hem sone courfort | & remedye!“  
 Whan she thus endyd | had hyr preyere,  
 610 Sodeynly from heuene | this voys cam down,  
 So lowde | that alle men | myht it here:  
 „Herd is, Margarete, | thyn orysoun  
 And grauntyd | that, who wyth deuocyouñ  
 In ony dyshese | doth preye to the,  
 615 For thy sake sothly | he herd shal be.“  
 And wyth this wurd | hyr face to Malchus  
 She turnyd & seyde | wyth ful glad cher:  
 „Brothyr, | that the do bad Olibrius,  
 Now to performe | do thy deuer!  
 620 For I not lengere | what to doon her.“  
 And Malchus anoon | wyth-owte more let  
 Euene at oo strok | hyr heed of smet.  
 But vnnethe hyr body | sonere to grounde  
 Fel than hyr soule was | in heuene-blys. —  
 625 Now, gloryous lady, | lete thy pyte habounde  
 Oure soulys to bryngē | wher thy soule ys —  
 For than of ioye | shul we neuere mys.  
 Whedyr vs mote brynge | the holy trynyte,  
 Sey eche man Amen, pur cheryte! —

Lo, sone, | now haf I acomplysyd 630  
 Brefly, | lych as I you promysyd  
 In the prologe, | aftyr the story  
 Of the legende | euene by & by  
 The byrthe. | the fostryng | & the successioun  
 Of lyf | and eek fynally the passyoun 635  
 Of seynt Margrete, | the blyssyd virgyne,  
 So as vouchedsaf | to illumyne  
 My wyt | & my penne | the heuenely grace.  
 And now of you | I aske leyser & space  
 Of reste a whyle; | för, certeynly, 640  
 Euene as a pilgrym | so fare now y,  
 That feyntly walkyth be the weye  
 And neythyr lyst to iape ner pleye  
 Ne talke | ne synge | ne make no cher,  
 Til to his herberwe he gynne drawe ner, 645  
 Wher he may reste | & counfortyd be  
 Wyth mete & drynk | aftyr his necessitye  
 And his bonys aftyr | in a bed to beyke,  
 Wyth labour maad | bothe wery & weyke;  
 But whan he suppyd hath | a good meel 650  
 And slept ynow | and restyd hym weel,  
 And on the morwe | doth erly ryse,  
 Than fynt he hymself | in sundry wyse  
 More strong to performyn | his iourne.  
 Ryht so, as I seyde, | it faryth be me: 655  
 For, sykyr, myn handys | gynne to feynte,  
 My wyt to dullyn, | and myn eyne bleynte  
 Shuld be. | ner helpe | of a spectacle;  
 My penne also | gynnyth make obstacle  
 And lyst no lengere | on paper to renne, 660  
 For I so ofte haue maad to grenne  
 Hys snowte vp-on my thombys ende  
 That he ful ny | is waxyn vnthende(!) —  
 For euere as he goth, | he doth blot  
 And in my book makyth | many a spot, 665  
 Menyng therby | that for the beste  
 Were for vs bothe | a whyle to reste,  
 Til that my wyt | and also he  
 Myht be sum craft | reparyd be.

- 670 Wherefore, sone, | of your ientylnesse  
 Respyht vs bothyn | tyl myhylmesse —  
 And that is not longe, | as I thus preue:  
 For this day is | seynt Mathevs eue  
 And to-forŋ myhylmesse | but the tente day.
- 675 Aftyr wych tyme, treuly, I wil assay,  
 If god vouchesaf | of his specyal grace  
 Of lyf me graunte | leyser and space,  
 To performe the remnanth | of my promys —  
 For lengere leyser | I nyl aske. ywys.
- 680 This grauntyd, | fare weel! | now am I fre  
 Nyne dayes heraftyr | for to pleye me. —

**N**ow myhylmesse-day | is come & past,  
 To acomplyse | I wyl me hast  
 The promys | wych that I behyht,

685 Of my cunnyng | aftyr the myht:  
 That is to seyne, | whow & whan,  
 Fro whens | & wheder | & be what man,  
 And also fyrst | be what occasyoun,  
 Of seynt Margarete | the translacyoun

690 From Antyoche was maad | in-to Itayle.  
 And in this processe | that I not fayle  
 Of the treuthe, | I lowly beseche  
 Hym that treuthe is | & treuthe doth teche,  
 The lord that syt | a-boue the skye,

695 That he in treuthe | vouchesaf to gye  
 On-to the laude | of the virgyne swete  
 And blyssyd martyr, | seynt Margarete,  
 Bothe my wyt | & eek my pen;  
 I prey eche treuman | to seyn Amen.

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(TRANSLATIO.)\*

- (I). **F**rom the tyme of the incarnacyoun  
 Of Jhesu Crist | nyne hundryd yer  
 And eyghte, | be trewe computacyoun,  
 Whan Sergius was vnyuersel clauyculer  
 Of holy cherche, | and the sool emper  
 Had Berengarye: | this caas befel
- 705 Wych I her shal touche | rather than tel.

\* Vgl. Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V, p. 41 (mehrfach abweichend).

The secundé yer | of the forseyd pope  
 Sergye, | & thwelfte indicyouŋ,  
 As be cronyculers | I vndyrgrope,  
 Fel a ful greuows dissencyouŋ  
 Be-twix the patriark | of Antyoche touŋ, 710  
 Eusebye, | & hym that was be tyrannye  
 That tyme prynce | of ther polycye —  
 Andronicus hyht | that prynce, sothly;  
 Wych, whil that Eusebye absent was.  
 As I seyð to-fore, | be tyranny 715  
 Vsurpyd the pryncehood | of that plas.  
 Wherof fel | a ful heuy caas:  
 For thorgh there tweynys | debat & stryf  
 Ful many a maŋ | dede lese hys lyf.  
 The processe to declare | were to long, 720  
 And it askyth | ful many a circumstaunce,  
 To telle clerly | how gret wrong  
 This prynce dede | & to what myschaunce  
 The cyte he brouth | thorgh mysgouernaunce,  
 And be what treytourye | his sone-in-lawe, 725  
 Sinward. | be nyht he brouth a dawe.  
 I wyl not tellyn now | what accyouŋ  
 He feynyd | the patryark to pursu,  
 And how & be what similat faccyouŋ  
 Meche peple | to hys fauour he dreu; 730  
 Wherfore, | prolyxyte | to escheu,  
 I wil lete passe | al maner digressyouŋ  
 An shortly goouŋ | on-to the conclusyouŋ. —  
 Whan of Antyoche | thorg his surquydy  
 Ner destroyd was the fayr cyte 735  
 Wyth feer & swerd | ful cruelly,  
 Many a fayr cherche | ther brent he,  
 That reuthe & pyte it was to se;  
 Among wych | of seynt Margarete was oouŋ,  
 Wherof he left neipir stykke ne stouŋ. 740  
 In this seyð cherche | was an abbeye,  
 A solemne of munkys, | whil that it stood;  
 Of wych the abot was, | as cronycles seye,  
 That tyme a religyous man & good,  
 Austyn be name, | & of nobyl blood, 745  
 Born in a cuntre | clepyd Lumbardy,

- And of a cyte | callyd Pauye.  
 Whan this Austyn sey | the gret mischef  
 Bothe of the cyte | and of his abbeye,  
 750 And the inpossybylness | it to relef,  
 Hys spyryt ner went | from hym aweye,  
 Hym thowte | he yaf no fors to deye.  
 And whan he thus longe | had stonde *confush*,  
 At last in hymself | he thus dede muse:  
 755 „I am but a foreyn | in this cuntre  
 And haue here no frend | me to auayle;  
 Werfore me thynkyth | it best for me  
 Ageyn to returne | in-to Itayle,  
 Wher of good frenshepe | I may not fayle;  
 760 For ther is the issu | of my genealogye,  
 And specyally in the cyte of Papye.“  
 And whan in this purpos he fyxyd was  
 Hys owe cuntre | to goon hom to,  
 He kest to caryin | owt of that plas  
 765 The bodyes of holy *virgynys* two:  
 Seynt Margarete | & seynt Euprepye also,  
 To profyht of the cherche | and eek honour  
 In Pauye | of seynt Sire the *confessour*.  
 For lernyd he hadde | ful secretlye  
 770 Of a prest | in his last confessoun,  
 Vbald be name, | whan he shuld dye —  
 Wych was a man | of gret deuocoun —  
 How of seynt Margrete | he fynde shuld moun  
 The body | & where that it dede rest  
 775 Of gold & syluyr | in a fayr chest.  
 And for he myht not | alone do  
 That he desyryd, | of his men tweyne  
 Pryuyly oo tyme | he clepyd hym to —  
 Wych Lucas & Robert | were clepyd, certeyne,  
 780 And feythfully of hem | he gan to freyne  
 If they to hym wold | trewe men be  
 And wyth hym goon hom | to his cuntre;  
 And if they wold so. | he them there hyht  
 Of gold an tresore | gret habundaunce.  
 785 And that he shulde | doon al hys myht  
 Wyth sporys gylt | hem bothe to auaunce  
 And that they shulde ryde | wyth spere & launce.

- And they hym assuryd wyth scrypture & seel  
 Euere cloos to kepyn | al hys counseel.
- „Felawys, *quod* he, | treuly, myn entent 790  
 Meuyd is euene, | of pure deuocyouñ,  
 Owt of this place | wych is her brent  
 And browt, as ye see, | to gret desolacyouñ,  
 Of summe relykys to make a translacyouñ,  
 And specyally | of that blyssyd & holy virgyne 795  
 Seynt Margarete, | an in Pauye hem do shryne.“
- Whan they thys herde, | wyth ryht glad cher  
 Fully they approuyd | al his entent  
 And seyden: | whan-euere in this mater  
 He wolde procede, | they shuld assent; 800  
 „For here, *quod* they, | it arn but shent;  
 Wherefore to performyn | this holy decre  
 We trowe that god hath iaspyryd the.“
- And sone aftyr this | they cam alle thre  
 Pryuyly be nyhte | on-to the place 805  
 Where Austyn had lernyd | this relykys hyd be  
 Of seynt Margarete, | be goddys grace;  
 And anoon so depe | they dede in race  
 Tyl at the laste | a chest they founde,  
 Wyth iryn and bras | myhtyly bounde; 810
- And euene *wyth*-owte was this scripture  
 Wrytyn abouyn | vp-on the chest:  
 „Here wyth-inne | of the virgyne pure  
 Seynt Margarete | the body doth rest.“  
 And wyth-oute let | they it al to-brest: 815  
 And in a syluere vessel, | *wyth* gemmys freshly  
 Arayed, | they founde | this blyssyd body.
- Wych whan they seyn, | they were ful glad,  
 And anoon tokyn it vp | ful reuerently,  
 And to a mannys hous | preuyly it lad 820  
 Wych Austyn the abot | louyd enterly —  
 Crisper be name, | wych dwellyd ther ny; —  
 But what they brouht, | they nold hym telle.  
 Wher foure dayis aftyr | they dede dwelle.
- In wych mene-tyme | they maad hem redy 825  
 In hasty wyse to takyn | forth here iourne;  
 But the syluere ark | they broke, sothly,  
 And trussyd the body | in a loker of tre,

- That of tresore | shuld no suspycyoun be.  
 830 And aftyr leue takyn, | to shyp they went,  
 And god of his grace | hem fayr speed sent.  
 For anoon, wyth-owtyn | eythyr *peryl* or feer,  
 To the port of Brundusye | they dede applye.  
 And whan they weel had refresshyd *hem* ther,  
 835 Anoon thre hors | they dedyn *hem* bye  
 And forth to Rome | they *hem* faste dede hye.  
 Wher dylygently | and wyth deuocyouŋ  
 They labouryd to purchasyn | holy pardouŋ.  
 And whan they ful ner | dayes fyftene  
 840 Hemself wyth a deuouth carage  
 Had excercysyd | and maad ful clene  
 And goon to many | an holy stage,  
 Of the reed flyx | the gret owtrage  
 Sodeynly dede Austyn | so sore oppresse,  
 845 That to deyin he trowyd | of that seeknesse.  
 Wherefore, as goodly | as he cowde or myht,  
 Seyng no lyklynesse to ben amendyd,  
 Of hys host | he took his leue that nyht  
 And payid for al | that he had dispendyd,  
 850 On morwe, whan he hym had *commendyd*  
 To Petyr and Poule, | his hors he nam  
 And vnnethe that nyht | to Souters cam.  
 Wyth gret labour they come | the nexte day  
 On-to the cherche | of blyssyd Vycory  
 855 The virgyne, | wych stant, as men se may,  
 In the hey-weye | Venus halle by.  
 Wher they hym receuyd | ful honestly,  
 Wych tyme as shuld the solemnyzacyouŋ  
 Been of that cherche | the fyrst dedycacyouŋ —  
 860 Wych on the seunte day | dede falle  
 Of Octobre, | euene as there wrytyn ys.  
 Wher Austyn offryd vp in a palle  
 Oon of seynt Margaretys rybbys.  
 And whan the peple ther dwellyng sey this,  
 865 They it receuyd | wyth ful glad cher  
 And in hyr honour | dede halwe a auter.  
 Fro whens wyth-inne dayis two,  
 Wyth gret syknesse | whan they dede pace,  
 In the vale Palantes (!) | they come to



- Of seynt Petyr | a relygyous place 870  
 Of munkys blake, | and Bonyface  
 The Abot hyht; | wher wurshepfully  
 Austyn was receyuyd | & cherytabyilly.  
 And whan he sey | that his seeknesse  
 Eche day encrecyd | more and more, 875  
 And coud see no weye | of lyklynesse  
 To ascapyn, | anoon he sent fore  
 The Abot Bonyface | & wepyng ful sore  
 To hym, in presence | of his hool couent,  
 He pleynty declaryd thus hys entent: 880  
 „Allas, *quod* he, | euene as a straunger  
 And as vnknowyn also | in this cuntre  
 Ineuentybilly | I must deyin her,  
 For alwey encrecyth | myn infyrmyte;  
 Nertheles | vertu of necessity 885  
 I wyl make | and therfore now  
 To god my soule | I *commende* & to yow.  
 More-ouyr, also, | I wil ye wete:  
 Two *precyous* relykys | I her haue *wyth* me,  
 That is to seyne | of seynt Margrete 890  
 The body, | and of the vyrgyne fre  
 Euprepye the heed, | in a cophyn of tre:  
 Wyche from Antyoche | I haue brouth,  
 And to Pauye them led | it was my thouth.  
 But syth I see deth | me faste nyhe to 895  
 And I to lyue may haue | no *lengere* space,  
 Whil my wyttys be fresch | and my mynde also  
 This relykys I yeue | to this holy place,  
 You therfore askynge | this oonly grace  
 That ye for me wil preyn specyally 900  
 And therto my annyuersarye kepyn yerly.“  
 Whan they herd thys, | god principally  
 They thankyd, | and hym, | wyth herte entere;  
 And that he desyryd | so deuouthly,  
 They hym grauntyd | wyth ful glad chere. 905  
 And anoon alle the munkys in-ferē  
 Te deum laudamus | deuouthly sunge  
 And alle here bellys | ful solemnelly runge.  
 And the abot copyd, | *wyth* his munkys alle,  
 Wyth torchys | & tapyrs | *brennyng* ful cler, 910

These *precyous* relykys, | curyd *wyth* a palle,  
Bar and set vp-on the hey-awter.

And eyghte dayis aftyr | *wyth* ful glad cher  
They maad greth feste | & solemnyte;

915 And meche peple thydyr it cam to see.

In *wych* mene-tyme | this blyssyd man  
Austyn, | *wych* that yaf on-to that place

These holy relikys, | whan he had taŋ  
Alle hys ryhtys, | to goddys grace

920 He *commendyd* his soule | & hens dede pace,  
The sextend kalendys, | as *wrytyng* doth *preue*,  
Of *Nouemyr*, | euene on *seynt Lukys* eue.

And whan they his dirige | *in* goodly maner

Had seyde, | to here *cherche* | ful relygyously

925 Hys body they bore | & besydyn an awter  
Of *seynt Blase* | it beryid ful *wurshepfully*;

And aftyrward hem besyid | riht diligently

To performyn vp | the solemnyzacyoun

Of these holy seyde relikys translacyoun.

930 For, thow *Kalixtys* day, | martyr & pope,  
*Wych* fallyth of *Octobyr* | the threttend day,

As be old *wrytynge* | I vndyrgrope,

The fyrst day were | of this solemne aray

*Wych* reuelacyoun | or translacyoun | clepyd be  
may

935 Of *seynt Margretys* body, | yet eyghte days more  
They solemne kept, | as seyde is before.

In *wych* eyghte dayis | ther god wrowt

Manye grete miraclys, | as I *wrytyn* haf see —

Albeit for hast | that I reherce hem nowt,

940 Or, for to other thyngys | I wold spede me,

And also, to eschewyn *prolixyte*,

Stepdam of fauour | aftyr the sentence

In a vers | of *Mathu Vindocinence*. —

But for as meche | as nothyng *perpetuel*

945 Is in thys werd | ne stabyl in oo staat,

For the grete *werrys* | that sone aftyr fel

In thylk *cuntre* | thorgh *stryf* & *debat*

Of sundry *cytees*, | this place *desolat*

*Wyth-inne* fewe *yerys* was | & stood aloon,

Whos dwellers thens for feer | dede flen euery- 950  
chon.

Sone aftyr this, | whan it was knowe  
That this abbeye was | in swych desolacyoun,  
And be the trumpet of fame | aboute blowe,  
The Ruuylllyans | madyn a congregacyoun  
And alle the clerkys gadryd in processyoun 955  
Of oure ladyis cherche, | and wyth gret reuerens  
Seynt Margaretes body | they fecchyd thens.

And whan they had | this body brout  
In-to oure ladyes cherche | wyth solemnyte,  
In tablys of marbyl | coryously wrouth 960  
They it shrynyd | wyth seynt Felycyte,  
Whos feste fallyth, | as men may se,  
Wyth seynt Clement — | and, as I remembre,  
It is the nynte kalende of Decembre. —

(II). Where whan these two virgyns in-sam 965  
An hundryd yer or more | had shrynyd leyn,  
Swych myschef | to Ruylyan cam  
That down it was bete | & maad pleyn;  
And so longe it so abood, certeyn,  
And wyth trees & buschys | so wylde grew, 970  
That, where it was, | anethe ony knew.

But whan it plesyd | the souereyn goodnesse  
Of god, wych syt | in heuene aboue,  
To delyuyn owt of that wyldyrnesse  
These two virgyns | wych he dede loue, 975  
To counfort of meche folk | & behoue:  
He chees a persone | of straunge cuntre  
Of there translacyoun | mynystyr to be.

Whan the yer of grace | on the nounbyr ran  
Of a thousand | foure hundryd | and fyue, 980  
The fyrst yer | of the secund Vrban,  
The pope of Rome, | as cronycles dryue,  
And Herry the thredde | was alyue  
And had the sool reule of the empere:  
This reuelacyoun maad was | that ye shul here. 985

Twyx Naplys that tyme | and Teracyne  
In a wode | of the Markeys | of that cuntre  
Two hermytys dwellyd, | whom god illumyne  
Vouchydsaf wyth grace | in that degre

- 990 To lyuyn | and his seruauntys to be —  
 Jon hyht the toon; | to whom dede appere  
 Seynt Margrete, se yng on this manere:  
 „Jon, Goddys seruaunt, | as fast as thou kan,  
 On myn erand | Mounth-Flask go to  
 995 And vn-to the pryour | of seynt Flauyan  
 Wych is ther, clepyd Burgundio,  
 And sey hym: | god wil | that he his deuer do  
 That neythyr I | ner seynt Felycyte  
 In solytarye place | lengere lefth be.“  
 1000 „Who art thou, *quod* Jon, | that spekyst to me  
 And byddyst me doon, | that I ne kan?“  
 „I am Margrete, goddis handmayde, *quod* she,  
 That in Antyoche dede martyrдам tan  
 Vndyr fers Olybrye | wych prefect was than;  
 1005 But whan that cyte wyth scysme | was ner nowt,  
 Oon Austyn to Tuskayne | fro thens me browt.“  
 „Lady, *quod* Jon, | I not knowe that place  
 Ner in what-maner | cuntre it is.“  
 „Kare not, *quod* she, | for, whil that grace  
 1010 Of God the guydyth, | thou mayst not mys —  
 For, wher-euere thou go, | it shal the wys;  
 And al that longyth | to thy necessitye,  
 Shal be prouydyd | be god and me.“  
 Whan Jon this herd, | wyth-owte lettyng  
 1015 He tok his felawe | and gan hym forth hie  
 Vp-on his iurne, fully trostyng  
 That the *grace* of god | shuld hym riht gye.  
 And so it dede: | for ryht sone, sothlye,  
 To Mounth-flask he cam. where she ageyn  
 1020 To hym apperyd | and thus dede seyñ:  
 „Go sey the pryour | that he sende hastly  
 To Ruuylyan, | wych now is wildyrnesse,  
 And to the place where of seynt Mary  
 The cherche was: | & there wyth besynesse  
 1025 Of deluyng they shul fynden expresse  
 In tablys of marbyl wyth a scripture  
 My body | & Felicites, | I hem ensure.“  
 And anoon Jon | to the pryour went  
 And gan hym tellen | euene by and by  
 1030 Of whom | & why | he thedyr was sent,

- And preyd hym to performyn it hastyly —  
 For, were it doon, | he hym hom wold hy.  
 But he no credens yaf | to his talkyng.  
 Wherfore Jon went | away wepyng —  
 He was ful sory | that he had lost 1035  
 So meche labour, | hym thoute, in veyn.  
 And as he went homward | to his ost.  
 In the opyn strete | seynt Margrete ageyn  
 Apperyd to hym | & thus dede seynt:  
 „Jon, be not heuy, | but ayen hym to 1040  
 Go and eftsonys | thyn herand doo!“  
 „I-wis, lady, quod Jon, | he nyl credens  
 In no wyse my wurdys yeue to.“  
 „Yet go! quod she. | and er thou come thens,  
 He shal wyth grace | inspiryd be so 1045  
 Happyly that he shal | assente to do  
 Lych as thou seyst | & hold the trewe —  
 Or ellys forsothe | he shal it rewe.“  
 „Lady, quod he, | in this matere  
 Me thynkith best were, | saf youre reuerence, 1050  
 That ye youreself | to hym dede appere  
 And shewyd hym pleyntly | youre sentence;  
 For than he nedys must | yeue credence.“  
 „Nay, Jon, quod she, nay, | god wyl not so,  
 But be the he wyl | this message be do.“ 1055  
 Whan Jon herd this, | & othere also  
 Wych stood besyden, | ful many oon,  
 Herdyn this talkyng | betwyx hem to,  
 They seyde they wold | wyth hym goon  
 On-to the pryour, | and that anoon, 1060  
 And of alle these wurdys | bothe more & lesse  
 Pleyntly they wold hym bere wytnesse.  
 Whan this was doon, | the priour dede leue  
 Jonys wordys; | & wyth-owte lettyng,  
 The treuthe herof | that he myht preue, 1065  
 Men thedyr he sent | to make serchyng.  
 And they there labouryd in deluyng  
 In the cherche paument | fro morwe tyl eue;  
 But they founde nowt — | that dede hem greue.  
 And anoon for angyr | they hom ageyn 1070  
 Turnyd and seyde | euene thus to Jon:

- „Thou hast vs maad | to labouren in veyn,  
 For of oure labour | frucht is come noon.“  
 „Serys, *quod* he, | yif ye lyst to goon  
 1075 Ageyn wyth me, | be goddys grace  
 I shal you brynge | euene to the place.“  
 They folwyd his wyl | & turnyd ageyn.  
 And al-be-it he neuere cam there toforñ,  
 „Here is the place“, | *quod* he, | „certeyn,  
 1080 Where growe brymblys | & many a thorn;  
 Here shal I hope no labour be lorñ.“  
 Wher they dede delue | & *wyth*-inne a stounde  
 More than they sowten | ther they founde.  
 For wyth the bodyes | of the *virgyns* two,  
 1085 Felicyte an eek | Seynt Margarete,  
 Thre rybbys ther they foundyn also  
 Of Cosme & Damyan, | smellyng ful swete.  
 And an epitaphye | of marbyl was wrete  
 On this wyse: | „lo, her in this chest  
 1090 Margretys body | & Felicites doth rest.“  
 Whan they this seyn, | *wyth* gret gladnesse  
 To Mounth-Flask anoon | they wurd sent.  
 And thanne the priour | *wyth* gret besynesse  
 Gadryd a processyoun | and thedyr went  
 1095 And them hom to brynge | was dylygent;  
 And al the pepyl folwyd ful besyly,  
 Syngyng | and preying | deuouthly.  
 And whil they thus occupyed | in syngyng were,  
 Sodeynly nyht | hem dede a-take  
 1100 And anoon they went | they wyst not where,  
 And euere-more grew mo clowdys blake.  
 And they for feer | tremelyng gunne quake,  
 And wyth oo voys | they lowde dede cry:  
 „Seynt Margarete on vs | now haue mercy!“  
 1105 And anoon as they thus | preyd had,  
 A gret bryhtnesse | ouyr hem dede sprede  
 As thow heuene | euene opyn beñ had;  
 Wych to Mounth-Flask | ryht dede hem lede;  
 And euere as they forth dede *procede*,  
 1110 The lyht went euene wyth hem, sothly,  
 Tyl they come vp in the touñ on hy.  
 And whan they come | beforñ the hous

Of oon that Bencase | men dede calle,  
 These reliquys so heuy | & so ponderous  
 Dede growe anoon. | that vnder hem alle 1115  
 Myht them not beryn | past his stalle.  
 Wherefore men conceyuyd | that they lest  
 In that place styлле | abydyn & rest.

Vp-on wych they alle in-fere  
 To Bencase seyde: | „syth god wyl 1120  
 That a cherche | shuld be maad here  
 For these relykys, | thyn hows ther-tyl  
 Yiue vp, we counsel, | wyth good wyl!  
 And if thou wyt not so, | we wyl it bye  
 Or yeue the a bettyr therefore, treulye.“ 1125

Bencase seyde nay, | it shuld not be.  
 And sodeynly began | swych a tempest  
 Of thundyr & leuene, | that dayes thre  
 It contunyd styлле | & neuere dede rest.  
 Whan Bencase thys sey, | hym thouth it best 1130  
 To take a nothyr | and hys hous relece;  
 And so he dede, | & the tempest gan sece.

Aftr this in ful solemne wyse  
 In-to that hous | the relikys they bere;  
 And as goodly | as they cowde deuyse, 1135  
 Anoon a cherche | they dede make there.  
 In wych yet restyn, | as I dede lere,  
 The bodyes of the two *virgynys* swete,  
 Seynt Felicyte | & eek seynt Margarete.

Many a myracle ther shewyd was 1140  
 In the tyme of thys translacyoun,  
 And ofte sythyn hath ben | in that holy plas,  
 Wych to wrytyn | were gret ocupacyoun;  
 For, sekyrly, | aftr myn estymacyoun,  
 If they were wrytyn, | it contune more 1145  
 Wold than al the remnaunth before.

This secunde translacyoun | of the *virgyn* swete,  
 Treuly, as I me now kan remembre,  
 I mene the blyssyd martyr Margarete,  
 The seuenetende day | was of Nouembre 1150  
 And the fyftende Kalende | of Decembre,  
 Wych day entylyd is | in-to the honour  
 Of gloryous Huhe, | byschop & confessour. —

Now, blyssyd *virgyne*, | wych at Mounth-Flaske  
 1155 Lyist shrynyd | in a ful fayr awter,  
 Graunth me the bone ' that I now aske:  
 First | that I may purchase pardone her  
 Of alle my synnys, | and aftyr partener  
 Of the ioie be | wher thou doost dwelle,  
 1160 Wych how gret is | no tunge kan telle. Amen.

Mercy Jhesu & gramercy.

1160 vor be ist to ausradirt.

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## II. Vita Scae Annae, matris Scae Mariae.

### PROLOGUS.

Iff I hadde cunnyng and eloquens  
My conceytes craftely to dilate  
As whilom hadde the firsh (!) rethoryens  
Gowere, Chauncere, & now Lytgate,  
I wolde me besyn to translate 5  
Seynt Anne lyf in-to oure lang<sup>a</sup>ge.  
But sekyr, I fere to gynne so late,  
Lest men wolde ascryuen it to dotage;  
For wel I know that fer in age  
I am runne & my lyues date 10  
Aprochith faste & the fers rage  
Of cruel deth — so wyl my fate  
Ineuytable — hath at my gate  
Set hys carte to carye me hens,  
And I ne may ne can, thau I hym hate, 15  
Ageyn hys fors make resistens.  
Wherefore me thinkyth, & sothe it ys,  
Best were for me to leue makyng  
Of englysh, & suche as ys amys  
To reformyn in my lyuyng; 20  
For that ys a ryght souereyn cunnyng  
A man to knowen hys trespasce,  
Wyth ful purpos of a-mendynge,  
As ferforth as god wyl grawnte hym grace.

3 Ms. firsh st. first?

Der Rest von f. 26 a und b ist leer, ebenso fol. 27 u. 28.  
S. Anna beginnt auf fol. 29 oben, von anderer Hand.

- 25 For whil a man hath leysere and space  
 Here in þis wordlys abydyngē,  
 Or than that deth his brest embrace,  
 To ransake his lyf in alle thyngē  
 And wyth his conscience to make rekenyngē  
 30 & ryhtyn ageyn al þat wronge is,  
 He may not fayle, at his partyngē  
 Owt of his lyf, to gon to blys.
- Neuerthelesse onto þ<sup>e</sup> souereyn goodnesse  
 Of Jhesu I truste & of Marie,  
 35 His moder fre: thow I my besynesse  
 Do diligently to claryfye  
 Her moderes lyf & hyr genalogye,  
 To excyten wyth mennys deuocyon,  
 Aftyr thentent of the storye:  
 40 They wyl accepten myn entencyon.  
 For, treuly, I make a protestacyon  
 To seynt Anne & to hyr dowter Marye:  
 That, yf eythyr errour in myn opynyon  
 Geyn good maners, or heresyē  
 45 Ageyn the feyth I cowde aspye,  
 Wyth alle diligence & besynesse  
 Alle my wyttes I wolde applye  
 It to reforme & to redresse.
- But ere than I ferther forþ<sup>e</sup> procede  
 50 In this matere, I lowly beseche  
 Alle þat schul thys story rede,  
 That they loke aftyr no coryous speche;  
 For Tullyus wolde me neuer non teche,  
 Ner in Parnase, wher Apollo doth dwelle,  
 55 I neuer slepte, ne neuer dede seche  
 In Ethna flowrs wher, as Claudian dop<sup>e</sup> telle,  
 Proserpina was rapt, nor of þ<sup>e</sup> sugird welle  
 In Elicona, my rudnesse to leche,  
 I neuer dede taste; to me so felle  
 60 Wher euer the muses, & þ<sup>e</sup> cruel wreche  
 Of Orpheus whiche hys wyf dede seche  
 In helle, of me wolde neuer take hede  
 Nor of his armonye oo poynt me teche  
 In musical proporecyon rymes to lede.
- 65 Zet not-forthan I wyl not blynne,  
 60 wher st. were.

For youre sake, my frende Denston Kateryne,  
 Lyche as I can, this story to begynne,  
 If grace my penne vochesaf to illumyne.  
 Preyth ye enterly þat blyssed virgyne  
 70 Whiche of seynt Anne þ<sup>e</sup> dowter was,  
 That she vouchesaf some beem lat shyne  
 Vp-on me, of hyr specyal grace,  
 And þat I may haue leyser & spaas,  
 Thorgh help of influence dyuynne,  
 75 To oure bothe confort & solace  
 This legende begunne for to termyn  
 Orthan deth the threed vntwyne  
 Of oure fatal web whiche is ryht thynne,  
 And saue vs bothe from endles pyne  
 80 And here vs kepe from shame & synne.  
 O perles princesse of uirginyte,  
 Synguler gemme, whiche in eche nede  
 Art euer redy helper to be  
 To them that the for grace to grede,  
 85 Entende. lady, of thy womanhede,  
 To my prayer and me soccour,  
 Whiche purpose of thy kynrede  
 Sum-what to seyn thorghe thy fauour,  
 And specyally on-to the honour  
 90 Of thy modyr, whiche, as I rede,  
 Rote was of the, o most swet floure.  
 And wyth hyr mylke dede foster & fede  
 The ful thre yer & aftyr dede lede  
 On-to the temple & ther offerde the;  
 95 Now, lady, graunt to me mede  
 In blysse eterne yow bothe to se! —

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Aftyr the reulys of interpretacyon  
 Anne is as myche to seyn as „grace“;  
 And worthyly thys appellacyon  
 100 To hyr pertenyth: for wyth-in the space  
 Here that is of grace the welle  
 Of hyr wombe sche dede embrace,  
 Lady of erthe & empresse of helle;  
 I mene that blyssed & holy virgyne,

- 105 Modyr of Jhesu oure sauour,  
 Marye, of synners souereyn medycyne,  
 And in alle dystresse synguler soccour,  
 Aftyr hyr sone; — & of this floure,  
 Whiche is so redolent & so soote,  
 110 This *gracyous* Anne was stoke & rote.  
 The whiche is *commendyde*, as I do rede,  
 Of thynges thre most syngulerly:  
 Ferst of hyr nobyl & royal kynrede,  
 Conueyede from Dauid down lyneally;  
 115 Of *perfyht leuyng*e also; and fynally  
 Of plenteuous fruht. & Ysachar hyr fadyr  
 Was clepyd. & Nasaphath hyht hyr modyr.  
 As for the fyrst, I wil ye knowe,  
 Be doctryne of scripture whiche wyl not lye:  
 120 Dauid in *Jerusalem* hade on a rowe  
 Fowre sones be oon cleped Bersabee,  
 Whilom the wyf of wurthy Vrye;  
 But to oure purpoos, the thryde hyht  
 Salomon, & the fowrthe Nathan be ryht.  
 125 More-ouyr I wyl ye know also,  
 As Jerom & Damascen do testifye:  
 The custome of scripture not vsyth, lo,  
 Of wymmen to wryte the genealogye;  
 Wherefore, as þe lyne of Marye  
 130 Is knowe be Joseph, & non othyr wyse,  
 So is Annes be Joachym, as þey two deuyse.  
 Also, for more cler vndurstondynge  
 Of þis genealogyal descencyon,  
 I wil ye wyte that for no thyng  
 135 The olde law wold suffre *permixtyon*  
 Of sundry kynredes; for whiche conclusyon  
 Joachym toke Anne of hys ny alye,  
 And Joseph was streyned to wedde Mary.  
 These thyngys knowen, lyst what I mene:  
 140 Of Nathan longe aftyr descended Leuy,  
 Whiche of his wyf Estha, seyth Damescen,  
 Too sones gat: Pantar & Melchy;  
 Pantar gat Barpantar, & he lyneally  
 Joachym, whiche that husbonde was  
 145 To Anne, the moder of oure solas.

- On þat oþer syde down descendyng  
 From Salomon euen vnto Mathan  
 Cam Jacob, aftyr Matheus wrytyng;  
 But, as Damascen wyl declare can,  
 Melchy, of þe lyne of Nathan, 150  
 Pantars brother & þe sone of Leny,  
 Weddyd Jacobes modyr & gat Ely —
- So Jacob & Ely were brethern vterlyne,  
 Thow Jacob of Sal(o)mon, & Ely cam of Nathan.  
 And whan Ely issues his lyf dede fyne, 155  
 Jacob, to reyse his brother seed, dede tan  
 Hys wyf, as comāded the lawe than,  
 And gat Joseph, spouse to Marye.  
 Lo, thus endyth þis double genealogye.
- And yf yt lyke, on-to moralyte 160  
 To draw þe names of the progenytours  
 Of Marye, chef gemme of uirginyte,  
 Of helpul doctryne ful redolent flours  
 We schul fynde, of ryht swete odours,  
 Yf we hem dewly kun applye 165  
 And ordenelly aftyr the ethimologie.
- Aftyr þe sentence of the holy doctour  
 Seynt Austeyn, Daudid dowth signifye  
 „The souereyn heuenely progenytour“;  
 And Salomon „pesyble“ aftyr ethimologie 170  
 „The prince of pees“ betoknyth, sothly,  
 Whom the fadyr down sent pees to make,  
 Perfyth oure kynde whā he dyde take;
- Be Nathan, Daudid sone also.  
 „ȝyfth“ or „thyngē ȝouyn“ is signifyed; 175  
 Be whom descens Leny is made to,  
 Where-in we be mystyly certyfyed,  
 And „taken vp“ betoknyth. or, applyed,  
 That be hem oure nature assumpt shul be  
 To þe secunde persone of þe trinite. 180
- Bvt yet had it not ben sufficyent  
 The vptakyng of oure frele nature  
 Whiche wyth synne was almost schent,  
 But recuryd had ben oure brosure  
 And he venguyshd þat causyd þe lesure: 185

- Wherefore in þe ordyr of oure reparacyon  
 Descens it to Jacob. toknyngē „supplantacyon“;  
 Jacob supplanted hys brother Esau,  
 Whiche toknythe „row“ or ellys „hery“:  
 190 And it signifyeth þat oure lorde Jhesu  
 Supplanted the deuyt, oure ruggyd enmy,  
 Whan he on þe crosce ful schamfully  
 Heng nakyd, fastnyd wyth nayles smerte,  
 And wyth a scharpe spere stunge to þ<sup>e</sup> herte.
- 195 Aftyr Jacob Joseph, as seyth þe text,  
 Whiche toknyth „encres“, stondyth next  
 In descence of the genealogye,  
 Spouse of Annes daughter Marie,  
 Modyr of Jhesu: whiche to sygnifie  
 200 „A byttyr see“ and „saluacyon“;  
 Where-of lo a bref moralizacyon:  
 Joseph, encrescyngē in goodnesse,  
 Must wedde Marye. the bytter see  
 Of penaunce, be constant stabylnesse;  
 205 And yf Anne penānces modyr be  
 Whiche toknyth „grace & charyte“,  
 He schal conceyuen be the humble vertu  
 Saluacyon, tokned be þis name Jhesu.
- Now haue I shewed more compendyously  
 210 Than it owt haue ben, þis noble pedegre;  
 But in þat myn auctour I folow, sothly.  
 And also, to eschewyn prolyxite,  
 And for my wyt is schort. as ye may se,  
 To the secunde part I wyl me hye  
 215 Of my processe, & Annes lyf descrye. — —
- Thys blyssud Anne of þe blode royal,  
 As to-forn is s(e)yde, of Daudid þe kyngē,  
 In a cyte þat Bedleem men calle  
 Was born & hade hyr fyrst fostryngē  
 220 In alle that myht to vertu hyr bryngē,  
 As diligently as hyr fadyr coud do,  
 Isachar, & Nazaphat, hyr modyr, also.
- And whan she to 3eris of dyscrescyon  
 Was comyn, aftyr ther lawes guyse.  
 225 Not ouer yonge aftyr myn estymacion,

- But what yer of age I ne can deuysel,  
 Wedded sche was & ful solenne wyse  
 Into a cuntre clepyd Galyle  
 And to a man a-cordyng to hyr degre:
- I mene to Joachym, in the cyte 230  
 Off Nazareth dwellynge, & of *Dauid* hows,  
 A ryche man & of gret dignyte,  
 Whos lyf of youthe was euer *vertuous*,  
 Symple, ryhtfulle & eke petous,  
 Aforne god & man ryht comendable: 235  
 To whom Anne was wyf ful couenable.
- For aftyr the doctryne of philosophye  
 In *Jhesus* Syrach, whoso it rede can,  
 Lyche to lyche euere doth applie;  
 As scheep to scheep & man to man. 240  
 Pertryche to *pertryche* & swan to swan,  
 So *vertu* to *vertu* is agreable: —  
 Werfore Anne to Joachym was wyf ful able.
- For liche as they in ther yunge age  
 Were bothne forthe-browthe *vertuously*. 245  
 Ryght so. conioyned be maryage  
 Whan pey were, more diligently  
 In *vertush* they grew — & cause is why:  
 For, as longe to-forne be a poete was tolde,  
 What newe shelle taketh it sauouryth olde. 250
- And for they wolde lyuen conformely  
 To goddes plesaunce, here possessyon  
 They denyded on partes thre, treuly:  
 The ferst they youen *wyth* deuocyon  
 To the temple. þe secunde to sustentacion 255  
 Of pylgrimys & pore men seek & olde.  
 The thrydde they kept for her howsholde.
- Thus ryhtful to god & to man petous  
 Twenty wynter pey lyued *wyth*-out issw  
 In chast maryage and not vycyous. 260  
 And thow of here seed no frucht grew,  
 Zet to god for *grace* they dede pursew  
 At hys temple thryes in the yere  
*Wyth* offrynge & deuouht preyere
- And maden voves *wyth* holy entent 265

227 & st. in. 231 Ms. dd<sup>r</sup> = dauid. 238 Ms. Ind st. In. 259 Ms. urspr.  
 wyntour, corr. (v. a. H.?).

That, yf god wolde of his speycal *grace*  
 Ony frucht hem sende, þey wolde it *present*,  
 Were it man or woman, beforn hys face,  
 Euen in the temple, *pat* holy place,  
 270 Ther hem to sence bothe clene & pure,  
 As longe ther-of as they had cure.

Long aftyr, vpon a festful day,  
 Clepud of þe temple the dedycacyon,  
 Joachym in his best aray  
 275 To Jerusalem went, *wyth* deuocyon  
 To make his ofrynge, as he was won,  
 Wyth other burgeys of hys cyte,  
 Eche man as longyd to hys degre.

At *pat* tyme byschop was Isakar  
 280 In the temple, as tellyth þe story.  
 And whan he amonge *oper* was war  
 Of Joachym stondyng, ful sturdyly  
 He him rebukyde & askyde why  
 He, *pat* bareyn and frutles was,  
 285 Presumyde to apperen in that plas;  
 „Thy yiftes, *quod* he, ben vnworthy  
 And to god no-þinge acceptable:  
 For þis I wyl þou knowe pleyonly  
 That bareynesse to god is *reprouable*  
 290 And cursed is yche man & *condempnable* —  
 As holy *scripture* vs doth telle —  
 That no frucht forth-bryngþ<sup>e</sup> in *Israel*.

Werfore, Joachym, I charge the,  
 Neuere aftyr vse þis *presumpeyon*  
 295 Here to offre, tyl assoyld þou be  
 Of þis legal *malediccyon*;  
 And whan þou hast get an *absolucyon*  
 Of þis curs, and hast *fecundyte*,  
 Than schul they yiftes *acceptable* be.“  
 300 Whan Joachym þus rebukyde was  
 Of þ<sup>e</sup> byschop in þ<sup>e</sup> temple opynly,  
 He was so aschamyd of *pat* caas  
 That agyn hom he nolde goon *pleynly*,  
 Ne hap his neybures which dwellyd hym by  
 305 Hym wolde *repreue* anothyr day:  
 And *perfore* he toke al another way,



And to his herdemen he dede hym hye  
 Which in wyldernesse fer dede pasture  
 That tyme his schep ful diligently,  
 Which in too dayes were his most cure — 310  
 For *wyth* þat encrecyde of here genderrur<sup>e</sup>  
 He & his wyf were wonte to fede  
 Pore folke whiche god dede loue & drede.  
 Why! Joachym hym þus dede occupye  
 Aboutz his scheep in wast wyldyrnesse, 315  
 And Anne his spouse cowde non aspye  
 Of hym tydynges neyþer more ne lasse  
 Ful monythes fyue, *wyth* gret trestesse  
 Oppressede & prostrat she gan to preye  
 And in here prayer she þus dede seye: 320  
 „O souerayne euere-lastyngē maieste  
 Whiche hast been euere & be schal  
 Regnyngē in stable eternyte,  
 Whos regne may neyþer bowe ne fal,  
 To whom eeke eche creature mortal 325  
 Must obey: now, lorde, in þis nede  
 Vp-on me rew, for thy nobylhede!  
 A, lorde of Israel most myhty,  
 Syth þou no chylderne hast youe me to,  
 What haue I trespafcyd geyn thy mercy 330  
 That þus my spouse þou takyst me fro?  
 For ful fyue monythes be passyd & go  
 Syth I of hym had no tydyngē  
 Wether he be dede or ellys lyuyngē.  
 Now help me, lorde! I the beseche, 335  
 And graunte me *grace* to haue knowyngē  
 Were I myht my husbonde seche!  
 For, yf I knew where, *wyth*-owt letyngē  
 I wolde hym seke, yf he were lyuyngē,  
 And yf he ded were, his sepulture 340  
 I wolde enbelshyn *wyth* besy cure.  
 For, lorde, þou knowyst how affecteuously  
 I hym now loue, and euere haue do  
 Syth we fyrst knyht were lawfully,  
 Past alle creatures — lorde, helpe me so! — 345  
 And yf þe knot be now vn-do  
 Of oure spousayle, I noon but the

- Know, lorde, that may my confort be.“  
 Whan she þes wordes & many mo  
 350 Which at þis tyme I ne can expresse,  
 Had seyð, sobbynge for very wo  
 And sykyngē for hertys byttrynesse,  
 In-to an herber she can hyre dresse  
 Besyden hyr hows, & ther, certayn,  
 355 Hyre prayer hertly she made ageyn.  
 And whan she roos from hyr prayer  
 And casuelly lyftyde vp hyr eye,  
 In a fayr, fresh & grene laurere  
 A sparow fedyngē hyr bryddes she seye  
 360 In a nest made of mossh & cleye;  
 And a-non she fel down sodenly  
 Vp-on hyr knees & þus gan crye:  
 „O lorde almyhte, which hast ouere al  
 Souerente & to euere creature,  
 365 Fyssh, ful, & bestis, boþe more & smal,  
 Hast grauntyd be kyndly engenderrure  
 To ioyen in þe lykenesse of ther nature  
 And in ther issu, iche aftyr his kynde,  
 To worshyp of thy name *wyth*-owten ende;  
 370 And I thank þe, lorde, *pat þou* to me  
 Hast don as it is to thy plesaunce,  
 Fro þe yefte of thy benygnyte  
 Me excludyngē — swych is my chaunce —;  
 Zet, if yt þe had lykede me to auaunce  
 375 *Wyth* sone or dowgter, in humble wyse  
 I wolde it han offrede to thy seruyse.“  
 And whan she thus had hyr entent  
 Expressed *wyth* a ful mornynge chere,  
 Sodeynly, or she wyst what yt mente,  
 380 An aungel be-forne hyr gan a-pere,  
 Clad in lyht than þe sunne more clere,  
 And *wyth* debonayr chere & gret reuerence  
 To hyr he shewyd thus his sentence:  
 „Be not aferde, Anne, thow vnwarly  
 385 I thus appere in thy presence:  
 For from heuen down sent am I  
 Of glad tydynges the to encence:  
 How þe frucht of þi body in reuerence

& honour schal be & in mennys mende  
 Thorgh alle kynreddes to þe werdys ende.“ 390  
 Whan þ<sup>e</sup> aungel þus his ambacyat  
 Had brefly doon, he varysshed a-vay.  
 And she astoynd & so dysconsolat  
 Was, *pat* she nyst what she myght seye,  
 And to hyr chaumbur anon she toke þe way; 395  
 Wher *wyth*-owt bodyly confort or chere  
 A day & a nyzt she lay in hyr prayer.  
 And aftyr what tyme she dyd up ryse  
 Alle by-wept from hyr prayer,  
 She clepyd hir mayde; to whom þis-wyse 400  
 She seyde: „*syth pou* sey me here  
 So longe *lyenge wyth*-owt confort or chere  
 Of ony wyht, how mayst þe guyte  
 That lyst not onys me to vusyhte?  
 Allas, lorde, yf it schuld be seyde, 405  
 Al mannys confort *pou* hast from me  
*Wyth*-drawen, & also of myn handmayde  
 Which awt, me thynkyth, my confort han be!  
 But al þis *pou* dost, *pat* only in the  
 I schuld trust, lorde, & syngulerly 410  
 Al my hope puttyn *in* thy mercy.“  
 To whom þis damysel grucchyng can sey:  
 „Thow God thy wombe *wyth* bareynesse  
 Hath shet & thyn husbonde takyn a-way,  
 Wenyst *pou* these myscheus I myht redresse? 415  
 Nay, nay.“ than Anne for veray heuynesse  
 Of þis answeere fel sotheynly down  
 & wepte *wyth*-owten consolacyon.  
 In þis mene-tyme an aungel shene 420  
 In lykenesse of a ful fayre yunglynge  
 To Joachym apperyd in þe mountes grene,  
 As he was amonge his schepe walkynge,  
 And to hym he wsyde þis talkynge:  
 „What is þe cause, telle it me pleyn,  
 Why *pou* gost not hom to thy wyf ageyn?“ 425  
 „Zung man, *quod* Joachym, I wyl trewly  
 Telle þe now euen lyk as yt is:  
 I loue my wyf as affectually,  
 I dar wel seyn, as any man dop<sup>e</sup> his;

404 l. quyte. 407 tilge of. 414 Ms. ondy mit auspunctiertem d.  
 448t h in sotheynly über Rasur

- 430 But þis twenty wyntur whiche beforn þis  
 We to-gedur han ben, or more, I trow,  
 The sced is lost which I haue sowe.  
 I wante þe argumentes of a man  
 & whan men be reknyd, I am lefth behynde,
- 435 For no-maner isseu may I han,  
 Neythyr son ne dowghter, lyke me in kynde;  
 & syth in my felde no frucht may fynde,  
 To telyn it lengur it were but veyue,  
 As me thynkyth, þis is certayne.
- 440 For he þat sowyth his feld yerly  
 Wyth gret dilygence & hys appyltre  
 Eche day watryth by and by,  
 & nout ther-of growth, faryth as he  
 To staunche his thrust which drynkyth of þ<sup>e</sup> se
- 445 Or betyþ<sup>e</sup> þ<sup>e</sup> wynde or in grauel doth sowe  
 Or eryth þ<sup>e</sup> bank, were nouȝt wyl growe.  
 So haue I longe, as it seyde be-fore,  
 Labouryde in vayne, vf I xal not lye,  
 Ful xx<sup>ii</sup> zere — but I wyl no more.
- 450 And also whan I thynk on þe vylany  
 Whiche I hadde whan þe byschop me hye  
 Bad owt of þe temple & myn offrynge  
 Despysed, cause I haue of mornyng.
- These thyngys peysed & oper moo,  
 455 Thus auysede, what-euere be-tyde  
 Hom ageyn I wyl neuer more go,  
 But here wyth myn herdys I wyl abyde,  
 & wyth good avyhs I wyl prouyde  
 To sende þe part whiche longep<sup>e</sup> hem to,
- 460 Bothe temple & wyf & pore men also.“  
 & whan he thus declaryde had his menyng,  
 This yunglyng answerde ful demuereyly:  
 „I am an aungel of þe heuenly kyng,  
 Whiche han apperyde þis day, sothly,
- 465 To Anne thy wyf, wepyng contenuely,  
 & now am y sent to declaren þe  
 How youre prayers & almes of god herd be;  
 I haue also seyn thy gret schame  
 & þe hatful reprof of bareynesse,
- 470 To þe obiectyd wyth-owt thy blame.

& þis I wyl þou know for sekyrnesse:  
 Pat god ys wenger of wykydnesse,  
 & whan he þe wombe of his welbelouyde sothly  
 Schettyth, he it opnyth þe more meruelusly.  
 Sare, þe princes of youre kynrede, 480  
 Tyl foure-score yer sche was baren  
 & þanne she had Isaac, to whoos seede  
 The blessynge of folk promysed was. certeyn;  
 Bareyn was Rachel, þ<sup>r</sup> sothe to sayn,  
 Tyl she hade Joseph, of Egipt gouernour 485  
 & of many folk from hungur þ<sup>e</sup> saluatour.  
 Who amonge dukys was myghtyere  
 Than was Sampson, telle þou me,  
 Or who amonge Judges was holyere  
 Than Samuel: whos modres boþ<sup>r</sup> perde 490  
 Bareyn. thy wyf stant in lyke degre:  
 For a doughter she hath, sothlye,  
 Whos name clepyd shal be Marye.  
 She shal be offred from hyr natiuyte  
 To goddes temple, of youre bothens vow, 495  
 & wyth þ<sup>e</sup> holy gost fulfyllid schal sche be  
 From hyr modir wombe. wherefore þou  
 Hom to þ<sup>i</sup> wyf go hastely nowe!  
 For blessyd is hyr seed, whos dowghter shal be  
 Modyr of blysse euer-lastynge, perde.“ 500  
 Of þes tydynges Joachym affryht  
 Worchyped þe aungel & þus can seyn:  
 „Ser, yf I haue fownde grace in thy syht,  
 Com & suppe wyth me, I þe pray,  
 In my tabernacle here be-syde þe wey, 505  
 & blesse þ<sup>i</sup> seruaunt!“ Onto whom ageyn  
 Thus þis aungel benygnely gan seye:  
 „Conseruaunth, not seruaunth, I wyl þou me cal —  
 For of o lorde aboue bothe we seruauntes be.  
 & for my mete is inuysible & my drynk celestyal, 510  
 It may not be seyn in þis mortalyte;  
 Werfore to þy tabernacle compelle not me,  
 But, swiche as þou schuldest gyf to my seruyse,  
 To god do offren it vp in a brent sacrifice!“  
 As sone as þis worde was seyde. Joachym can renne 515  
 Vn-to þe shepys folde & brought a lamb clene,

482 Ms. & st. to. 487 Ms. Tho st. Who. 490 were fehlt. 492 l. shal haue.

- & at þe aungels byddynghe he it gan to brenne.  
 & anon, oper-wyse þan Joachym dede wene,  
 This aungel, whiche was both bryht & shene.  
 520 Or than he awar was, euen beforh his syht  
 Wyth þe fume he toke to heuen his flyht.  
 Than Joachym fel down sodenly  
 Grouelynges & abasshed ful sore;  
 & so from sexe tyl nyht, sothely,  
 525 On þ<sup>e</sup> yorth he lay as he dede were.  
 & than hys herdys had purposyde hym bore (!)  
 To his graue, wenynghe he dede had ben; —  
 & þan to hymselfe he cam ayeyn.  
 And whan he þus ageyn was com  
 530 & wel adawed of his swouwnynghe,  
 he tolde his seruantys al þe cas  
 & what was cause of his fallynghe.  
 & anon þei hym conseled, for any þynghe  
 Al þat þe aungel dyde to hym seye  
 535 Wyth-owt taryeng he it shulde obeye.  
 Aftyr this, as Joachym gan thynk  
 In his hert what best was to do,  
 Slepe aftyr heuynesse made him to wynke.  
 & anon þis aungel, euene ryht so  
 540 As he had vakynghe, appered him to  
 Whyl þat he slepte, & on þis wyse  
 his massage to hym þus he dede deuyse:  
 „I am þe aungel þe whiche at assignement  
 Of god am comaundyde thy kepere to be,  
 545 & of my comynghe, lo, þis is þe entent:  
 In hasty wyse þat þou home hye the;  
 Zoure prayeris ben harde, & ther-fore ye  
 Swich a chylde shul haue as neuer to-fore  
 Ne neuer schal aftur of woman be bore.“  
 550 And whan Joachym of his slepe awoke,  
 he made hym redy wyth-owt lettynge,  
 & þankyde god; & aftur þat he toke  
 homward his weye, wyth hym ledynghe  
 Bothe herdemen & bestys, forþ<sup>e</sup> softe goynghe;  
 555 & euer be þe wey as þey dyde walke,  
 Of goddes goodnesse þey dede speke & talke.  
 And whan þey had ful ner spent

Thyres ten dayes in here Journey,  
 An aungel from heuen to Anne was sent:  
 Whiche bad hyr goon to þe hy cyte 560  
 Of Jerusalem, wher she shulde ce,  
 At þe gate whiche hath name of golde,  
 Hyr spouse, the ioye of hyr h(o)usholde.  
 Owt of hyr prayers a-non dede ryse  
 Thys blessude Anne & on hyr veye 565  
 To Jerusalem-warde, as dede deuysel  
 The auungel, she gan hyr fast conueye.  
 & whan at þe goldene gates she sey  
 Hyr dere spouse comyn wyth his herdemen,  
 As fast as she myhte she gan to ren. 570  
 She toke heed of non oþer thyng  
 But of hym alone — for in veraay blysse,  
 Here þowte, she was for his comyng —  
 & a-non she gan hym halsen & kysse,  
 No ioye wenyng þat she myht mysse 575  
 Syth she hym hadde, & þus she gan crye:  
 „Welle-come, dere spouse, & god gramercy!  
 I was a wedowe, now I am non;  
 I was also bareyn and repreuable,  
 But nowe bareynesse is from me gon 580  
 And to conceyyn I am made able,  
 Be goddes prouidence eterne & stable;  
 & for his goodenesse shewyd vnto me  
 Magnyfyed mot euere his name be!  
 Whan þis miracle abowte was blowe 585  
 Be þe trompet of fame in þat cuntre.  
 To alle þo þat hem dede loue or know  
 Ful gret ioy was of þat nouelte,  
 And specyaly to alle ther affynyte.  
 & after þis hom þey went, sothly, 590  
 The promysse abydyng of god mekely.  
 After þe nyhnte monyth, as I remembre,  
 Whan Phebus in Virgine had his curs ny runne —  
 I mene þe eyghte day of September:  
 To þe werd appered a newe sunne, 595  
 & of Annes wombe sprange þe oyle-tunne  
 Of gracyous helthe to alle þat beth seke,  
 Wyth a deuouht hert if þey wyl it seke.

561 ce st. se. 563 Ms. husbonde. 568 Ms. goldede. 571 Ms. Tshe.  
 577 Ms. welke come. 589 Ms. offynyte.

This is to seyne þat þis day was born  
 600 þe glorious gemme of virginyte,  
 Syche as neuer non was befor  
 Nor neuer aftyr oper lyke it shal be,  
 Whos singuler priuylege was þis þat she  
 Shulde mayde be & modyr eke of Myssye;  
 605 & hyr name þey dede clepe Marye.  
 This lady to preysen as it were skyl  
 Aftyr þe meryte of hyr worthynesse,  
 Fer pasyth my wyt, thow not my wylle, —  
 I pleyney knowleche myn owne rudnesse.  
 610 But who-so wyl knowen, as I do gesse,  
 In englysshe here laudes, lat hem looke  
 Of owre ladyes lyf Jhon Lytgates booke!  
 And who in latyn haue luste to know  
 þis ladyes praysynge retorycally  
 615 Expressed, ten bookes on a row  
 He muste seke, entytlyd sothly  
 „Of þe weddyngge dytees“, metryd coryously.  
 In which tow werkys he shal mow fynde  
 Al þat of me is now lefth behynde. —  
 620 Aftyr þis. whan Phebus — whiche euery day  
 Chaungith his herberwe, no-wher stabylly  
 Vsyd to a-byden, for he meuyþ alway —  
 The XII signes thryes by & by  
 In þe zodyak cercle had passyde coursly  
 625 & in þe ende of Virgo taken his hostayge,  
 Than was blessyd Mary ful thre 3er of age.  
 And Joachym dysposed hym, & his wyf  
 Anne, deuowthly her vow to fulfille:  
 To offren hyr dowgthter to the lorde of lyf  
 630 In þe temple, þer to dwelle styлле  
 As long as it plessyd his blessyd wylle;  
 & to Jerusalem for þe same entent  
 At þe next feste both two they went.  
 To-forn þe entre of þe temple than  
 635 were XV grees of marbyl grey and broūn,  
 As olde scriptures wel declare can,  
 Be whiche to þe temple was p<sup>e</sup> ascencyon;  
 & at þe netherest was Maria set down.  
 & she anon ryht vp ouyr alle dede pace



- wyth*-owt ony help, saf only of grace. 640  
 A wondrousful þyng it was to see  
 That of alle þe while of hyr passage,  
 Whil she stey vp from gre to gree,  
 Not-*wyth*-stoundyng e hyr tendyrnesse of age  
 She neuer of bak turnyde hyr vysayge 645  
 Nor after fader or modyr onys dyde calle,  
 Tyl she had clomben vp þe grees alle;  
 Ryht vp also & nothyng e stoupyng e  
 Al þe tyme she we(n)t, & euere hyr eye  
 On þe temple she was lyftyng e 650  
 & neuer hyr syht kest oper-weye.  
 & whan Anne hyr modyr þis marvel seye,  
 Fullylde *wyth* þe holy gostes grace  
 þus gan to seyn in þat same place:  
 "Owre lorde god, most of puysshauce, 655  
 Past alle oper, euere blessyde mot be,  
 Of his holy worde wich haþe remembraunce  
 & of his hy *grace* hathe vysesedyd me,  
 That I no lengere repreuyd shal be,  
 Whil þat I lyue, of bareynnesse — 660  
 Euer worshype to hym for his goodenesse!  
 And not only from shameful bareynnesse  
 I am delyuerde þus singuler(l)y;  
 But eke hys peple which was in dystresse  
 He hathe vysyted so marcyfully 665  
 Þat thoroghe my frucht — lorde, *gramercy*! —  
 Not I alone, but al mankynde  
 Shal comforth fynde *wyth*-owten ende."  
 Aftyr þis *wyth* an holy entente  
 Joachym & Anne, bothe two in-fere, 670  
 In þe temple dede vp presente  
 Mayde Marye *wyth* ful humble chere,  
 Preyng e to god *wyth* herte entere  
 Þat he vouchesaf of hys mercy  
 Here present to acceptyn benyngly. 675  
 Whan þis was don, they lefte hyr þer,  
 Joachym & Anne, & hom ageyn  
 To Nazareth went, wher they dwelle er;  
 & holyly lyuedyn, þis is certayn.  
 But how longe aftur, I can not seyn, 680

Joachym lyued; but wyl know I:  
 Anne had thre dowghters, & iche hyht Mary —  
 But wheper be oon husbonde or ellys be thre,  
 At pis tyme I wil not determyne:  
 685 For in pis mater what best plesyth me,  
 I haue, as I can, declaryd in latyn  
 In balaade-ryme. wherfore here to fyne  
 Seynt Annes lyf I fully me conuerte,  
 Pus hyr besechyng wyth ful louly herte:  
 690 O gracyous Anne, wich hast worthyly  
 Of grace þe name, outh of whom dede spryng  
 She that of grace most meruelously  
 & of lyf eterne þ<sup>e</sup> welle dede forth bryng  
 In-to pis worlde: graunt, at my partyng  
 695 Be þe fatal cours from pis mutabilyte,  
 Me in blysse eterne stablissed to be!  
 Prouide, lady, eek, þat Jon Denstone,  
 & Kateryne his wyf, if it plese þe grace  
 Of god aboue. thorgh þ<sup>i</sup> merytes a sone  
 700 Of her body mow haue, or they hens pace,  
 As they a dowghter han, yung & fayre of face,  
 Wyche is Anne clepyde in worshyp, lady, of þe,  
 & aftyr to blysse eterne conuey hem alle thre!  
 AMEN lorde, for charyte.

697 A. R. steht v. a. H.: John Denston, Katherina vxor eius, Anna filia.

### III. Vita Scae Christianae.\*

Whilom be-syde the lake Vulsyne  
 Stood a cyte wych Tire clepyd was,  
 As olde storyes do termyne,  
 Weldful and ful off werldly solas;  
 5 Itt wontyd not ellys but goddys grace:  
 For Crystis feyth it wold no-wyse tan,  
 Wych fersly dede pursewyn in euere place  
 The cruel emperour that tym, Dioclicyan.  
 Off this seyde cyte was a worthy man,  
 10 To spekyn as off werldly dignite  
 Prefect, whos name was clepyd Vrban,

\* Bei Christine scheint wieder eine andere Hand zu beginnen.

And mayster off knyghtys also was he.  
 A wyff he hade acordyng to hys degre,  
 Wych yssuyd out off the blode emperiall.  
 But hethyne they were both two, *perde*, 15  
 And off the sect wych man peynims call.  
 But lych as oftyn off a full scharp thorn  
 Flouris spryngyn fayre and delycious,  
 And off foull erthe grouyth good korn,  
 Gold eek and siluyr ant stonys *precious*: 20  
 So off these hethene foulk and vicyous,  
 Wych in ydolatrie here lyfe dyde fyne,  
 A mayde both fayre and eke gracious  
 Was born; whos name thei elepyd Cristyne.  
 And whan Cristyne twelue yere was off age, 25  
 Nott oonly sche had grete bodyly beute.  
 But also sche was wys, prudent & sage,  
 Past all the wommen off that cyte;  
 And to loue & serue oonly purposyd sche  
 Off heuene and erth the lord omuypotent, 30  
 And fore a mene-tyme she kept secre  
 Fro fadyr & modyr hyr holy entent.  
 Urbane consyderynge the frech coloure  
 Off Crystyn, hys doughtyere, and the grete beute,  
 Dyde maken ane hye and a full solemne toure, 35  
 In wych wyth tuelue maydyns put was she:  
 For he wolde not opynly she seyn shuld be,  
 Dredyng the *peryls* that myght befall;e;  
 And goldene goddys hyr ordeynyde he,  
 Wych she shulde wurshepe & fore help to calle. 40  
 Wowerys there come ful many oon,  
 Desyryng to haue hyr in maryage;  
 But hyre fadyr heme a-voydyd *euer-ychoñ*,  
 Alleggyng the tendyrnes off hire age,  
 And more-ouyr he seyde that hire curage, 45  
 As he wele kneu, was goddys to serue.  
 From whos seruyce she nolde outrage  
 For no man, thow she shuld sterue.  
 And no dout, thys blessyd Cristyne  
 Disposyd was all on a nothyr wyse 50  
 Than hyr fadyr wende or cowde devyne:  
 For hooly hyr hert to goddys seruyse

21 Ms. foulk mit Punkt unter u, v a. 11. (so öfter). 31 and st. but?

- Appliyed was. wher-fore sacryfyse  
 To ydols done she ne wolde,  
 55 As hir fadyr bedyn had, but hertly dede despyse  
 All hys goddis forgyd off syluyr & golde.  
 Wherefore the gummys an the frankencence  
 Wych he had ordanyd offryd to be  
 Off hir to þe honour & to þe reuerence  
 60 Off hys goddis, in a wyndou set she,  
 Wych estward stode; where she myght se  
 Both sunne & mone & many sterrys clere  
 Coursly furth pascyn ych in his degre.  
 Where-off she meruelde & seyde on þis degre:  
 65 „Grete is þat god & magnifyd to be  
 Most worthy, wych t(h)rogh his good grace  
 Oonly, & for none oþir necessite,  
 Alle peese hath ordeynit for mannys solace.  
 But my fadris goddis wyth here goldene face  
 70 Kan not do so, aftyr myne entent.  
 Wherefore his name be gloryfyed in euere place  
 Whos dwellyng is aboue the firmament!  
 Hym I oonly wyl seruyne, & none othyr,  
 Whyl at I lyue, thow þat I schuld deye;  
 75 For schal I neuer, for fadyr nere modyr  
 Ner for no creature, turne othir-weye.  
 In þis me stablych. lord, I þe preye,  
 And suffre me neuere to goon þerefro!  
 For þow I þe not se wyth my bodely eye,  
 80 Yett in þe I trust oonly, lorde, & in no mo.  
 Thus þis Cristyn full dayis seuene  
 For-went & wolde no sacryfyse  
 To othyr doon but to god off heuene.  
 And þan þo tuelue maydynis, to hir seruyse  
 85 Wych hir fadir specialy dede deuyse,  
 Beforn hir knelyng wyth grete reuerence,  
 All to-gedyr, in full humbyl wyse  
 Thus to hir expressyd þere sentence:  
 „O lady, whos face is emperyall  
 90 And ouer to regnyn moost worthy,  
 To whom may neythir greth nere small  
 In beute comparyd bene egally,  
 We gretly merualyn the cause why —

- And yete us loth were þe for to greue —  
 That, as us semyth, vnresonabyllly 95  
 Thou erryest from þi fadyr<sup>s</sup> beleue;  
 Thou worshepyst a god wych we not knowe  
 Nere noon off oure aunsetrys us beforne.  
 And yf þis fame to þi fadyr be blowe,  
 This is doutlese we be but lorn, 100  
 Bot us were bettir neuyr ha be born:  
 For he wyl seyn þat be our suggestyoun —  
 And noon opir beleue, thow we it had sworn —  
 Brough<sup>—</sup> þou were in þat opynyoun.  
 And yf algatis pat it cum þere-too 105  
 That he it us bere on hande styfly,  
 Whethir schul we fle, what schul we doo?  
 Allas, we confoundit ben vttyrly!  
 Haue on þi-self, we besech, mercy  
 Fyrst & formest, & aftyr on us, 110  
 And suffre not for a lytil foly  
 Both us & þe to perysshe þus!“  
 Whan these maydyns on þis manere  
 Had made here compleynt þus petously  
 Wepying, Cristyne wyth a sad chere 115  
 To hem answeyrd thus benyngly:  
 „Why sey ye þus, maydyns? wold ye þat I  
 Schuld to these ydols for socour craue.  
 Wych, as I wel know sensiblyly,  
 Mow me nere other hurt nere saue? 120  
 Not so, damysels; but þis hold I best  
 Hym to worschip & seruy<sup>n</sup> wych wyl & may  
 Both body & soul makyn to rest.  
 Here and in Joye þat lestyth ay,  
 Wher neu<sup>e</sup>r is nyht but euyr day, 125  
 A thousand-fowld bryhter þan ony is here;  
 Hym wyl I worchip, þis is no nay.  
 Euyr whyl I lyue, wyth hert entere.“  
 And whyl þei were thus in here talkyng.  
 Hyr fadir cam jn, to behold & se 130  
 Iff his doughtir made deuly hir offryng  
 To his goddys, as comaundyd had he.  
 But sche to hym attende wold in no degre,  
 But opuyng hir wyndoo, wyth a wepyng eye

- 135 Vpward to hevyñ deuouthly lokyd sche  
 And god in hyr herte dyde worchyp & preye.  
 And whan Urbane off Cristyne sey þis chere,  
 He clepyd hir to hym in goodly wyse  
 And seyde: „dere doughtyr. why commyst no nere  
 140 On-to my goddis & doost hem sacrificyse,  
 Lych as pou off me hast lernyd the guyse  
 From thyk tym þat pou fyrst was bore?  
 Wher-fore come furth, as I the deuyse,  
 And doo now as pou hast doon here-before!  
 145 Knowyst pou not wele wyth what labowr  
 And wepynge, doughtyr, & what heuynes,  
 Wyth how grett reuerence & eke honour  
 I the purchafcyd off my goddis goodnes?  
 Ne hap thanne that for þine vnkyndenes  
 150 They in þere wreth on the tak wreche,  
 Come furth anoon and wyth all lowlynes  
 Do to hem sacrificyce, I the beseche!“  
 Thys blessyd Cristyne, erspyryd wyth grace,  
 Thus seyde to hir fadyr ful demurely:  
 155 „Thynkyst thou, Juge. that I trespacc  
 For I worchyp god in heuyn on hy?“  
 „Nay, doughtyr, *quod* he, but þis I holde foly  
 That pou in þyne herte doost suppryse  
 And tendryst oo god so affecteuously  
 160 That for hym all opir pou doste dyspise.“  
 „Heldyst pou my seruyse þan veyn & lost —  
 Sey treuth. I þe beseche! *quod* sche,  
 Wych fadyr, sone, & holy goost  
 I do worshyp?“ „Nay; but þan, *quod* he,  
 165 Syth not oonly oon pou worchepst but thre,  
 As pou doost knoulechyn here oopynly,  
 Why wylt pou not in lych degre  
 Othyr goddis wyth hem seruyn comounly?“  
 „Now perseue I ryght well, *quod* Cristyne,  
 170 That pou wantyst wyt and vnderstandyng  
 And lakkyst the influence of grace diuync  
 To knou þe hye mysterie off þis þynge:  
 How thre personys haue but oo beyng  
 In substance; & woldyst so craftyly  
 170 To pat fals conclusioun me bryng

That mo' goddys þan oon wurshyp schuld I?  
 Itt wyl not bene, I knou þi wylle,  
 And hou besy þou art to disceuyne me;  
 But yet schalt þou not me so begylle  
 Vndir þe nounbir off a terynte. 180  
 Laboure no more, for it schal not be,  
 For but oon god neuyr wurshyp schal I;  
 And yet I knouleche þat þere er̄ personys þre,  
 So distynct þat noon is op̄ir, treuly.  
 Hym wyl I loue, hym wyl I serue. 185  
 Wyth uery & hertyly subieccioune.  
 Wych from a'l euyl may me preserue  
 And in ych nede be my proteccyoun;e;  
 And not thy goddys, wych neyþir moune  
 Heryn ne seyn nere vndirstond 190  
 Ner from here place meuyne up nore down  
 Wyth owtyn help off mannys hand.  
 Wherefore me ordeyne neu frankensence,  
 Wyche wyth all clenens off hert I may  
 Offreyne up to his souereyn reuerence 195  
 Wyche regnyth in heuyn & hath doon ay;  
 Also ordeyne me neu & clene aray,  
 In wych. despoilyd off myne oulde clothyng,  
 I may hym off foryeuenes pray  
 Off þo defaultys wych I dyd ying! 200  
 And anoon hir fadyr aftyr hir entent,  
 As hastily as he it coude deuyse,  
 Ordeynyd hir a neu garnement  
 And neu encens ek for sacrifyse.  
 And when it come was, she hir dede disguyse 205  
 And went up to hir wyndo aboue  
 And made hir offryng in full humbyl wyse,  
 Thus seyng to hir lord, hir loue:  
 „O lord, wych duellyst in heuyn aboue,  
 O saueour, wych of þi fadyr were sent 210  
 On-to þis world for mannys loue  
 And suffriddyst for hym ful hard iugement,  
 O blyssyd Jhesu, accept the entent  
 Off þyne handmayde, & me strong make  
 Þat I neuer for swych torment 215  
 As me is ordeynyd, doo þe forsake!“

- When she þus hade preyid, beforh hir face  
 Anne aungel stode both bryght and clere  
 And seyde: „o Cristyn fulfillyd wyth grace,  
 220 Our lorde hath herde þi preyere;  
 Be stronge in hym & make good chere,  
 For of thre Jugis þou examynyd schal be,  
 But god the forsak wyl in no manere,  
 That hys uertu may glorifyde bene in the.“  
 225 „Now, lord god, *quod* Cristyn, myn helpere be  
 That no man off me haue the victory!“  
 „Thy desyr is grauntyd, Cristyn“, *quod* he.  
 And wyth þat a loof she perceyuyd hir by  
 As whyte as snou and þan hony  
 230 Swettere. wych whan sche dede take  
 And had yt tastyd, ful deuouthly  
 To god þus thankyng she dyde make:  
 „Gramercy, lord ful of goodnesse,  
 Wych me a loof of immortalite  
 235 Hast sent in tokyn off foryifnesse  
 Off my synnys þrough þi pyte,  
 Gramercy, lord, off thy cheryte  
 Wych hast me kept þat I am not deed —  
 For through my fadrys greth cruelte  
 240 These dayis tuelue er sau I no brede.“  
 And at euyh hyre fadrys goddys ychoon  
 Off gold & siluyr, stondyng by a wall,  
 Cristyn brak on peeys many oon,  
 And by a wyndou lete hem down fall  
 245 In-to þe strete, & pore men dyde call  
 And made off hem a distrybucioun  
 To all þat come, both grete & small,  
 Not dredyng hyr fadrys *persecucioun*.  
 The next morou whan Vrban anoon  
 250 Came up, his doughtyr for to se,  
 And fond hys goddys *disparbyld* & goon,  
 In his yrous passion ful off cruelte  
 Hys doughttrys maydyns to hym clepyd he  
 And þus to hem seyde ful sturdely:  
 255 „Where erŋ, in hasty wyse tellyth me,  
 My glorious goddys and vndedely?“  
 At þis worde þeis madyns fel down —



So afferde þei were off his cruel chere —  
 And seyde: „syre, þou haste of us dominacioun  
 And mayst doon wyth us what þou wylt here — 260  
 We may þe not fleen in no maner;  
 Wher-fore pleynty we wyl þou knou  
 That at þis wyndou þi douchtyre dere  
 Thy golden goddys dyde all out throu.“  
 Whan Urban þese maydens wordis dyde here, 265  
 Hys doughtir he smote full bustously  
 Vp-on þe cheke, & seyde on þis manere:  
 „Tell me wher be my goddys, redyly,  
 Ere I the asayle wyth more tormentry!“  
 „If þei be goddys, let hem spekyn, *quod* she, 270  
 For hem-self here all opynly  
 And so prouyn here godly dignite!“  
 As sche þus had seyde, in here presence  
 He sentencid þe maydys heuedid to be.  
 And anoon executyd was hys sentence. 275  
*Quod* Cristyne: „o tyraunth wyth-out pyte,  
 Why sleest these innocentis in þis degre  
 Wyth-out cause? I þe warn, suthly,  
 Thys blode shal worthely dampne þe,  
 And godis ueniance shal þe folwyn hastyly.“ 280  
 Whan Vrban þis herd. ful furyously  
 Wyth yerdis hir comaundyð bete to be.  
 And anone she chorgyd was, so cruelly  
 That uerrey pete it was to behold & se.  
 Yet wer hir turmentours wers greuyd than she, 285  
 For so wery þei were þat þai doun dyde fal.  
 Vrban þis seyng, nere wode was he  
 And thretyd hem & cowardis them dyde cal.  
 But whyl blyssyd Cristyn þus tormentyd was,  
 She chaungid neythir hir colour ne hir chere — 290  
 For fullyllyd she was wyth heuynly solace;  
 And to hyr fadir sche seyð on þis manere:  
 „O thou hateful to god & man in-ferre,  
 What may þi peynys & thi thretis doo?  
 Seest thou not þi seruandis ouyrcomyn here 295  
 And thy fadir. þe deuyl, & þine own wyt also?“  
 Than comaynyd þis Urbane wyth-out let  
 Off strong yryn a colere ful vnpeteusly

- About hir nek fast to be schet,  
 300 And aboutyn handis & feet chenys myghty,  
 And so in presone to be put ful cruelly.  
 Wych doon, he home went on-to his plas  
 And fel down platlyngys, sorwyng heuely  
 That of his doughtyr he so despisyd was.  
 305 Whan Cristynys modir pleynly had herd  
 Hou sche of hir fadyr swych tormentry  
 Had suffryd: as a wood womman she ferd,  
 Renttynge hir clothis euene by & by,  
 And ashes sche strowed on hir heed on hye;  
 310 And to the presoun, þus arayd, she went,  
 Wher fallyng down & wepyng petously  
 To hir doghtyr she expressyd þus hyr entent:  
 „O doughtir Cristyn, haue mercy on me,  
 Thi wrechid modyr! for þe al oonly  
 315 I haue and no mo: wych awtyst to be  
 The lyght of myn eyn! thynk, dowghtir, þat I  
 Ten monethis þe bare in my body  
 And wyth grete peyn in-to þis world þe brought!  
 Is þis wurship, doughtyr, þus syngulerly  
 320 To wurshipyn a god at we knou nought?..  
 But she, whom grace dede illumyne,  
 To hir modir þus ansuerd anone ageyn:  
 „Is þere ony of þi kyn clepyd Cristyne?“  
 „Noon þat I knou“, *quod* hyr modyr, certeyn.  
 325 „But þou þan trauaylist, *quod* she, in veyn  
 To clepe me doughtyr & lesyst þi labour,  
 For þis I wyl þou know in wurdys pleyn:  
 My name I haue of Cryst my creatour.  
 He is my fadir, he is modir also,  
 330 Wych me hath clepyd to heuenly cheualrye;  
 Hym wol I seruyn, hym wyl I wurshyp do,  
 Wych me assuryd hath to haue victorye  
 Off al þo þat, blyndyd by ydolatrie,  
 Not worchipyn þe god þat omnypotent is,  
 335 And al þo maunmettys fully to diffye  
 In whos seruyse ye you excercysyn a-mys.  
 Wherefore go hens & labour nomore!  
 Clepe me not doughtyr: here I þe forsake.“  
 And she home went wyth-outyn more

- And all þis processe tould to hir make. 340  
 And he for angry gan tremelyn & quake  
 And be his goddys swore þat þe next day,  
 Yf he leuyd, he veniauns shuld take  
 Off his doughtrys wordys wyth-out delay.
- The next morwe he Cristyne dede brynge 345  
 To þe pretorye opynly. & whan wommen seye  
 Thus cruelly tretyd þis feyre mayde yinge,  
 Among hem was meny a wepyng eye,  
 And wyth a grete woys þai þus dyde preye:  
 „O god of þis mayde, hir help, preye we. 350  
 And þus shamefully ne suffre hir for to deye  
 Wych in tendyr age doth to þe fle!“
- Whan Urban hir sey. syttyng in hys see,  
 „Cristyne, *quod* he, what is þe cause why  
 Aftyr þe custum vsyd in þis cuntre 355  
 To oure goddys þou sacrificysyst not reuerently,  
 Wych mow þe help in þis errour, treuly,  
 Where-in progh reklesheed þou arte falle?  
 And yf þou nylt. I shal wyth tormentry  
 The assayllyn & neuer more doughtir calle.“ 360
- „I-wys, cruel tyraunth, *quod* þan Cristyne,  
 Thou doost me greth grace, yf þou wylt so,  
 Neuere aftyr to clepe me doughtir þine —  
 I not hou for me þou myght more do.“  
 And aftyr þat worde he hir commaundyd, lo, 365  
 On a iebet to bene hange, euen þere present.  
 And þe tormentours anone hir come to  
 And wyth instrumentis of yryn hir sydys þei rent.
- Whyl þese tormentours so cruelly dyde schrape  
 Cristynys sydis & hir flesh dyde race, 370  
 A gobet þer-of, as she had lyst to iape,  
 Sche threu, þus seying, in-to hir fadir face:  
 „O ould shreu of yll dayis þat pace,  
 Syth þou desyryst flessch for to eet,  
 Seke no forthere nere in noon oper place, 375  
 Haue of þine own, & faste gyne to frete!“
- And whan Vrban, off paciens hauyng no deel.  
 The wurdys herd, he his doughtyr dere  
 From þe iebet doun takyn, on ane yrnene whele  
 To be set. hir bad & to make vndir grete fere; 380

And, þat no pyte in hym shuld appere,  
Oyle castyn þere-in he bad cruelly.

In wych tyme to heuenward hir chere  
She lyft up & preyid þus deuoutly:

385 „O god, in heuyn wych hast þi duellyng-place,  
Fadyr of Crist Jhesu, wych euer blyssyd be,  
Thyn handmaydyn here of þi special grace  
And in þis grete conflyct forsake not me!

390 Sheu on þis fere þi myht & þi pouste  
Wych here is ordeynyd to my torment,  
That þei mow knowyn wych know not the  
That þou a-lone art lord omnipotent!“

And whan Cristyne had on þis manere

Endyd hir preyere & it fully do,  
395 Sodeynly sprang a-bouten þe fere  
And brent a thousand & fyue hundred also  
Off hem wych sacrificyse þe ydols dyde to.

And anone Vrban to him dyde calle  
Cristyn and seyde: „tel me fast who  
400 Thys wyche-craft þe tawht — foul hym befalle!“

These wordys Cristyne ansuerd þus to:

.O cruel tyraunth, ful of vnpyte,  
What nede is to aske þe demaund who  
Thys wyhecrafft me taucht, syth I told þe  
405 That Cryst my fadir is and noon but he,  
Wych paciens me yinyth to suffre mown?  
He is lycht of þe blynde þat mow not se,  
And ioy of hem þat suffren tribulacyoun;

He is my mastyr & he aloonly tawt me  
410 The dreed of hym & eek al ryghtfulnes;  
So perfyte a maystir is no-where as he,  
Thorch whose doctryne al þi frowardnes  
I haue ouyrcomyn & al þi cruelnes  
Off swych tormentis as þou canst deuyse.

415 Wher-fore þi pouer both more & les  
Wyth Sathanas, þi fadir, I despise.“

Wyth þese wurdys Vrban sore agreuyd  
And trowblyd in hym-selph tempesteuously,  
Thynkyng heuy þus to be repreuyd,  
420 He þought what-wyse he mycht vterly  
Hyr lesyn. and shettyn he hir dyde hastly

- In a ther<sup>k</sup> presoun wyth-out solace.  
 In-to wych she entryd ryht gladly,  
 Syngyng & thankyng god in þat place.  
 And as sone as Cristyn þus entryd was 425  
 In-to pat horribyl & lothful lake,  
 Pre aungellis aperyd befor hir faas,  
 Bryngyng hir brede als wyht as lake,  
 Wyth opir mete; & anone dyde take  
 Hir woundis cure. & she, up lokyng 430  
 To heuenward, began hir preyere make,  
 Wyth deuout corage þis-wyse seyinge:  
 „O lord Jhesu Cryst, thankyt þou be,  
 Wych off þi grace & off þi goodnes 435  
 Vouchyddyst-saf not to forgettyn me,  
 Þine handmayde, in my distres,  
 But hast me sent of þi gentilnes  
 Be þine holy aungellis heuynly mete,  
 Such as ryht well I dar expres  
 In all erth shuld men noon gete.“ 440  
 And þat self nyht þis cursyd man  
 Fiue seriauntys on-to þe preson bad goon,  
 I mene þe vnpetous & cruel Vrban,  
 And bynd he hem bad ane heuy stoon  
 To Cristynys nek & furthwyth anoone 445  
 Hir caryn & castyn in-to þe see.  
 And as he comaundyd, þai went ychone  
 And performyd hys cursyd & cruel decre.  
 And whan in þe see þai had throwe  
 Cristyn, þus boundyn to a stone heuy, 450  
 These men home fast ageyn dyde rowe.  
 And anoon of aungelis a grete cumpany  
 Dyde hir uplyfte; wyth whom on hye  
 On þe watir she went, on no manere  
 Hurt nere appeyryd; & þan hertly 455  
 To god she made þus hir preyere:  
 „O lord, wyth Moyses, þi seruanth entere,  
 Wych wentyst & Pharoo, þad dede pursu  
 Thi peple, drynklyddyst in þe salt mere,  
 And guyddydyt Petir when þe tempest greu: 460  
 Thyn handmayde now saue be þe same uertu,  
 And þe lauatorye me graunt of immortalite

Here in pis watir, o blyssyd lord Jhesu,  
 And wyth þe lycht of grace illumyne now me!<sup>46</sup>  
 465 And whyl blyssyd Crystyne þus dede preye,  
 Goddys maieste to hir she seye commynge,  
 And on hys heed set a goldene crown she seye,  
 Off purpyl pure a stolle was his clothyng;  
 And wyth odoure of rychels ful suete smellyng  
 470 Beforn hym passyd aungels many oon,  
 And wyth ympnys & psalmys wel tonyng  
 Thousandis of aungellis aftyr hym dyd goon.  
 And when Cristyn pis gloryus syht dede se,  
 Doun plat she fel up-on þe watyr clere —  
 475 For wyth grete feer astoynyd was she.  
 And anone þe good lord cumynge hir nere  
 Hyr up lyft and seyde: „be of good chere,  
 Cristyn, dere doughtir! I am þi sauour,  
 Whom þou louyst & seruyt wyth hert entere;  
 480 I come to delyuyr þe fro ydols errour.  
 I am Jhesu, lord of þe heuynly ost,  
 Lycht, graunter of grace to þem, in humbyl wyse  
 That my fadir & me clepyn in þe holy gost  
 And al fals maumettys hertly despyse.“  
 485 And wyth þat wurd he hir dyde baptyse  
 Wyth his own handys in þe salt see.  
 And from þe water whan she dyde upryse,  
 In þe myddys he hir set of þe cyte.  
 And þan Cristyn, knelyng on eþir kne,  
 490 Thankyd enterly god of his grace.  
 And vpward wyth þat hir eyne lyft she:  
 And sey heuyn opyn & Jhesu in pas.  
 And þar-wyth she fel down on hir face,  
 Deu reuerence doying to Cryst, god almycht.  
 495 And aftyr she entryd in-to hir fadir place,  
 In preyer contunynge tyl it greu day-lycht.  
 And whan þe day sprongyn & fled was þe ny<sup>t</sup>  
 And Urban in his pretorye Cristyn fond preying,  
 He gretly ameruel was off þat syht,  
 500 And thretyd hys seruauntys, þat þei had, wenyng.  
 Hym illudyd; and wyth-out lettyng  
 To presoun he hir chargit anoon to be sent.  
 On þe next day euyn in þe mornynge

he comaundyd beforn hym hire to be present.  
 „Cristyne, *quod* he than, what enchauntement 505  
 Vsyst pou, þat drynklyn may þe not þe see?“  
 „Marryd in þi resoun & in þi wyttys blent,  
 Wyth-owtyn vndirstondyng thou art, *quod* sche,  
 And ellys well knowen þou shuldyst þat me  
 This nyht my god Jhesu dyde baptise. 510  
 Wherefore þi fadir, þe deuyl, and eke þe  
 Wyth all þi fals goddys I dredles despise.“  
 These wordis Vrban so sore dyde agryse  
 þat anoon to presoun he hir sent ageyn,  
 Purposyng þe next day in moost cruel wyse 515  
 Wyth-out more deley hir to slee. certane.  
 What doyst pou, Vrban? þou labouryst in vayne.  
 For victory of tuo mo she must haue wyth þe,  
 As to hir be reuelacioun told was ful pleyn.  
 For wych conclusioun she preyid in þis degre: 520  
 „O lord Jhesu Cryst, wych down to me  
 þis nyht from heyn com for my solace  
 & me dedyst baptyse in þe salt see  
 Wyth þine own handys of þi specyall grace,  
 Behold hou þine handmayde Vrban doth manace 525  
 To-morwe to sleyn þrogh his cruel wreche;  
 Lord, aftyr his meritys lat hym hens pace  
 And frustrat hym of his wyl, I þe beseche!“  
 Thys preyer endyd, as doth þe story teche,  
 Entryng þe presoun she god dyde magnifye. 530  
 And þat same nyht fell on hym þe wreche  
 þat she preyid for: wyth swych tormentrye  
 þe deuyl hym vexyd þat he loude gan crye,  
 For al his entraylys for uere peyn dyde swelle;  
 And in þe same oure he orrebylly dyde dye 535  
 And aftir hys desert went to þe deuyl of helle.  
 And whan men to Cristyne þis þing dide telle,  
 Sche knelyd, deuoutly þus made hir prayere:  
 „Lord god, gremercy, of al goodnes þe welle,  
 þat þou on Vrban hase shewyd þi pouere, 540  
 Wych from þi promyssys was foreyn & strengere!  
 The semyth, lord, honoure & preysyng of al men,  
 Wych wyth þi oonly sone & þe holy gost in-fere  
 Lyuyst and regnyst, oo god now & euyr. Amen.“ —

- N**ot long aftyr whan þe ryhtwyhsnesse  
 Of god on Vrban had þus ueniaunce take  
 And Cristyne delyueryd out of dystresse,  
 A new prefect þe emprour dyd make;  
 Wych grete lust had for to doon wrake  
 550 On cristene men in euere plase  
 Wher he coude eny cache or take —  
 And Zyon þis prefectys name was.  
 And anoon was presentyd hym all þe case  
 Of Cristyne be þe offycers of þe cyte.  
 555 And whan he it red, wyth a pale fase  
 he astoynyd was of þat nouelte,  
 And anoon he askyd where she myht be.  
 And þei ful redyly hym dyde telle  
 That neþir hyd nere fled was she  
 560 But in þat cyte she styl dyde dwelle.  
 And more-ouyr þus in his herte  
 He thowte: „to here goddys to sacrifice  
 Syth turmentis hir ne myht conuerte,  
 how shul I do & in what wyse  
 565 Shal I hir moun feryn & agryse.  
 To my conclusyoun þat she asent?“  
 And anoone be uertu of hys offyse  
 he chargyd men furth hir to present.  
 And whan she brouht was hym beforne,  
 570 þus wyth feyr speche he hir gan asayle  
 And sayd: „o damysel worthily born  
 And to oft. me semyth, distressyd in gayle,  
 I wold wet what it may þe auayle  
 To forsakyn þe goddys wych leuyn ay,  
 575 And of her godhed makyn a mayle (?),  
 And worchipyn oon þat þe help ne may?  
 Not so, doughtir! but aftyr my consell  
 Com furth & to our goddis sacrifice!  
 And I þi dignyte to þe emperour shal tell  
 580 Off þi byrth, & in ful hasty wys  
 Thou maryd shal bene aftyr our guyse  
 To sum curyal of ryht gret dignite;  
 And so to grete worship þou shalt ryse,  
 As askyth þi byrht & þi beute.“  
 585 „Cesse, iuge, þes wordys, *quod* Cristyne, to me,  
 516 Ms. ryhowwshnesse. 553 Ms. was hit. 562 l. hir. 563 Ms.  
 Swyth. 575 Ms. inffayle mit ausgestr. ff. 579 Ms. comperour.



For, sekyr, in veyn is al þi labour;  
 For pleynty I wyl þou knowe, *quod* she,  
 þat nepir þou nere þine emperoure  
 Shal doo me forsake my creatoure,  
 Cryst Jhesu, of heuyn þe kyng, 590  
 And doon þeis ydols godly honour  
 Wych by mannys hand hane here beyng.“  
 „Damysel. *quod* he, þou art to blame  
 Thus att the begynnyng me to rehetete.  
 But I shal þe teche a neu game, 595  
 Wych shal þe make blood for to swete“  
 And wyth yerdis anoon he hir bad be bete  
 Of his tormentouris ful vnpytously.  
 But norforþan she ne wold lete  
 hym to rebuke þus stedefastly: 600  
 „O cruel tyraunth, ful of malyncoly,  
 Art þou not ashamyd wyth so lytyl peyn  
 Me to assayle? wenyst þou not at I  
 This & mo assayd haue, þis certayn?  
 Thy broþir Vrban me ne myht constreyne 605  
 These ydols to worship ne to serue;  
 Tak þis for ansuer in wordys pleynt:  
 Nere þou ne shalt, thowe thou doo me sterue.“  
 Zyon, aggreuyd wyth þis ansuere,  
 A vessel of bras ful hoot brennyng, 610  
 Full of pyhe, rosen, oyle & smere,  
 Wyth-out let he þeddyr dyde bryng,  
 And bad kastyn þer-in þis maydyn ying,  
 And assignyd four men wyth stauys myhty  
 Off yryn þer-ynne hir to turn & swyng, 615  
 That she mych<sup>r</sup> dye þe more hastyly.  
 Whan Cristyne sau þis vessel standyng,  
 To heuyn wyth terys she kest hir eye  
 And seyde: „o god, lord of al þing,  
 Wyth lowly hert to þe I preye, 620  
 To thre chyldryn wych in euchyddyst (!) the leye  
 Off þe flaūnyd furnes, be now present  
 To þine handmayde & lat me not deye  
 Wyth þis orrybyl & cruel torment!“  
 And whan she þus had offryd hir hertys entent 625  
 To god, or þe tormentours comyn hir nere,

- To þe seyð uessel she frely went  
 And leyð hir þere-in wyth a glad chere.  
 And in no wyse hurt hir þe fyre,  
 630 For wyth heuynly deu she enbalmyd was.  
 So as she had in a full fresh herbere  
 Among flourys lyne & among grene gras.  
 „Cristyne. *quod* Zyon, as I now well se,  
 Thys feer hath þe touchyd yet no-þyng;  
 635 Wherefore, aftyr þe counsel of me,  
 To owr immortal goddys yif deu þankyng  
 And wyth frankensence cum make offryng  
 To hem. lych as þou knouyst þe guyse,  
 Thorch whose uertu and specyال werkyng  
 640 Thou art preseruyd now in þis wyse!“  
 „Syre iuge, *quod* Crystyne. what is þi name?“  
 „My name, *quod* he, yf þou lyst to know,  
 Is Zyon, wych be þe trumpet off fame  
 In meny a cuntre ful wyde is blow.“  
 645 „Thys name, *quod* she, rychtfully I trow  
 To þe pertynyth. for of blynd ydolys,  
 Down & crokyd, wych to ouyrthrow  
 It ys no maystry, a name þis is.“  
 Zyon, þis heryng, commandyd & bad  
 650 þat anoon hir heed shuld shauyn be  
 And brennyng colys þere-up-on be sprad.  
 And when wommen þis seyn of þis cyte,  
 Thei cryid & seyð: „o Juge, þi decre  
 Is wroung & wrocht ful vnrychtfully,  
 655 For in mayde als mych as in þe (!)  
 All wommen þou confoundyst utirly.“  
 Whan þis was doon, a-noon hastyly  
 To presoun ageyn he hir send þens.  
 And on þe next morowyn folwyng erly  
 660 he hir chargyd be brought to his presens.  
 And þus he expressyd hir his sentence:  
 „Cristyn, lete us now to þe tempil go  
 And worship þere Appoloos hye reuerence,  
 That þe delyuyr wyl from þis wo!“  
 665 And anoon furth-wyth þis blyssyd Cristyne,  
 hir hool trust in god fully puttyng  
 And by influens enspyrid of grace diuayne,

Wyth þe Juge & al þe peple folwyng  
 Entryng þe temple & in þe myddys stondyng,  
 To þe heþin peple seyde on þis wyse: 670  
 „Sethe now þe treuthe of goddys wyrkyng  
 And beholdyth how I now shal sacryfyse!“

And whil þei abydyn to se þe yssu  
 Off hir entent, she preyde on þis manere:  
 „O my lyht Cryst, o myne hoop Jhesu, 675  
 O of god þe oonly begotyn enterē,  
 O my blyssyd lord, here þe preyer  
 Off þyne handmayde & þis ydol lothly  
 Distory & brek all to poudyr here,  
 By wych meny erryn dampnabylly!“ 680

And whan hir preyer þus endyd had she,  
 The ydol fel doun euyn from his place  
 All in-to poudir, as ych man myht se.  
 And for feer þe Juge fel on hys face;  
 And when he had so lyne a long space, 685  
 he roos up & seyde wyth grete wondryng:  
 „Cristyne, þou hast doon gret trespacement;  
 Thy wychcraftys passyn al our connyng.“

Whan Cristyn herd þus Zyon seyin,  
 She gan to syhyn ful heuely 690  
 And a grete voys she seyde ageyn:  
 „O cursyd tyraunt & uery enemy  
 Off god in heuyn & of al hooly,  
 Thou seyist þat Appollo shuld a god be, —  
 Be whom meny soulis erryn greuously, 695  
 And yete be mannys hand made was he!

Swych a god is noht, as þinkyth me.“  
 & þan she lokyd on þe pepyl about  
 And seyde: „serys, behold here & se  
 Your god to whom ye wer wount to lout; 700  
 Lo where he lyth! his eye is owte.  
 But to reysyn hym up, ye yow now dresse!  
 And yf ye ne moun, wyth-owtyn doute  
 Knowyth þat swych godhede is fornydnesse.“

At these wordis both sage & wyhse 705  
 Ful meny a peynym conuertyd was  
 And begunne to cryin on þis wyse:

- „O god & lord ouer euere plase  
 And of Crystine, pi seruanth, *grant us grace*  
 710 Thyne holy name both to loue & drede,  
 And forgyf us, lord, pis grete trespace  
 That we to ydols haue tak swych hede!  
 We were disseuyd for lak of doctryne,  
 And so in ydolatrie owr errour was long;  
 715 But now purgh help of pis blyssyd uirgyne  
 The trew beleue we doon vnderfoung.  
 Wych for to kepe, lord, mak us strong,  
 And neuere it to forsak, powe we shuld dye,  
 And wyth goostly ioy & wyth heuynly soung  
 720 Pyne holy name euere to gloryfye!“  
 And at pat tyme conuertyd were pere  
 Thre thowsend peynims, be trew computacioun.  
 And when Zyon pis sey, for uery fere —  
 What for Appollo his goddys desolacioun  
 725 And what for þe peplys sudeyn transmutacioun. —  
 he fel down & deyd eyn suddeynly.  
 And whan to Cristyne was made relacioun,  
 She þankyd god, seying þus deuoutly:  
 „Gremercy, lord, wych art euyr redy  
 730 To þemie pat trustyn in pi goodnes,  
 wych also shewyst oftyn how myhty  
 Thou art here enmys to repres!“  
 And when she þat þankyng expres,  
 Oon, þat was the iugys assessour,  
 735 To presoun hir sent of his cruelnes,  
 Tyl a neu iuge come from þe emperour.  
 And whan Cristyne was entryd pat lothly toure,  
 She knelyd, seying þus: „o eternally  
 Regnyng in blys, fadir creatour,  
 740 Wyth Jhesu Cryst, pi sone begottyn oonly,  
 Wyth whom þe holy goost eek egally  
 Leuyth & regnyth, yete ye al thre,  
 In personys distynct, substancially  
 Arn but oo god in trinite:  
 745 Gramercy, lord, wych of pi benignite  
 Voushyd-safe pi promys to acomplyse  
 Wych pow madyst, lord, onys to me  
 By ane holy aungel in gracious wyse,

- My fadrys counsel when I dede despyse:  
 That thre iugys shuld ful cruelly 750  
 Wyth torment asseyne me to gryse,  
 And off all þou me grauntyst þe victory.  
 Gramercy, lord, for now wel trust I  
 þat þe tyme, lord, aprochyde nere  
 Wych þou wyl me takyn to þi mercy 755  
 And bryng abouyn þe sterrys clere;  
 For tuo iugis bene furth passyd here  
 Wyth-inne short tyme, as knowyn al men.  
 Now, lord, sheu me þi goodly chere,  
 In blys eterne where þow regnyst, amen.“ — 760
- Anoon aftyr þat Zyon furth was went 3. pars hic incipit.  
 Wher goddys ryhtwysnes hym wold hane,  
 From þe emperour anoon was sent  
 A neu iuge to Tyre, clepyd Julyane,  
 A paynym eke & a full cruel man; 765  
 Whose Joy & lust was euyr newe  
 Aftyr þe wyl of hys fadyr Sathan  
 Cryst & Cristyne for to pursewe.
- Vp-on wych he was ful inguysytyf  
 Of iugys actys wych was hym before. 770  
 And anoon was presentyd hym þe lyfe  
 Of blyssyd Cristyn & of al hir loor,  
 And how, þoo tuow iugis haddyn it swor,  
 She ne myht be broght from hir entent.  
 And anoon Julyan wyth-out moor 775  
 For hir to presoun hys offycers sent.
- And whan she was to hys presens brouht:  
 „By þi wycheecraft many wundrys, *quod* he,  
 Thou hast doon, but yete, dout it noht.  
 Thow shalt in no wyse ouercomyn me. 780  
 Wherfor do sacryfyse, I counsel þe,  
 To our immortale goddys, or I shal applye  
 To þe (s)wych peynys wych feerful shuld be  
 To þi Jhesu born of Joseph & Marye.“  
 „Held þi pees, ful loude Cristyn gan crye. 785  
 O tyraunth cruel wyth-out discrecioun  
 And lych a man fallyn in-to a frenysye,  
 þis iniurye no-wyse myn eerys here moun  
 þat þow, as a dogge wyth-out resoun

- 790 Berkyng, blasphemē þat name hooly,  
 In whos honour euere kne boueth down  
 Off heuyn & of erth & of hel lothly.“  
 Whan Julyan þis herd, he wex angry,  
 And in his angyr anoon comandyd he
- 795 In ane ouene thre dayis contenuelly,  
 Wych fersly brent, hire shet to be.  
 But Cristyne trustyng in þe trinyte,  
 Wyth tokne of cros hir foor-heed merkyng  
 Entryd þe furneys; wher whan was she,
- 800 God she dyde preyse deuouthly syngyng.  
 And whan þe sowdeours wyth-oute stondyng  
 Herdyn hir wyth-inne þus god magnyfyē,  
 To Julyane þei runne eyn þus seying:  
 „We þe besech, syr, ful humbyllye,
- 805 Wrath þe not wyth us! for, whan we aspye  
 Dyde Crystyn, in the furnes whom shet had we,  
 Gret god of heuene preysyn & glorifye,  
 Ful fast for feer we away dyde fle.“  
 Julyan, astoynyd of þis new case,
- 810 Commaundyd þe ouen vndoon to be,  
 Wher-inne Cristyn as shynyng was  
 As is þe sunne in his degre.  
 And anoon all harmles out cam she,  
 Preseruyd be þe grace of goddys uertu,
- 815 And wyth hympnys & sounyys ful of melodye  
 She excellyd & preysyd hir lord Jhesu.  
 And wyth þat Julyan hir dyde commawnde  
 To-forn his bench to be made present;  
 And of hir he askys þis demaunde:
- 820 „Why preuaylyst þou & be what enchauntement  
 Is it at þou art not all to-brent?  
 Sey me anoon! ore ellis pleynly  
 Thy tendyr body shal bene al to-rent  
 Wyth sundry peynys & diuers tormentrye.“
- 825 „Yet efthsonys, *quod* Cristyn, hold þi pees,  
 O vnhappy tyraunth, voyd of al goodnes,  
 To aske swych demaundys some-tyme cees  
 Wych þou ne owyht to knou for þi cursydnes!  
 But by þi þretys & by þi malyciousnes
- 830 I set noht, for as feythfully as I kan,

In Jhesu I trust & in his mercifulnes,  
And drede not, to me what doth ony man.“

Wyth þis answer wood was Julyan,  
And clepyd to hym oon wych had cunningg  
Serpentys to charm, and, as he wold han 835  
Hys lordshepe, hym chargyt wyth-out lettyng  
Two hornyd serpentys furth for to bryng,  
And two snakys with-al. & when þei come were:  
„I trow, quod he, þat al þine enchauntyng  
Shal not let þeis serpentys þe to dere.“ 840

„Thow art euer alych new for to lere,  
Quod Crystyne. o fonne as in þis degre;  
Wenyst þou my god lyk þi goddys were  
Off nown powere? nay, pleynly, quod she,  
For he þat in al my tormentys hath be 845  
Myne helper & me neuer dyde forsake,  
May, and he wyl, now defendyn me  
And of al þi serpentys me victrych make.“

And wyth þat woord, to doon hir wrake,  
Vp-on hir heed þe serpentys tuo 850  
He dyde do cast and eythyr snake,  
Wenyng þat þei hir harm shuld do.  
But als soon as þe serpentys comyn hir to,  
Thei claspyd hir helys ant þe dust dyde lykke  
Þer-fro, & heng up-on hir pappys also, 855  
Lyk smal infauntys wych kun no wykke.

Thys sycht wyth sorou þe hert dyde prykke  
Of Julyan, and anoon on-to þe incantatour:  
„Thy craft, he seyde. is not worth a flykke,  
I trow þou art turnyd to þis wyechys errour.“ 860  
And wyth þat þe man dyde al hys labour  
To steryn hem wyth wordys of wyecheecraft  
To haue stung hir; but þat same our  
They hir left & hym hys lyfe berafth.

And whan þe pepyl wych þere present was 865  
Sey þe incantatour deed on þis manere,  
Þei were so afferd of þis veniabyll case  
Þat aftyr þat our for no mystere  
Durst oon of hem com Cristyne nere  
Ne touche neþir serpent nore snake. 870  
Crystyne, þis seyng, to henyn hir chere

844 Ms. nownpowere mit ausgestr. no. 1 wnpowere? 850 Ms. tuo.

860 Ms. mars st. man.

- Kest up & þus hir preyer dyde make:  
 „O lord god, wych in heuen doost duelle  
 And sentyst þi sone our kynd to tan  
 875 And clepyddyst Lazer ageyn from helle:  
 her me, þin handmayden, wych. as I kan,  
 The lowly beseche for þi(s) dede man:  
 Qwyk hym ageyne, lord. þrough þi mercy,  
 That al men seying wych resouu han  
 880 May thy name glorify now & endlesly.“  
 And whan she þus had endide hir prayere,  
 þis voys from heuene cam down opynly:  
 „O blyssyd Cristyne, my doughtir dere,  
 Trust in me, good doughtir, stedefastly  
 885 And do furth as þou hast, perseuerauntly!  
 For þis I wyl to all men knowe be:  
 Wyth þe I am in all þi warkys, soothly,  
 And what þou askyst is grauntyd to the.“  
 And suddeynly þe erth made a roryng,  
 890 And blyssyd Cristyne both sage & whys  
 Crowchyd þe body, þus loud crying:  
 „In þe name of Jhesu Cryst, man, ryse!“  
 And anoon he roos & in ful humbyl wyse  
 Be-forn Cristyne he fel & þus gan seyn:  
 895 „Euere þankyng to þi god, moost of pryse,  
 Wych me fro deth to lyfe hath reysyd ageyn!“  
 Julyan, þis seying, was sory, certeyn,  
 And to hir seyde wyth chere gyrnyng:  
 „Now al þi wycheecraftys syth þou here pleyn  
 900 hast shewyd, to owr goddys wyth-out lettyng  
 Return ageyn, hem lowly þankyng  
 That þei so long & so benygne  
 Han þe suffryd!“ To wych talkyng  
 Cristyne þus ansuerd ful redyly:  
 905 „O witles man & wyth-owtyn drede, treuly,  
 Of god, and eke wyth-out vndirstondyng,  
 In þi soul blyndyd ful dolorusly,  
 Sey not þine eyne here brode-lokyng  
 My goddys werkys, þe heuenly kyng,  
 910 And of his blyssyd sone, Cryst Jhesu,  
 Wych he hath wroght, al men seyng,  
 T(h)rough þe myght & þe grace of his uertu?“



- Aftyr þis Julyan in his malyncoly  
 Commaundyd hir brystis of to kyt be.  
 And anoon it was doon ful cruelly 915  
 Wyth-owtyn eþir mercy or pyte.  
 „O straungere from treuth, Julyan. *quod* she,  
 Syth þou my pappys aweye doost rase.  
 In tokyn of clenues & of uirginite  
 Lo mylk for blood þere-out doth pase!“ 920
- And loking to heuene-ward she seyð þus:  
 „Wyth al myne hert, lord, *gramercy* to þe,  
 Kyng of al werdys, Cryst Jhesus,  
 þat þou vouchysd-safe euery lettynge from me 925  
 Of my body away kut for to be!  
 Now knou I well þrogh þi *proteceyoun*  
 That I redye am to end my mortalyte  
 And þe crown to take of incorrupeyoun.“
- Whan she had endyd þus hir vrysoun, 930  
 Julyane, wyth angry & malyncoly blent,  
 Comaundyde *wyth-outyn* ony delacyoun  
 Eftsonys to *presoun* hir to be sent.  
 Where she knelyng wyth aue holy entent  
 Al þat nyht aftyr ful deuoutly 935  
 Magnifyd our lord, god omnipotent,  
 Hys holy name blyssyng contynuelly.
- And on þe next morou he bad eerly  
 Hir to be broght on-to his *presence*.  
 And whan she com was, he hir askyd why 940  
 She nold assentyn to her pryncys sentence;  
 „Com furth, *quod* he, & now offre encence  
 To our goddys! or ellys wyth-out deley  
 I shal þe sleen. lat hym mak defence,  
 Thy god, whom þou seruyst. yf þat he may.“ 945
- „Knowst þou not. wreche, *quod* Cristyne,  
 Þat goddys pacience þe to penytence  
 Abydyth lenger & gladly wold inclyne?  
 But þou þrough þi frowerd negligence 950  
 Alwey mysvsyst his blyssyd pacience,  
 Of cursyd custum plounchyð in þe myre,  
 And making of purpose wylful resystence  
 Tresoryst þe veniaunce in-to þe day of yre.“

- Julyan, angry wyth þat Cristine seyde,  
 Commaundyd hir tong out kut to be.  
 955 But Cristyne þus fyrst deuoutly preyde:  
 „Lord Jhesu Cryst, wych from my natiuite  
 Hast me kept & neuer forsoke me,  
 Kepe me now, & þin handmayd here,  
 And grant me my batayl to endyn in þe!  
 960 For of my reste þe tyme drauyht nere.“  
 And anoon in þe eyr inen dyde here  
 A voys þus seying: „for þou hast for me  
 Suffryd mych peyn, my doughtir dere,  
 And euer bene pacient in al aduersite,  
 965 Therfoor þe gatys of heuyn to þe  
 Bene now wyd opynnyd. come in meryly  
 Ant rest in pese & tranquillyte,  
 And resseyue þe croun of blys endlessly!“  
 But not-wythstondyng þis voys heuenly  
 970 Julyan bad hem doon his commaundement.  
 And anoon hir tong þei rent out cruelly.  
 And whyl sehe was in þis torment,  
 Of hir tong a pese wyth a mychty entent  
 She spyt in his face, & hys oon eye  
 975 So sore it smet þat þe sycht was blent;  
 And wyth þat to hym she þus dyde seye:  
 „Julyan wrecche, þi desyre was vnkouth  
 To etyn ane instrument of my body:  
 Wherfor my toung out of my mouth  
 980 Thow hast do drawe dyspytuosly,  
 Wych euyr was wone to prey(s)e besely  
 Goddys hye name, whyl þat it myht.  
 Yet haue I spehe, & þou wurthyly  
 Off þine oon eye hast lost þe sycht.“  
 985 Julyan, þis heryng, his hunters dyde charge  
 Cristyne to sleyn, & þat hastily.  
 And anoon on hir syde wyth wondys large  
 They hir dide smyte ful vnpetously.  
 Than Cristyn þus preyid: „þrough þi mercy,  
 990 Lord, tak my spyryth on-to þi grace!“  
 And wyth þat word out of hir body  
 To heuyn-blys hir soul dede pace.  
 And anoon aungelys in þat same plase

Gunne Julyane tormentyn in sundry degre,  
 Wyth so grete peynys þat he cryed: „allase, 995  
 What shal I doo? Now se I wel. *quod* he,  
 That for Crystyne þis commyth to me,  
 Whom I haue sleyn ful vnpetously.“  
 And whan he þus long tormentyd had be,  
 He sterf & went to endles tormentry. 1000  
 And whan Julyane was þus passyd & goon,  
 Oon. wych was of Cristyns kynrede,  
 Þat heryng, þiddyng came anoon,  
 Wych god dide bothyn loue and drede;  
 And for he hopyd to hane heuene to mede, 1005  
 In Appolloos temple he made a memory,  
 Whedyr Cristynys relikys he dyde lede,  
 And pere hem beryid ful solemmely. —  
 Examynyng was þis blyssyd Cristyne 1010  
 The tyme of þe emperour Dyoclecyan,  
 Vndyr thre iugys, lych as determyne  
 The legend off hir ful wel can:  
 Fyrst by hir own fadyr, clepyd Vrban,  
 Aftyr be Zyon, a cruel tormentour.  
 But last & werst was þis Julyan, 1015  
 Vndyr whom she endyd al hir labour.  
 Thus fourtene yere was hir martyrdame  
 Contunyd vndyr þeis iugys thre,  
 Wych wyth hir constauce she ouyr-came,  
 In Tyre, þat tyme a grete cyte, 1020  
 Where fynally also martyrd was she.  
 As in hir lyfe, who wyl, redyn may,  
 Þe nynt kalend of August, as fynd we,  
 Wych þat tyme fel on a thursday. —  
 Now I the besech, o blyssyd Cristyne, 1025  
 Wych regnyst wyth Cryst in his heuently tour,  
 As it is wele worthi: mercyful inclyne  
 Thy petous erys on-to þe translatur  
 Wych þi legend compyld, not wyth-out labour,  
 In englyssh tunge, and help, lady, þat he 1030  
 Of his mortale lyf in þe last our  
 Of his goostly enmyse may victour be!  
 Graunt also, lady, al þo þat þe  
 Worshypyn & seruyn of syngulere affeccion,

- 1035 Ere þan þai deyin, repentaunth to be  
 And of al here synnys to make confessyoun,  
 Wyth ful purpose of deu satisfaccioun,  
 Ere þei depart from þis outlaurye,  
 And aftyr wyth þe in þe heuenly relygyoun (!)  
 1040 Eternally god to preyse & magnyfyē.  
 Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy. —

1039 l. regyoun.

Nach dem Ende der Chr. sind 7 Zeilen leer gelassen.

#### IV. HER BEGYNNYTH ÞE LYF OF ÞE ELLEUYN THOUSEND UIRG(INS).

- Off elleuyn thousand uirgyns infeer  
 Whoso be steryd wyth deuoucyoun  
 And haue delectacyoun for to here  
 The lyf. þe progresse & þe passyoun,  
 5 The cause þare-of & þe occasyoun,  
 Aftyr þe sentence of þe golden legende,  
 A lytyl whyl hedir do he attende. —  
 Whylom þer was in thyk cuntre,  
 Wych þat is clepyd Brytane þe lesse,  
 10 A wurthi kyng, & Maurus hecht he  
 Or (N)othus, as þe story dooth expresse;  
 And so mych moor was his wurthynesse  
 That he on Cryst oonly dide beleue  
 And al false goddys he dide repreue.  
 15 Thys Maurus had a dought(er) ying,  
 Vrsula clepyd, ful of beute,  
 Wych aftyr god passyd al þing,  
 Louyd cleennes & maydynly honeste,  
 Prudent eek & also wyhs was she;  
 20 Off wych þorç ych cuntre was hir name  
 Ful wyde blow by þe trumpet of fame.  
 Whan þe kyng of Ynglond of hir dide here,  
 Wych þat tym was man so fortunate  
 And of swych pouer, þan to his empere  
 25 Many a cuntre he had subiugate,

11 Vor othus ist Raum für einen Buchstaben gelassen.

Hym thought no þing moor myht his astate  
 Eneresyn þan þat he onys myht se  
 This blyssyd meyd his sonnys wyf be.  
 And not oonly þis was hys desyre loo,  
 But þe sone eek þe same dide intend. 30  
 Vp-on wych þe maydyns fadyr too  
 A ful solemne ambassyet þei dide send;  
 And, ne hap þat excusacioun he wold pretend,  
 Aftyr feyr promessys they dide hym threte  
 If þer massengers voyd þei dide home lete. 35  
 Whan Maurus herd had al þer massage,  
 He was gretly abasshyd of þat case;  
 For his doughtir (fair) & ying of age,  
 Cristene & fulfylld wyth uertu & grace,  
 To a kyngys sone þat hethyn was 40  
 And lyuyd in þe wrechnes of ydolatre,  
 To be maryd, hym þouht vnwurthe;  
 More-ouyr also he dide suppose  
 That, whan Vrsula had .uerrey knowlechyng  
 Of þere entent & of þer purpose, 45  
 She assentyn shuld wylu for no thyng;  
 And bysydyn þis the englyssh kyng  
 Ful sore he drede for our creuelnes —  
 Wych to hym causyd grete heuynes.  
 But whan Vrsula conseyued þis matere, 50  
 Encytyd be ane heuenly inspyracyoun,  
 „Fadyr, *quod* she, be of ryht good chere  
 And grauntyth to hem here conclusyoun  
 Wych they doon aske, up thys condicyoun  
 Þat þei effectuelly wyl obey 55  
 Serteyn conclusyouns wych I shal seye:  
 Fyrst I aske þat þei shul to me  
 Ten of þe choystest maydyns sende  
 And fayrest & wurthyest of þere cuntre,  
 And, up-on ych of us for to attende, 60  
 Of opir maydyns assygne a thousende,  
 And ordeynyn us shyppys, & yerys thre  
 Me respyten to halowe my uirginyte;  
 In þis mene-tym I aske also  
 Þat þe kyngys sone forsake ydolatre 65  
 And my god of heuene be conuertyd to

And baptysyde in Cristys name holy  
 And in my beleue be instruct pleynly;  
 And al þeis doon, I hym ensure  
 70 To louyn hym abouyn ony creature.“  
 But al þis she axyd for þat entente  
 Pat eþere for dyffyculte of þe condycoun  
 He shuld wyl seeyn & not concente,  
 Or ellis þat she be þis oceasyoun  
 75 Al þo maydyns wyn shuld moun  
 To crystene feyth, & be hem many mo.  
 Thys ansuere yeuyn, þe massagers hom go.  
 And whan þei had of þe seyde matere  
 To þe kyng declaryde eyn al þe case,  
 80 Hys son admyttyd wyth ryht glade chere  
 All þe condyciouns, enspyryde throgh grase;  
 And anoon aftyr þis he crystnyd was,  
 And preyid hys fadyr ful instantly  
 To performe þe remnaunth, & þat hastily.  
 85 Aftyr þis in moost hasty wyse  
 To Vrsula þei sent word ageyn  
 That al þingys wych she dyde deuyse  
 In haste performyd shulde bene, certeyn;  
 Wherefore, þat no labour shuld be ueyn,  
 90 They hyr preyid þat she wold spede  
 To the seyde halwyng of hir maydynhede.  
 And anoon were gadryd fram yeh cuntre  
 Of Ynglond maydyns to þis entent,  
 The feyrest þat ony-where myht founde be,  
 95 And ouyr to Vrsula þei were sent;  
 And whan fulfyllid was þe stent  
 Plenerly of hir fyrst askyng,  
 Thanne þei dyde cese of mo gadryng.  
 In þis mene-whyl on þat opir syde  
 100 The fadyr of Vrsula ful dilygently  
 Of swych a mene dede prouyde  
 As was conuenyent for þat company,  
 Hem to scruyn & to guyde deuly,  
 Aftyr þe entent of his doughtir dere,  
 105 And at all tymys hir to confort & chere.  
 Whan pupplysshyd was þis neu myracle  
 So many uirgynys assemblyd for to be,

Many a bysshape cam to þis spectacle;  
 Among wych cam Pantulus, of Basyle  
 Byshape, wych þat al þere iourne 110  
 To Rome & geyne hem dyde conueye  
 And at Coleyn homwarde wyt hem dyde deye.  
 Seynt Serasine eek, of Cecyle þe quene,  
 Wych hir husband, a cruel man fyrst, lo,  
 Made aftyr of a wulf a lambe to bene, 115  
 Martyrye þe bysshop wych sustyr was to  
 And to Sarye, þe modyr of Vrsula, also:  
 Whan informyd she was of þis company,  
 Them to vysyte she hire hyyd hastly;  
 And wyth hir she toke in hyr cumpany 120  
 Hyr four doughtrys: Babyle & Julyane,  
 Victoria & Aurea, & also sothly  
 Hyr yongest sone, clepyd Adryane,  
 Wych for hys sustrys sake þis iourney dyde tane;  
 And þe kyngdam left in here own sonnys hande, 125  
 To Brytane she seylyd & to Ynglonde.  
 And whan seyð Seraphyne, ful of prudence,  
 Wyth hir fiue chyldryn cam to þe plase  
 Where Vrsula was, she gret dyligence  
 Dede both hir & þe falashepe to solase 130  
 And hem to conferme in her neu grace.  
 And was here gyderesse to Rome & geyne,  
 And eke wyth hem deyid in Colane.  
 Thus whan al þing was redy,  
 Necessarye to þer holy iourne. 135  
 And be doctryne off Vrsula al þe cumpany  
 To Cryst was conuertyd, þei tuk þe se;  
 And wyth-jinne a tyde in good prosperyte  
 To Tyel, a port of Fraunce, þei came,  
 And from þens to Coleyn þe weye þei name. 140  
 And þere ane aungel dyde appere  
 To Vrsula, whyl she a-slepe was,  
 And bad hir ben of ryht good chere,  
 For she returnꝝ shuld þrogh graas  
 Wyth hir hool nowmbyr to þat plase 145  
 And þer þe palm of uictory  
 By martyrdam takyn, & of glory;  
 „Wherefore, *quod* he, kepyth your entent

And furth to Rome you fast doth hye!<sup>a</sup>  
 150 And at hys counsel from þens þei went  
 On-to þe cyte by watyr of Basylye.  
 And þer þey left þer schyppys, sothlye,  
 And from þens to Rome þei went on foot,  
 Here soulys to purchas helth & boot.  
 155 To þe pope Ciriacus ful grete solace  
 It was whan he kneu of whens þei were —  
 For he of Brytane also born was,  
 And, as by her puruyours he dyde lere,  
 Ful many a kynnys-womman he had þere;  
 160 And þerfor he dede al hys labour  
 Them to receyue wyth grete honour.  
 And þe same nyht from heuene lernyd he  
 By reuelacyoun, er þan he roos,  
 That wyth þese uergynys he martyrð shuld be;  
 165 And þankyð god hertyly of þat purpos.  
 But þis reuelacyoun he kept cloos.  
 And many of hem wych not yet were  
 Crystined, he baptysyd euyn þere.  
 And whan (he) a yerē & wokys elleuyn,  
 170 Aftyr Petyr þe nyntend pope, suthly,  
 Had gouernð þe cherche of Cryst in heuyn,  
 He made a congregacioun of þe clergy  
 And shewyd hem his purpos euyn opynly,  
 And aforn hem all þer renowneyd he  
 175 All hys hy astate & eke hys dignyte.  
 But her-ageyn þei al dide reclame,  
 And cardynallys most in especyal,  
 Wych of fonnnyddrye hym dide blame  
 And þat he wold be so bestyal  
 180 To forsakyn hys glorye pontifical  
 And aftyr a feu fonnnyd wommen  
 Wyth-outyn resoun þis-wyse to reyn.  
 But nertheles fram his purpose  
 He nold for no man remeuyd be:  
 185 Wherfor a holy man, clepyd Ametos,  
 In hys stede a-noon þer ordeynyd he,  
 Wych shuld occupyen þe papal se.  
 And þis doon, he fast dyd hym hye  
 To þis blyssyd uergynys cumpanye.



- And for he ageyn þe clergyis entent 190  
 Forsuk þus þe papal dignyte,  
 They ordeynyd hys name wyth oon assent  
 From noumbyr of popys racyd to be;  
 Also al þe fauour wych þis cumpane  
 Of holy uergynys had in þe court before, 195  
 From þis tym furth was uttyrly lore.
- In þis mene-tym, as þe story doth tel,  
 Tuo pryncys of þe romayn cheuelrye,  
 Maxym & Affrycane, fers & cruel,  
 Wych þe reule had & of þer polycye 200  
 To þese blyssyd uergynys had enuye  
 For as mych as þei seyn dayly  
 Euermore encresyn her company:  
 Thys was here feer þat more & more  
 Eche day shuld growen & enrese 205  
 Crystyn relygyoun progh þer lore,  
 And paynymry wansyn & discrese  
 And al þer heþin rytys cese;  
 Wherfor þei ymagyd by what suttelte  
 They myht hem makyn dede for to be. 210
- And whan þei had espycd here entent  
 Pat by Coleyn homward þei wold pase,  
 Pryuy massagers to her cosyn þei sent,  
 Julyan, wych prynce of þe Vryens was,  
 Preying hym for þere aldrys solaas 215  
 Pat al uergynys, whan þei come þere,  
 He wold sleen, for þei cristyn were.
- But whan wyth þese uirgynys furth went  
 Þis seyde holy pope Ciriacus,  
 A cardynal prest wyth deuout entent 220  
 Hym dyde folwe, elepyd Innocencius,  
 And oon of Britane born, callyd Jacobus,  
 Wych seuen yere had in Antyoche cyte  
 Of bysshopryeh gouernd þe dignyte,
- And as he had uisytyd þe pope at Rome 225  
 And homward returnyng was, certeyn,  
 Swych a multitude of uirgynys to come  
 Out of hys cuntre whan he herde seyn,  
 He left hys iourney & turnyd ageyn  
 And assocyid hym on-to þer cumpanye, 230

198 Ms. tuo. 214 Vryens, L. A. Hunni. 221 L. A. Vincentius.  
 230 Ms. assecyid.

Purposyng *wyth* hem to lyuyn & dye.  
 This same dide oon, clepyd Mauricius,  
 Bysshop of a cyte callyd Leuyten,  
 And also anopir wych heht Sulpicius,  
 235 Bysshop of þe gret cyte Rauen,  
 Wych both wer holdyn ryht holy men  
 And in the mene-tym wern at Rome;  
 And wyth þese uirgynys to Coleyn þei come.  
 And Marculus, a bysshop of Grece, also,  
 240 Wyth Constance, hys nyfte, doughter of kyng  
 Dorothe  
 Of Constantynopyl, wych a kyngis sone to  
 Shuld haue be weddyd, but deed was he  
 Beforn þe maryage & she hir uirgynyte  
 245 To god had auowyd, be heuynly reuelacyoun  
 Where monestyde to come to þis congregacioun.  
 And whan al þese uirgyns wyth bysshopys *infere*  
 From Rome wyth Vrsula returnyd ageyn,  
 To Ethereus, hir spouse, bad ane aungel clere  
 250 His modyr to counselyn wyth wurdys pleyn  
 To be cristnyd — for hys fadyr, certeyn,  
 Þe fyrst yere þat he crystene was  
 Hys soul had comendyd to goddys grace.  
 And not oonly hys modyr to baptyse  
 255 Kyng Ethree monestyd þis aungel suet,  
 But also þat he in ful hasty wyse  
 To Coleyn shuld goon, þer for to mete  
 Wyth Vrsula, hys wyfe, & hyr to grete;  
 Wher þei both to-gedyr & meny mo  
 260 By martyrdam to heuen-blys shuld go.  
 And anoon, to goddys counsel obeying,  
 Hys modyr he made baptysyde to be,  
 And took hyr and hys systyr ying,  
 Florentyne be name, & also tuke he  
 265 A bysshop clepyd Clement, & wy<sup>t</sup> hem thre  
 To Coleyn ful fast he gan hym hye  
 And socyid hym to þat holy cumpanye.  
 And whan at Coleyn to-gedyr met  
 Ethereus & Vrsula wyth þer cumpanye,  
 270 They found þe cyte ouyr-al beset  
 Wyth Vryens wych þat þere dyde lye

- In þese uirgyns to shewen here tyrannye,  
 Lych as preyid had here prynce Julyan  
 Hys tuo cosyns Maxym & Affrican.  
 And whane þeis paynmys dide aspye  
 Thys blyssyd cumpany come nere hem to, 275  
 All wyth oo voys þei loud dyde crye;  
 As raueynows wuluys be wone to do  
 Among a flock of sheep: ryht eun so  
 Ferde þese tyrauntys amoung þis cumpany  
 Of holy uirgyns, & slew hem by a by. 280  
 They sparyd not oon, neythir hye nor law,  
 Man nore womman, but al infere  
 Wyth dynt of deth þei dyd down throw,  
 Pat pyte it was to seyin & here  
 How cruelly & wyth what chere 285  
 Al þis multytude þei dyd quelle —  
 Saf Vrsula alone, as þe story doth telle.  
 Whos beute whan þe seyde Julyan,  
 Prynce of þe Vryens, dyde attende,  
 „Be of good chere, *quod* he, womman! 290  
 For yf þou wyl to me condescende,  
 From al dysesy I wyl þe defende,  
 And moor-ouer þe weddyn wyth a ryng,  
 And to welth & wurshyp I wyl þe bryng.“  
 But she wold no-wyse to hym assente. 295  
 Wherfor in his grete malincoly  
 A myhty bowe anoon he bente  
 And wyth a sharp arwe ful cruelly  
 He hir smote eun þrogh þe body;  
 Wher-wyth to erth it dide dounfal, 300  
 But the soul to ioy went eternal.  
 Yet oo mayde þer was, aftyr þe legende.  
 Cordula by name, wych þat nyht,  
 From þe dynt of deth hir to defende,  
 In a shyp hir hyd, wher no man myht 305  
 Hyr fynd; but whanne þe next morowe-lyht  
 Was come, illumynyde by goddys grace  
 To martyrdam hir offryd, & martyrd was.  
 But for as mych as þis blyssyd uirgyne  
 Wyth þe remnaunt of þat cumpany 310  
 Of martyrdam suffred not þe pyne,

- Hir fest wyt hem was not holdyn; for why  
 Longe aftyr to ane holy recluse, suthly,  
 She apperyd & bad pat hir solemnyte  
 315 Next aftyr hir felowys holdyn shuld be.  
 Thus martyrd were, as I me remembre,  
 Of Octoibr þe oon & twenty day yde (!)  
 And þe twelfte kalend of Nouembyr  
 Þis multytude of uirgyns wy<sup>t</sup>-owt pyte,  
 320 Euene at Colane, þe feyr cyte;  
 Whos bodyes þer restyn in a nunnerye,  
 But here soulys duellyn aboue þe skye.  
 And pat shuld bene noon obstaclys  
 Of credens in þis seyde matere,  
 325 Here holynes god hath by sundry myraclys  
 Sheuyd here-beforn ful many yere.  
 Of wych who-so haue lust to here,  
 Two þer-of to tellyn I wyl me dres,  
 Wych here legend pleyntly dooth expres. —  
 330 Whylom in Coleyn ane abbote þer was  
 Wych, as it is told in here storrye,  
 Of þe abbasse desyryd for hys gostly solas  
 Of oon of þese uirgyns to haue a body;  
 And he hyr promessyd uerrey feythfully  
 335 Pat wyth-jn a yere he hym wold dyspose  
 In a capse of syluyr it for to close.  
 And whan he it had, on hys hye-autere  
 He it doun set in a capsell of tre,  
 & so lete it stondyn a ful hool yere,  
 340 Wyth-outyn a-mendement in eny degre.  
 And for of promys reclese was he,  
 It lykyd no lengere þer to sojourne  
 But home ageyn fully it wold retourne.  
 Wherefore soon aftyr, whan þe monkys were  
 345 Al to-gedyr at matyns up-on a nyht,  
 Seyng þeme al pat present ware þere,  
 Thys uirgyn from þe awter cam doun ryht,  
 And lowly hir inclynyd to god almyht  
 And euyn amyddys þem dide pase  
 350 An returnyd ageyn to hir first plase.  
 And anoon furth-wyth þe abbot ran  
 On-to þe capsye, & whan he it fond empty,

He was, as he wel awte, ane heuy man.

And on þe morowe he went to þe nunny

And told the abbace euyñ by & by 355

Lych as it fel; & in þe selue stounde,

Per it fyrst was, they ageyn it founde.

The abbot wold feyn han had it ageyn

Or ellys a nobir. but it wold not be,

„For þis I wyl ye knowe, *quod* þe abbese, 360  
certeyn,

Syr abbot, syth it is so þat she

Is frely comyn home, she ne shal for me

Be remeuyd eftsonys, I you ensure treuly“

And so þe abbot frustrat went home sory. —

An othir myracle þer is told also 365

Of a man wych was relygyous

And þese holy uirgyns deuocyouñ had to;

Wych in-to syknesse happyd to falle greuous.

To wham dyde appere a mayd beuteuous,

Ryally arayid & wundyr frech of hew, 370

And askyd hym ryhtly yf he hir knew.

Thys man, astoynyd of hir suddeyn cumyng,

Þat he hir neuyr knew, answerd pleyñly.

„I wyl þow knowe, *quod* she, wyth-out doutyng;

Þat I am oon of þat greth company 375

Þat þou hast long louyde & seruyde besyly;

I come to teche þe what may do þe ese,

And how me & my felashepe þou mayst plese.

Yff þou woldyst onys, or þan þou deye,

To goddys wurshyp and to our aldrys honour 380

Eleuene þousend Pater noster deuouthly sey,

Thy reward shuld be for þis labour

That of þi lyfe here in þe last our,

Geyñys all þine enmyis þe to conforte,

My sustrys & I shul to þe resorte.“ 385

Whan þis seyð was, she vanysht aweye.

And he furth-wyth began als deuouthly

As he best koude, þese Pater noster to seye,

And neuyr dyde blyn tyl completly

He had performyd euyñ by & by 390

Þe noumbyr to hym þat she dyd stent.

Wych doon, for hys abbot anoon he sent

- And seyð þus: „fadyr, wyth humble entent,  
 Let me been anoyntyd, & þat hastyly!“  
 395 And as soon as he had take þat sacrament,  
 Wyth a loude uoyse he gan to cry:  
 „Fleth hens, I beseche you al mekely,  
 And yeuyth to þis holy uirgyns place  
 Wych hedyr gyn comyn of þere grace!“  
 400 The abbot hym askyd what he dyde mene.  
 And he hym told al hys reuelacyoun.  
 And anoon þei voydyd al bedene  
 Out of þe chambyr, aftyr hys petycyoun.  
 And sone aftyr ageyn whan þei dyde come,  
 405 He was furth passyd wyth þis cumpany  
 Of b(l)yssyd uirgyns to goddys mercy. —  
 Lo þus hath bene shewyd, & many-wyse mo  
 Than I now ethir can tel or deuyse,  
 Thys felashepys holynes to-forn long go,  
 410 Of þem þat were both sage & wyse.  
 For wych I counsel ych man to ryse  
 Out of syn & to her worshepe to seye  
 Eleuene þousend Pater noster or þan he deye.  
 And who þus wyl do wyth-out fayle  
 415 An be ful contryht & cleen shreuyng also,  
 Throgh here meretyng it hym wyl auayle,  
 The end of hys lyf whan he cummyth to.  
 And who-so lyst knowe how he may do  
 Þis nowmbyr to perform euen in a yere,  
 420 The next kalende shewyth doctryn clere.  
 Thre hundred dayis sixty & fyue  
 Been in þe yer, neyþir mo ne lesse,  
 As men by algorysme sone moun dryue;  
 Vp-on wych prynciple I dare expresse  
 That thrytty Pater noster ych daye wyt-out  
 425 recchelesnes,  
 Yf þat yche sonday oon be put þer-to.  
 Makyth euene þe noumbyr. saue it addyth tuo. —  
 Now, blyssyd Vrsula wyth þi felashepe.  
 Them al wych you do loue & serue  
 430 From al myscheuys to defend & kepe  
 Vouchesaf & in clenens þem to conserue;  
 And þat noon of hem fynally do sterue

In deedly syn, purchase hem grace  
 Of uerrey repentaunce, or þei hens pace!  
 Amen mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy. —

V. HERE BEGYNNYTH ÞE LYF OF  
 SEYNT FEYTH.

Whylom whan fers Dyoclycian  
 Exercisyd hys cruel tyrannye,  
 Wyth his cursyd compere Maximyan,  
 Many a cristyn man he made to dye;  
 For, where þat ony þai myht aspyc, 5  
 Wyth-owtyn eþir mercy or pyte  
 Them to be sleyn was her decre.  
 For wych cause in-to yeh cuntre  
 They sent abouten thorgh here empere  
 Cruel mynistrys of iniquite 10  
 Aftyr Crystys seruautys for to enquere.  
 Wych, wher þai myht of ony here,  
 Anoon to þere emperour they hem sent,  
 Or ellys hem slow wyth dyuers turment.  
 Among wych also was oon Dacyan, 15  
 Oon of þe cruelleste, as I do rede;  
 For so fulfyllyd he was wyth Sathan  
 That alle hys ioy was blood to shede  
 Of cristene men; whare-fore grete mede  
 He profyrde alle þo þat hym wolde brynge 20  
 Of cristyne men ony-manere tydyng.  
 Thys cruel tyraunth in hys woodnes  
 Fro cuntre to cuntre whyrlyd fast aboute  
 And made alle men both moor & les  
 To hys fals goddys to knelyn & loute, 25  
 And who-so nolde, þis is no doute,  
 To hys commaundementys redyly obeye,  
 Wyth hard torment he hem maad to deye.  
 In þis mene-tyme as he dede kum

14 Ms. Er st. or, hym st. hem. l. slew. 16 Ms. cruellest<sup>e</sup> mit durchstr. e.

- 30 In-to Spayne, þat royal cuntre,  
 A cyte he entryd, clepyd Agēnum.  
 Wher ryght anoon informyd was he  
 How a maydyn þer was in þat cyte,  
 Feyth be name, wych wold no-wyse  
 35 Goddys honouryn, but hem dede despyse.  
 Thys mayd born was of nobyllest blood  
 Of al þat cyte, as touchyng nature;  
 And thow she fayre were. she also was good  
 And in al hir werkys both clene & pure,  
 40 Of contenance sad and of chere demure,  
 Neythir in worde nere dede wantoun nere nyce;  
 For no þing she hatyd but oonly wyce.  
 No wundyr for she wel was applyid  
 To Cristys scole in hir tendir age  
 45 And in þe feyth groundly edyfyd  
 Be hem þat were both wyse & sage,  
 So þat from it mycht noon outrage  
 In no wyse hir hert do bryng:  
 For aftyr hir name was hir luyng.  
 50 Feyth was hir name & feythfully  
 In Cryst Jhesu euyr trustyd she,  
 Wyth dowwys sympylnesse syngulerly  
 Louyng & wyth turturis chastyte;  
 And for she nold lesyn hir virgynyte,  
 55 Oonly she chese, to be Crystis wyfe,  
 And neuyr noon opirs, to lesyn hir lyfe.  
 For pleynty þis she trustyd welle  
 That, þow she lost hir lyfe temporal  
 For Cristys sake. hit shuld no-delle  
 60 Hir hurten, for she lyf eternal  
 Shuld han þer-fore & immortal;  
 To wych fynally þat she myht atteyne,  
 Refusyn she nold noon erthly peyne.  
 Worldly wurshyp she set at noght,  
 65 And rychesse as dung she dede despyse,  
 For god to seruyn was al hir þoght;  
 And flehsly lustys she nold appryse,  
 But hem forsuk; & in no wyse  
 She wold here ydols goddys calle,  
 70 But deuelys deunnys she clepyd hem alle.



- Whan pis tyraunth of hir dede here,  
 Dacyan, fulfyllid wyth malyncoly,  
 Beforn hym chargyd she shuld appere.  
 And anoon hys men hir sowht bysely;  
 But she hir offryd to hem frely; 75  
 And þow þai hir fersly furth led,  
 Yet of hem she was no-þing adred.
- But whan she shuld to þe presence  
 Off Dacyan be broght, wyth hert entere  
 A tokyn of þe cros hir to defence 80  
 She maad & wyth a deuouth chere  
 Wyth mouth & hert she maad þis prayere:  
 „Lord, þat regnyst in heuene aboue,  
 Thys our me stedefast kepe in þi loue!
- Of eloquens, lord, yif me habundaunce, 85  
 Beforn pis tyraunth whan I am broght,  
 And in þi feyth myht & constaunce,  
 And by his tyrannye to set ryght noht,  
 And also þat neythir in wurd no þought,  
 Thow he me assayl' wyth greuous turme(n)t, 90  
 To here desyre þat I neur consent.“
- And whan she to þe presence of þe tyraunth  
 Was broght & stood beforn hys syht  
 Wyth debonayr & wyth sad semblanht, 95  
 Anoon he hir askyd what she heht.  
 And she hym answerd euyr forth-ryht:  
 „Feyth clepyd I am & euyr haue be  
 From þe tym of my fyrst natiuyte.“
- „Feyth, *quod* he, what is þi feyth  
 And þi byleue, telle me hastyly!“ 100  
 „Crystyn I am, for suth, she seyth,  
 And Cristys seeruaunth I am, treuly,  
 And haf be, syth dyscrecioun fyrst had I,  
 Whos spouse to ben I haue me take,  
 And neur for opir wyl I hym forsake.“ 105
- Whan Dacyan pis herd, *wyth* chere symulat  
 And half-smylyng, as hym had lyst to playe,  
 „Fayre Feyth, he sayde. be not obstynat  
 But wysly lyst what I þe seye —  
 I wyl þe counceilyn al a nopir weye, 110

- Wych to þi beute & to þi byrth I-wys  
 And eek to þi youthe more spedful is.  
 Yf algate chastyte þou wylt han  
 Of body, fyrst do Cryst forsake  
 115 And þan þe offre to seruyn Dyan.  
 Lych the in kynde, & clothys blake  
 Vse in hyr temple; & I þe shal make  
 So hye in worshype & ryches growe,  
 That men to þe shul goon ful lowe.“  
 120 ”By þi promissys ne by þi feyr speche  
 Pleyntly I set ryht noht, *quod* she,  
 For, as holy fadrys doctryne doth teche,  
 Noht ellis your goddys but deuyllis be;  
 Wherefore I merueyle þat þou counselyst me  
 125 Very god & hys treu feyth despyse  
 And to fals goddys to do sacrifyse.“  
 Wyth þis answeere he wex ful wroth,  
 A(n)d specyally þat she hys goddys dyde calle  
 Deuelys; & swore a full greth oth  
 130 That, but she wold down *prostrate* falle  
 And doon sacryfyse to hys goddys alle,  
 Wyth newe tormentys, wych neuyr were seye  
 Beforn, he makyn hir shuld to deye.  
 But Feyth, wych foundyd in stabylnesse  
 135 Was & of many gloryous martyrys  
 Exeaunplys strenghtyd & sekyrnesse  
 Had þorgh hoope & euyr-lestyng blys,  
 Ful stedfastly yaf ansuere þis  
 Pat for Crystys sake al suche turmentrye  
 140 She glad wold suffre & deth eek, treulye.  
 Euene wyth þis he wood was,  
 And, wyth þe rage of woodnesse ouyrled,  
 He commaundyd þat to a bed of bras  
 Wyth-out taryng she shuld be led  
 145 And in four partys þere-on be spred  
 And wy' strong chenys þer-to be fast bounde,  
 And greth fyer made vndyr, hir to confounde.  
 Whan she was broght where þis torment  
 Of bras stood ful hoot brennyng,  
 150 Wylfully Feyth þer-up-on went;  
 And summe anon wyth-out lettyng

- There-to hir bounde, & summe dede bryng  
 Pannys wyth colys, summe oyle & grese  
 There-jnne dede cast, hir peyn to encrese;  
 Summe wyth forkys of yryn ful strong 155  
 On þe grydyl hir turnyd up & down,  
 Summe blewe so sore þat þe flaume up sprong  
 Aboutyn hyr sydys euyn in-vyroun.  
 Was noon þat had of hyr compassyoun,  
 Saf oonly þai wych þat stood by-syde, 160  
 Wych for uery pyte here face dede hyde.  
 And meny of hem þus dede crye:  
 „O fers & cruel tormentourys,  
 We kun in no wyse conceyuyn why  
 Thys blyssyd mayde wyth so sherp shourys 165  
 Ye doon assayle & wyth so gret dolours  
 Ye besyin you to makyn hir to sterue,  
 But for she god in heuene doth serue.  
 O vnpetousnesse, o vnryhtful  
 Domys & o peruers entent! 170  
 To us it semyth ryht vnskyful  
 That þis seruauyth of god, þis innocent  
 Shuld be slayne wyth swych torment,  
 Wyth-out reward of hir tendyr age  
 Or þe hy wurthynes of hir lynage. 175  
 And yf ye lyst to wete what we wyl do:  
 Vttyrly we forsakyn al ydolatrie  
 And Feythis god we wyl turn to,  
 For whom we be redy wyth hir to dye,  
 And al your fals goddys we defye 180  
 Wych aftyr hir doctryn, as we beleue,  
 Mown nepir helpyn men nere greue.“  
 Whan þis was tolde vn-to Dacyan.  
 He yaf þis sentens in þat stounde  
 That heuedyd of hem schuld ben ych man. 185  
 And anoon many a body was throwe to grounde  
 Heedles; & Feyth þe moor to confounde  
 And to þe ences of hir tormentrye,  
 Al þis was doon beforh hir eye.  
 Op-on thylke syde of þe seyde cyte 190  
 Where Phebus & hys ark meredyonal  
 The shadwe doth throwe of euery tre,

Of euery tour & of euery wal,  
 That is to seyn in þe plage septentrional,  
 195 Nepnist þe pool wych shypmen doth guyde,  
 Stant an hy hyl þe wallys euene besyde.  
 Thys hyl is craggy & eke cauernous,  
 Ful of trees & busschys; wych up to stye  
 For þer thyknesse is full laborious,  
 200 Wyth-out weye or path men for to gye.  
 But who-so þere be, weel may aspye  
 All þat is opynly in þe cyte doo,  
 Yf he dylygently wyl attende þer-too.  
 In seyð hyl, fleyng þe persecucyoun  
 205 Of cruel Decyan, in kauys ful wyde  
 Many a man þat tyme out of þe toune  
 As for a mene-whyle hem dede hyde;  
 Of wych many oon þat same tyde  
 Pat Feyth dyde suffryn hir tormentrye,  
 210 Stodyn & beholdyn yt by & bye.  
 Amonge wych stood oon, callyd Caprasius,  
 Of nobyl blood & but yunge of age.  
 And whan he saw Feyth tormentyd þus,  
 He knelyd down & upward hys vysage  
 215 He dede lyfte & wyth deuouth corage  
 He preyid þus: „lord, for þi mercy  
 Yiue Feyth of Dacyan þe victory!  
 And also, lord, yf it noon offence  
 Be to þi goodnesse, I desyre moor:  
 220 Syth Feyth suffryth so greth uyolence  
 Of peyn & is tormentyd so sore,  
 What reward shal she han þerefore  
 Here-aftyr, & wher in þis tormentrye  
 She ony counfort felyth or remedye.“  
 225 Whan (he) þus endyd had hys preyere,  
 A feyr whyte dow beforh hys syht,  
 Commyng from heuen, þere dede appere,  
 Beryng a croun of gold ful bryht,  
 Set ful of gemmys þan þe sunne moor lyht;  
 230 Wych, as hym þouhte, þeddyr dede flye  
 Where Feyth lay wrappyd in tormentrye.  
 And ouyr hir as she dede houyn flekerynge,  
 Hyr wyngys softely she gan to shake:

- And wyt þe deu, wych of hem dede sprynge,  
 The reed colys anoon wexyn al blake, 235  
 And þere-wyth Feythys peyns gunne slake,  
 And wyth þe deu þat or hir dede falle  
 Perfythly curyd were hir woundys alle.  
 And anoon she clad was in a gowne  
 And a mantel snow-wyht, ful solemnely; 240  
 And þan þe dowwe þe glorious croune  
 Set on hir heed, wych shoon heuenly.  
 And whan alle þis was doon, she sodeynly  
 Took hir flyht & to heuene ageyn  
 Returnyd, & was no more þere seyn. 245  
 Whan Capracius alle þis sey doon  
 Vp-on þe grounde deuouthly knelyng,  
 From hys preyere he roos up ful soon  
 And þankyng god of þis toknyng,  
 Where-by he conseuyd, wyth-out doutyng, 250  
 T(h)at wyth pacyence suffryd peyn temporal  
 Is þe ryht weye to ioye eternal.  
 And as he roos, þe hyl sodeynly  
 Wyth hys ryght hand he dede smyte:  
 And anoon þer sprang meruelously 255  
 A wel ful of watyr, clere & bryht, —  
 Of wych þe taste hath so greth myht  
 That, what seeknes ony man feel,  
 By þis martyris merytys he shal han heel.  
 Aftyr þis wyth ryht ful glad chere 260  
 From þe hyl a-loon he ran down  
 And vnware to alle he cam nere  
 Where Feyth dede suffryn passyoun,  
 And opynly he made þis confessyoun  
 That Cryst is god, & noon but he, 265  
 And al oþir goddys deuyls be.  
 And anoon þis tyraunth dede commaunde  
 Hym to be presentyde beforh hys syht.  
 And whan he was comme, þis demaunde  
 He askyd of hym what þat he hyht, 270  
 Hys byrth, hys kyn. & anoon ryht  
 Thys blyssyd Caprasius wyt-out feer  
 To hys demaund þus dede ansuere:  
 „Fyrst I knouleche, as for most worthy,

- 275 That crystnyd I was in a funt of stoon  
 Of a prest, & Caprasius clepyd was I.  
 Wherfor fals goddys wyl I worshyp noon,  
 But hym I serue wych knytter is in oon  
 Of iewys & paynyms, Criyst Jhesu,  
 280 For whom þis virgyn þou dost *pursu*.“  
 „I haue reuth of þe, *quod* Dacyan,  
 That þou doost so erren in þi byleue,  
 And, for þou art so feyr a yungman,  
 Me were fulle loth þe for to greue.  
 285 And þat þou erryst, I þus do preue:  
 For of hys dysceple Cryst was betrayid  
 And on a cros wyth torment to deth afrayid —  
 And on swych oon þat for hys synne  
 Thus was tormentyd, to settyn affyance  
 290 I hold greth errour. wherfore yete blynne  
 And of þi mysbeleue haue repentaunce  
 And of þi wysers lern bettyr gouernaunce;  
 And wurshyp þo goddys wych dede (not) dye,  
 And crucefyde Cryst wyttyrly dyffye!  
 295 And yf to my counsel þou wylt assente  
 And be reulyd lych as I shal seyn þe.  
 On-(to) þe emperours I þe wyl present,  
 Were þou þorgh þere famylyaryte  
 Shalt moūn *commyn* to greth dygnyte,  
 300 To wurthy estaat & heyer onour,  
 And to be lord of many a castel & tour.“  
 But Caprasius by alle þese profyrs hye  
 Of wurshyp, welt or of dygnyte,  
 Wych Dacyan hym hycht, he set not a flye —  
 305 In Crystys feyth rotyd so wel was he.  
 „In hys paleys to duel' leuyr is me,  
*Quod* he, wych alle þingys wroght  
 And almankynde onys fulle dere boght.  
 Hym I loue & serue most singulereyly.  
 310 But þow, wyth vayn hope, o Dacyan,  
 Inebryat, settyst ryht noht hym by,  
 Illudyd by þi goddesse clepyd Dyan,  
 Wych þe helpyn neyþir may nere kan —  
 For wundyre were þat eþir styke or stoon  
 315 Shuld lyf *grant* & þe self haue noon.

And for as mych as þou counsellyst me  
 To doon amys, euy*n* þer-ageyn  
 Moor heleful counsel I wyl yiue þe,  
 By wych þou mayst escheu þe peyn  
 That þe is ordeynyd endles, certeyn: 320  
 Wurshepe my god & forsaak synne,  
 And þou shalt han ioye wych neuer shal blyn.“  
 „Yet leue al þis foly, *quod* Daeyan,  
 And to wurshype my goddys fast þe hyc,  
 Or ellys swych peynys as þou seste han 325  
 Thys rebel Feyth, sekyr, I wyl aplye  
 To þe anoon, I þe behete, suthlye!  
 Werfore yete folwe þe counsel of me,  
 And to wurshyp I wyl enhaunsyn þe.“  
 „Alle þi greth profyrs, *quod* Caprasius, 330  
 I wyl þou knowe þat I set not by,  
 For I trust fully þat my lord Jhesus  
 Me to avaunce is moost myhty,  
 Trewe in wurdys & in werkys holy,  
 Wych hetyth hys *seruauntys* in ioye to dwelle, 335  
 And to hys rebellys þe peyn of helle.  
 And þat Feyth whom þou tormentyst here,  
 Shal ioyin & be glad eucerelestyngly,  
 Whan þou shalt walwyn in helle-feere  
 And eyr-moor wepy*n* & be sory. 340  
 At whos exaunple I am redy  
 Swych peyn to suffre as lytyl dure  
 And endles ioye þer-fore be sure.“  
 Whan Dacyan sey of Capracys herte 345  
 The steedfastnesse & þat for no þing  
 From Crystys feyth he hym myht *peruerte*,  
 Nethir by behestys ne be *thretyng*,  
 „I wyl no lengere, *quod* he, vsyn þis doyng,  
 Ne hap þat in swych uerbal batayle  
 I be ouyrcommyn & he do preuayle. 350  
 Where-fore, o tormentours, I charge you  
 That ye þis rebel wyth peynys assayle —  
 And sparyth hym not, for he is yung & tou, —  
 On euere syd makyn hys blood out hayle.“  
 And anoon þei hym betyn tyl þei dede fayle. 355  
 And in alle his peynys he eyr dede cry  
 Wyth ryht glad chere: „Jhesu, *gramercy!*“

- And to þe peple about he dede preche & seye:  
 „Serys, dredyth not, I counsel yow,  
 360 Thys tyraunth, ner hym neuere doth obeye,  
 Whos powyr lastyth but a whyle now  
 And shal passyn away, no-man wot how,  
 But dredyth hym wych body & soule may  
 Throwyn in-to peyn wych lastyth ay!“
- 365 And at þese wordys of exortacioun  
 The peple besyde wept pytously,  
 And seyng þis cruel examynacyoun  
 Alle wyth o voys ful loude dede cry:  
 „O vnpetouse men & wyth-out mercy,  
 370 Why vexe ye wyth so cruel torment  
 This blyssyd man, þis holy innocent?“ —
- For þis specyall prerogatyf had he  
 Pat amyable he was to euery man  
 Wych on hym lokyd; for bryht of ble  
 375 He was & of colour nepir pale ne wan.  
 And þat soor greuyd cursyd Dacyan:  
 So constaunth he was þat no peyne  
 Myht in no wyse makyn hym to pleyne.
- And whyl þat Feyth & seyð Caprasius  
 380 Thus turmentyd were fulle cruelly,  
 Two brethyrn, Primus & Felicianus,  
 Among opir peple stoden eyn by,  
 And whan þai hem seyn suffryn mekely  
 There peynys, on Cryst þei dede beleue  
 385 And alle fals goddys in hert repreue;  
 And thought, þei myht no bettyr do  
 Than to be ioynyd to þem tweyne.  
 And eyn furth-wyth þei runne hym to  
 And alle her hert opynly dede seyne.
- 390 And anoon þei applyid were to peyne.  
 And þus þese four, togedyr knyht, sothly,  
 Of furyous Dacyan had þe victory.
- And whan he sey ych opir counforte  
 In þer peyn & eke uerteuosly  
 395 To perseueraunce al-wey exhorte,  
 He wex nere wood for malyncoly,  
 And bad, to a temple wych stood faste by  
 They shuld be lede, þere to sacryfyse  
 Or ellys to bene hefdyd in hasty wyse.



But to þe temple whan thei were brouht, 400  
 For no man þei wold do sacryfise,  
 But to þat lord þat alle þing wrouht  
 Redy to deyin in hys seruyse.  
 Wherfore hefdyd, as dede deuysel  
 Dacyan, þei were wyth-out lettyng, 405  
 And so went to ioie þat is euyr-lestyng.

And whan þese four þus heuedyd were,  
 The cursyd paynymys ful cruelly  
 In þe felde her bodyes left þere,  
 For to be deuourryd ful vnpytously 410  
 Of bestys. but whan nyht cam, *preualy*  
 Crystyn men dedyn alle here dylygence  
 Them to beryn wyth greth reuerence.

Nertheles but symple was þe place  
 Ful meny yerys where þei dede lye. 415  
 Wherfore, whan sesyde þorgh goddys *grace*  
 Was in þat cuntre al paynymry  
 And Cryst hys feyth dede claryfye,  
 A bysshope was styryd of deuocyoun  
 Of þem to makyn a translacyoun. 420

Hym þoght, it was ful expedyent  
 For þe comoun *profyth* of þat cyte  
 To make a chyrche from þe fundament,  
 Wych in honoure of Feyth shul halwyd be. 425  
 Wych to *perform* dyfferryd he  
 Ful longe, hym-self vnworthy þinkyng  
 To be mynystyr of so holy a thyng.

Thys bysshopys name was Dulcidius,  
 A man of ryht *syngulere perfeccioun*.  
 Wych in hys slepe was monystyd þus: 430  
 „*Dyffere no lengere þin entencyoun,*  
 But hastyly it put in *execucyoun!*  
 For by þat dede þou mayst purchase  
 Both to þe & to þi cyte *grace.*“

And anoon he made a congregacyoun 435  
 Of monkys & clerkys; whom he dede tel  
 Clerly alle hys reuelacyoun  
 And euene pleyndly as it befel.  
 And þai hym youyn al counsel

440 If to *performe*, & *holpyn* *pere-to*.  
 And in short tyme it was do.  
 And whan it complet was *perfytly*,  
 Seynt Feythys body he dede up take  
 And *pedyr* he trans(1)atyd (it) reuerently,  
 445 And made *per* a *mynstyr* of *munkys* *blak*.  
 Where god shewyd bath for Feythys sake  
 Ful meny *myraclys*, *pis* is no nay,  
 And yet doth sheu from day to day. —  
 Now, *blyssyd* Feyth, uery feythfulnesse  
 450 Purches alle *pem* *pat* *pe* do serue,  
 And of feyth *perseueraunt* stedfastnesse,  
 Whom from alle *myschef* ay do *preserue*  
 Nere suffre hem neuyr in syn to sterue,  
 But, from *pis* owtlaury whan *pei* shuld pace,  
 455 Graunt *pem* to dyen in fynial grace!  
 And *specyaly*, lady, for *pi* *passyoun*  
 Shewe him *pe* grace of *singulere* fauour  
 Wych in-to *ynglyssh* of pure *deuocyoun*  
 Of *pi* legend was *pe* *translatour*;  
 460 Graunth hym, lady, in hys last our  
 Of *lyuyng* so to be *clensyd* fro synne.  
 Wych on *pi* day to *lyuyn* fyrst *dyde* *begyn*.  
 Amen mercy *Jhesu* & *gramercy*. —

455 l. fynal. 457 Ms. hem. 461 tilge so?

## VI. THE PROLOGE IN-TO SEYNT AGNEYS LYF.

Agnes sacra sui pennam scriptoris inaret  
Et det ut inceptum perficiatur opus.

Seynt Anneys lyf I me purpose  
 Aftyr my *kunnyng* in *ynglysh* to wryte,  
 As me doth *techyn* seynt Ambrose,  
 Wych wyth hey style it doth endyte.  
 5 Now, *blyssyd* uirgyn, me to *vysyte*  
 Prey god wyth grace, & *in* *swych* wyse,  
 That *suffycyently* I me *aquyte*  
 May, my *promyse* to *acomplyse*.  
 Moor-ouyr as louly as I kan *deuyse*,

- I praye ych man þat it shal rede, 10  
 Thow it be but rude, he hyt not despyse.  
 For Pallas, certeyn, wold me neuyr lede  
 Of Thully Rethoryk in-to þe motleyde mede,  
 Flourys to gadyrn of crafty eloquens;  
 But euere þedyrward whan I me dede spede, 15  
 Wyth greth dysdeyn she me bad go þens.  
 And yet I hir preyid wy<sup>t</sup> vmbly reuerence  
 That she summe fauour wold sheu to me.  
 And she me answerd in pleyn centence:  
 „Thou commyst to late, for gadyrd up be 20  
 The most fresh flourys by personys thre —  
 Of wych tweyne han fynnysshyd here fate,  
 But þe þrydde hath Atropos yet in cherte —  
 As Gower, Chauncer, & Joon Lytgate.“  
 Wherfore, syth Pallas me þus dede rate 25  
 And drof me a-wey so sturdyly,  
 I wyl neuyr more wyth hyr debate  
 Nere presume to commyn Tullius medwe ny;  
 And þerfore spekyn & wrytyn I wyl pleynly  
 Aftyr þe language of Suthfolk speche — 30  
 And who-so-euere lyke not þer-by,  
 Where-euyr he lyst he bettyr do seche. —  
 Agnes of agna, who-so wyl it seke,  
 Dyryuyid is, as seyth Januence.  
 Agna is a lamb, a best ful meke, 35  
 And sympyl also, aftyr hys sentence;  
 Wych tuo to Anneys by good congruence  
 Longyn: for in hem so groundyd was she  
 That fro meke & symple cek innocence  
 Remeuyn hir myht noon aduersyte. 40  
 Anneys also, as þis clerk doth seye,  
 Dyryuyid is of knowelechyng;  
 And wurthyly, for she þe weye  
 Of treuthe kneu, whyl she was ying;  
 Wych treuthe, aftyr Austyns seyng, 45  
 Contrary is vn-to vycys thre  
 Wych Anneys uenquyssyd in hir lyuyng:  
 As falsheed, doublynesse, & vanyte.  
 By feyth she ouyream falsnesse,  
 And by hope she despytyd alle vanite, 50

By cheryte perfyth al doubylness  
 She set asyde. & of pese thre  
 In hir' lyf we fynde good congruyte —  
 Wych at pis tyme I ne wyl expresse,  
 55 Oonly to eschewyn prolyxyte,  
 Wych oftyn of heryng causyth werynesse. —  
 O holy lamb of god, o blyssyd Agnete,  
 Wych enflawmyd in pi tendyr age  
 Of þe loue of god wyth þe feruent hete  
 60 So sore were, þat no fers rage  
 Of peyn myht chaungyn pi corage  
 Nere þin hert from hym no-wyse inclyne:  
 Me wyt purchace, lady, & language  
 Thy lyf begunne wyth to termyne! —

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HER BEGYNNYS ÞE LYF OF SEYNT  
ANNEYS.

I, seruanht of Cryst, bysshop Ambrose,  
 To you, holy uirgyns, sende gretynge,  
 Exhortyng you, you for to dyspose  
 The feste to halwyn of a maydyn yinge;  
 70 In wych feste wyth psalmys suete soundyng  
 Alle peplys mote gladyn in yeh degre,  
 And Crystys pore men mot ioyeful be.  
 Lete us now alle ioyin in oure lord.  
 And to þe edyfycacyoun of uirgynyte,  
 75 How martyrd was, do we record,  
 Blyssyd Anneys, whyl yung was she.  
 For in hir threttende yere, as fynde we,  
 Deth she loste & lyf dede fynde,  
 For oonly she louyd þe auctor of kynde.  
 80 And þow she yung were by ycrely computacyoun,  
 Yet in hir soule she had suffycyent age —  
 And so she was in dyfferent dysposycyoun:  
 As yunge of body & of soul sage;  
 And þow she fayr were in hir vysage  
 85 Bodyly and endewyde wyth groth beute,  
 Yet by feyth in hir soule feyrere was she.  
 And whyl þis gemme of uirgynyte

Oo tyme from scole hom turnyd ageyn,

Of þe prefectys sone louyd was she.

Wych of hir frendys hir sore dede freyn, 90

Mych þing he offryd, but more he hycht. certeyn,

And ful precyous ornamentys wyth hym he broht:

Wych of Anneys as dung were set at noht.

But yet aftyr þat þis ioly yung man

Of loue to hir felt more prykkyng; 95

And, wenyng she wold bettyr ornamentys han,

Precyous stonys many bryht-shynyng

Wyth hym he brouhte & ful many a ryng;

And by hym-self & by his frendys also

Hys affeccyoun þe maydyn was told to. 100

Ryches he profyrd in greth plente,

& placys solemne & eke staatly,

Possessyons large & mych mene,

And of þis werd þe pompous glory,

Vp condycyoun þat she nolde deny 105

To hym to be ioynyd in maryage.

To whom þus ansuerde þis Anneys sage:

„Go hens fro me, of syn norsshere

And contraryous to euere good entent,

Go hens fro me! for a noþir louere 100

I wyl þou know þat I am preuent,

Wych precyoushere ornamentys me hath sent

And wyth þe ryng of hys feyth hath ernestyd me,

Bettyr þan þow of kynrede & dygnyte;

My ryht hand arayid, wyth-out doute, 115

Wyth a precyous beyl of gold hath he,

And my nekke he gyrt hath ronde about

Wyth precyous stonys wych incomparabyl be,

And margarytes innumerable he hath youyn me,

And wy' bryht-shynyng gemmys, me to guyde, 120

Me enuyrond he hath on euery syde.

In my face he hath set a specyall merk

Þat noon oþir shuld be louyd but he,

And clad me in a mantel of gold-woue werk,

Many precyous nowchys where-in set be; 125

Incomparabyl tresore he hath shewyd me

Wyth wych he hath hyht me to auauunce

If I in hys loue oonly haue perseueraunce —

- Wherfore I ne may takyn hede to þe  
 130 And han in contemp swych a louere.  
 To whom I am knyht in ful cheryte,  
 Whos kynrede þan þine ys hyere,  
 And hys puyssaunce & myht mych strengere,  
 Swetter þe loue, feyrere þe face,  
 135 And of selynes mych gretere þe grace;  
 Of þis louer my chaūbyr arayid is,  
 Whos organys han maad me melody,  
 Whos maydyns here syngyng is uery blys;  
 And takyn of his mouth many a kys haue I,  
 140 Swettere þan eythir mylk or hony.  
 And fulle oftyn in armys he halsyd hath me,  
 Wyth-out blemysyng of myn uergynyte.  
 Hys body to myn now conioynyd is,  
 And wyth hys blood my chekys enbelshyd hath he;  
 145 Whos modyr is a mayd, & hys fadyr eek I-wys  
 Whom aungelys seruyn in humble degre;  
 Of whom al-so merueylyn þe greth beute  
 Both sunne & mone; þorgh whos odour ageyn  
 Dede men reuygurn, I dare wele seyn.  
 150 Hys rychessys neuyr doon a-wey krepē  
 Wyth fortunys fykyl transmutyoun.  
 Wherfore to hym my feyth I kepe  
 And euyr wyl wyth hertly deuocyoun.  
 Wherfore lystne now to my conclusyoun  
 155 And take þis for answeere in wordys pleyn:  
 Oþir louyn þan hym shal I neuyr, certeyn.“  
 Whan þis yung man had herd þe answeere  
 Of blyssyd Anneys, he wex ful heuy,  
 And so sore blynd loue hym anoon dede dere  
 160 Þat, in soule both anguysshid & in body,  
 He syknyd. & in hys bede he doun dede ly.  
 But by hys greth syhys aspyd he was  
 Of lechys, wych told his fadyr þe caas.  
 And whan he sey þat þe affeccyoun  
 165 Of his sone to Anneys was set sore,  
 Of alle hys profyrs he made iteracyoun  
 In euery degre & rathere more.  
 But, sekyr, his labour was but lore,

For pleyntly she seyde þat in no wyse  
 Hir fyrst sposys profyrs she nold despyse. 170  
 And for he þat tym of þe prefecture  
 In þe hey astate stode & dygnyte,  
 Hym þoht þat noon opir creature  
 To-forn hym in worshepe preferryd myht be;  
 Wherefore he wundryd who shuld ben he 175  
 Be whom þus Anneys hir dede enhaunce  
 And of his tresoure made swych a-uauunce.  
 And whyl he þus seyde, swych oon stode by  
 As is wone to countyrfete & iape ych man;  
 Wych seyde þus: „syre, þis maydyn treuly 180  
 From youth hath bene a crysten wumman;  
 Whom so illudyd þe wycche-craftys han  
 Wych be tawht and vsyde in cristen lore,  
 That she wenyth þat Cryst hir husbond wore.“  
 The prefect, þis heryng, ful glad was, 185  
 And anoon he sent a greth company  
 Of kachepollis to bryngyn hir to his plaas.  
 And as sone as she þedyr was com, priualy  
 He made hir a sermoun ful of flatery,  
 And many greth promyssys hir dede behete, 190  
 And aftyr he hir dede manace & threte.  
 But Crystys maydyn nethir wyth flatery  
 Myht be deceyuyd ner wyth terroure,  
 But wyth o chere in contenaunce perseuerently  
 Beforn hym she stode, fresh of coloure; 195  
 And for she rotyd was in Crystys amour  
 Inward in hir hert on secre wyse,  
 Both his behestys & thretys she dede despyse.  
 The prefect, seyng in þis mayde ying  
 So greth constaunce & stedefastnesse, 200  
 To hir fadir & modir he spak of þis þing;  
 And for he no myht hem no-wyse dystresse  
 By opyn vyolence, for here hy nobyllesse,  
 Welyng hem troublyn in a nopir degre,  
 Obiectyd hem þe tytyle of crystyanyte. 205  
 And on þe next day presentyd to be  
 Anneys he commaundyde hym beforn;  
 And of (his) sonys loue ayen spak he  
 And hou he for hir sake was nere lorn.

180 y in maydyn überschr. 202 u. 237 r in dystresse überschr.

203 y in nobyllesse überschr.

- 210 But of his wurdys Anneys made but a skorn.  
 And whan he þat sey, he dede hir be drawe  
 To his bench, executyd where was þe lawe.  
*Quod* he to hir: „but þe wyche-craffth  
 Of þese crystene mennys *superstycyoun*  
 215 By sum-maner wyse fro þe be raffth,  
 Pleynly, aftyr myn opynyoun,  
 Of þi brest þe madnes shal moun  
 No man remeue ne þou þine ere  
 Wysh counsel ne shalt moun bowyn to lere.
- 220 Wherefore þe auyhs is now of me  
 To þe goddesse Uesta þe for to sende,  
 Where, yf *perseueraunce* of uirgynyte  
 The plese, þou mayst to it entende;  
 Ant þan þe no man may reprehende  
 225 If nyht & day in humbyl wyse  
 Þou occupyid be in hyr seruyse.“  
 „Yf þi sone, *quod* she, wych wy<sup>t</sup> foule loue  
 Is uexid — but yet he is a lyuyng man  
 Wyt hauyng & resoun — I do reprove  
 230 For Crystys sake & wyl hym not han,  
 Doum ydols to worshepe trowyst me þan  
 And to Iniury of *grace* deuyne  
 To ueyn stonys my heed inclyne?“  
 „I-wys, *quod* þe *prefect*. my desyre is  
 235 Sum-what to support þe tendyrnesse  
 Of þine age; wherefore our goddys  
 The blasphemuyng I dyfferre to dystresse;  
 And for wy<sup>t</sup>-ynne wyt þou art yete, I gesse,  
 Wyl not þi-self, I counsel, so despyse  
 240 To wrathyn oure goddys swych fraward wyse!“  
 „Wyl þou not, *quod* Anneys, þe youth appryse  
 Of my body so, o *prefect* vycyous,  
 Þat þou do suppose þat I in ony guyse  
 Desyr þe to me to be propycyous.  
 245 For not in bodyly yerys stant feyth uerteuous,  
 But in wyt of soule; & god eek almyhty  
 Wyt more þan age doth appreue, sothly.  
 And as for þi goddys, whos wrath me  
 Thou woldyst not yn rynne, I þe beseche,  
 250 Whan-euyr þou lyst, lete hem wroth be



And to me vsyn here oun propyr speche  
 And hou þai wold be wurshedyd me teche!  
 But it wyl not be; wherefore aftyr þis  
 Thou in me excereyse what þi wyl is.“

„Oon of two þingys chese, *quod* Sympronyan 255

The prefect, o Anneys, aftyr my decre:  
 Or wyth opir uirgyns þe goddesse serue Uestan,  
 Or wyth comoun wummen þou shalt abusyd be,  
 Where þese crystyn wycchys shul ben fer fro the  
 Wych wyth here crafth þe han youyn boldnesse 260  
 To come so vnshamefastly to þis wracchydnesse.

Wherefore sentencyally I þe deuyse;

And yf þou þere-to take hede,  
 Or to goddesse Vesta do sacryfyse,  
 To wurshype & honour of þi kynrede; 265

And yf þou ne wylt, my goddys me so spede,  
 Of þi worthy byrth to confusyoun

Thou shalt of comoun bordel be þe abieccyoun!“

Than blyssyd Anneys, *inflammyd* wyth *grace*

And strengthyd wy<sup>t</sup> gostly stedefastnesse, 270

Stondyng beforþ þe prefectys face

To hym hir sentence þus dede *expresse*:

„If þou knou, wreche, in suthfastnes

Who my god is, þe bettyr a-uyse

Thou woldyst, & not seyn on þis wyse. 275

But for þat I knou þe hy uertu,

The souereyn *grace* eek & wyrkyng

Of oure lord god, blyssyd Jhesu,

I sekyrly despyse al þi thretyng,

In hys goodnesse fully trustyng; 280

Þat neþir I to ydols shal sacryfyse do

Nere wy<sup>t</sup> synners vnclennes be defoulyd, lo.

For þis also wy<sup>t</sup>-outyn doute

I wyl þou knowe, & not þou oonly

But alle þo eek wych stondyn aboute: 285

Þat a keper I haue of my body,

An aungel of god, wyche dilygently

Me kepyth & helpyth in euery nede

And þat me bold makyth þe not to drede.

More-ouyr goddys sone begottyn oonly 290

Of his fadyr substauce, inmutable,

Endlees of endlees eternally —  
 Whom for pou not knowyst, pou art dampnable —  
 To me is a wal inpenetrabyle,  
 295 A wecheman eek neuyr slepyng.  
 A defendere also neuyr-more faylyng.  
 But pi goddys, as wyse folk wel ken,  
 Or ben of bras, wych pat bettyr were  
 To mak of caudrons to þe vshe of men  
 300 Or pottys or pannys or swych opir gere  
 Wych meche myht helpe & no-þing dere,  
 Or ellys of stonys, wych in a sloth to laye  
 Wer bettyr, to skepyn from þe foul weye.  
 For, as it may be shewyd by resoun,  
 305 Dyuynyte wych þat is inmortal  
 Hath in veyn stonys noon habytacyoun  
 Nere in bras nere in noon opir metal,  
 But in heuene in þe regne supernal.  
 Wherefore pou & swych as hem wurshepe do,  
 310 Lyche peyn sekыр shul come to.  
 For lych as þei in here lyknesse here  
 Wych þei haue, as alle knowe we,  
 Conflat were by a feruent fere,  
 So shul here seruauentys in conform degre  
 315 Wyth fere of helle be blowe, not for to be  
 Foundyd as þai myscheuously  
 Confoundyd, & perysshyn eternally.“  
 The Juge, that heryng, wex nere made,  
 And comaundyd hir to be spoylyd shamefastly  
 320 And to þe bordalehous furth to be lad;  
 A bedel þus fyrst makyng a cry:  
 „Thys Anneys, þis wyche proterfly (!),  
 Oure goddys skornyng wych doth blasphemede,  
 To þe comoun bordel I iudycyally deme.“  
 325 But as sone as þis mayde dyspoylyd was,  
 The bendys from hir here a-wey dede slyde  
 And swych thyknesse þere-to god yaf by grace  
 Pat hire it enuyround on euery syde  
 And alle hir nakydnesse fully dede hyde;  
 330 So pat bettyr curyde as in sum degre  
 Wyth hir heer þan wyth clothys she sent to be.  
 Whan Anneys, þus arayid, ful deuouthly

Þe place dede entryn of vnclennesse,  
 Þe bordelhous I mene, she þere redy  
 An aungel fonde, wych dede (his) besynesse 335  
 Wytth lycht hir to curyn of swych bryhtnesse  
 Þat, whan fully enuyround þere-in was she,  
 No man hir myht neythyr touche nere se.  
 And anoon al þe selle where she in was,  
 Thys gloryous bryhtnesse so dede illumyne 340  
 That neuere þe sunne in hys heuenely cumpas  
 Nere in hys most uertu bryhter dede shyne  
 Than þis hous dede, by grace dyuyn; e;  
 And who-so-euere presумыd it to aspye,  
 A sodeyn blemysshyng he felt in hys yhe. 345  
 And whan Anneys þis bryhtnesse seye  
 From god hir sent, in hyr preyere  
 To hym prostrat she hyr dede doūn leye.  
 And anoon beforn hyr dede apere  
 A whyht stole; & wyth ful glad chere 350  
 She yt took & clad hyr þere-yn,  
 And þan to god seyn she dede þus begyn:  
 „Gramercy, lord, of al ientynesse,  
 Of grace & counfort & of benygnyte  
 To me shewyd oonly thorgh þi goodnesse 355  
 Now & alwey in dyuers degre,  
 Gramercy, lord, wych þat nounbryng me  
 Among þine hand-maydynys hast me now sent  
 From heuene þis newe & whyht uestyment!“  
 And whan Anneys þis cloth had on hyr do, 360  
 Wych as whyht was as snow or lyly,  
 So wele mesuryd yt was hyr body to  
 And comproporeyond so conuenyently  
 As þow it shapyn had be þere-by;  
 So þat no man thrust doute wych yt dede se 365  
 Of aungels handys yt made to be.  
 Lo, se now þis gracyous promutacyoun:  
 A bordelhous is maad of preyere  
 A specyal place & of deuocyoun!  
 In wych who-so entryd wyth glad chere, 370  
 God worshypyng wyth hert entere  
 He out went, clenner by goddys grace  
 Than he dyde entryn in-to þat place.

- And whan þe prefectys sone dede here  
 375 That Anneys in þe bordelhouſ was,  
 He wex ryht mery & of glad chere;  
 And anoon wyth a cumpany of yunge felas  
 He hym faſt haſtyd to þe ſeyd plas,  
 Hopynge wyth hyre in haſty wyſe  
 380 Hys fleſshys foul luſt to excercyſe.
- And whan he þere cam & dede ſe  
 Many yung men, wych wantounly  
 Entryd þe place where-in was ſhe,  
 Owt ageyn comyn ful ſobyrlly  
 385 And wyth greth reuerence, he ſturdyly  
 Hem rebukyde & wrecchys dede calle,  
 Seyng: „veyn cowardys, foule you befall!“
- And þus hem ſkornyng, anoon he went  
 To þe place where Anneys lay in preyere.  
 390 And for he malepert & irreuerent  
 Presumyd to entryn in-to þat lyht clere  
 Where ſhe was yn: er he cam nere,  
 He ſuddeynly down fel up-on hys face,  
 And þe deuyl hym ſtranglyd in þat place.
- 395 And whan hys felas wyth-out dede ſe  
 That he ſo longe taryid wyth-ynne  
 And cam not oute, þei trowyd þat he  
 Hyr had ouyrcomyn by ſum gynne  
 And occupyid ben in þe werk of synne;  
 400 And anoon ran yn oon ful meryly,  
 To make a reioyſſhyng of hys victory.
- And whan he yn cam & lokyd aboute,  
 Vp-on hys face hym he found deed lye.  
 And as he mad were, he ayen ſtyrt owte  
 405 And rendyng hys clothys he þus dede crye:  
 „O nobyl romayns, doth þis wyche dye,  
 Wych here-wyth-ynne by hyr wycchecraft  
 Hath þe prefectys sone hys lyf berafft!“
- And whan þe fame puppylyſſhyd was  
 410 Of þis yung mannys deth thorgh þe cyte,  
 Alle men gun ryn on-to þe plaas,  
 To beholde þis infortunate caſuelte.  
 And whan þei it ſeyn, in dyuers degre  
 397 þ in þat überschr.

Wyth a lowd uoys þei expressyd here entent:  
For summe clepyd hyr wycche, & summe inno- 415  
cent.

But whan þe prefect þese tydyngys herd  
Of hys sonys deth of þis manere,  
Euene as a mad-man anoon he ferd,  
And to þe theatre he ran wy<sup>t</sup> heuy chere.  
And whan þe body of hys sone dere 420  
Stark-deed lyn þer he dede aspy,  
To Anneys lokyng he þus loud dede cry:

„Of alle wummen o þou cruelest,  
On-to my dere sone in þis degre  
Allas þi wycchecraftþ why was þi lest 425  
Thus cruelly to extende wyth-out pyte!  
What was þi cause, tel now me!“  
And whan he to hir þus ofte dede seyū,  
She þus demurely answerd ageyn:

„Thy sonys deth, syr, put not me to, 430  
For gyltles þer-of I am, suthly;  
But he whos wyl he wold haue do,  
Took power of hym, & þat ryhtfully.  
But þan yf þou þe cause aske why  
Alle othere wych ther beforū hym were 435  
Askapyddyn harmlees, I þus answere:

Alle þo wych entryd fyrst to me,  
Whom goddys goodnesse þis greth lyht sent  
By an aungel &, as alle men mow se,  
Arayid me wyth þis whyht garnement, 440  
They youe god þankyng wyth humble entent  
And me to towchyn durst not prees;  
And þerfore away they skapyd harmles.

But he þis, þi sone, dede not so,  
But whan he in cam, vnshamefastly 445  
Hys fleschly foul wyl he wolde hane do,  
And not reuerencyd þe lyht wych-yn was I;  
And whan he presumyd to come me ny,  
The aungel of god in defens of me  
To þe deth hym drof, as þow doost se.“ 450

„I-wys, quod þe prefect, Anneys, by o thyng  
Euydently it shal appere to me  
That not by wycchecraftþ is þi werkyng:

419 þe überschr. 438 l. Whan, 446 Ms. hane? 447 Ms. reuerentyd.

- If þou þi aungel wylt preyn þat he  
 455 My sone, wych þat I here deed se,  
 Vouchesaf lyuyng to me restore.“  
 Whom Anneys þus answerd wy<sup>t</sup>-oute more:  
 „Al-be-yt your feyth be not wurthy  
 To han þis thying wych ye ask, *quod* she,  
 460 But yet, for tyme yt is beforn þis cumpany  
 Of peple þe uertu shewyd to be  
 Of oure lord Jhesu, goth oute alle ye,  
 That I may now, as I was won to do,  
 The sacryfyse of preyere offryn hym to!“  
 465 And whan alle þe peple was goon oute,  
 Anneys fel plat doun on hyr face  
 And wepyng ful soor, wyth hert deuoute  
 She preyid god, of hys synguler grace  
 That he wold shewyn in þat place  
 470 A tokne of hys mercy & of hys pyte:  
 That reuycuryd myht þis yung man be.  
 And anoon an aungel þere dede appere,  
 Wyl þat she preyid ful sore wepyng,  
 And lyfth hyr up & made hir chere,  
 475 And seyde þat grauntyd was hyr askyng.  
 And anoon roos up wy<sup>t</sup>-oute taryng  
 This yung man, & out hym dede hye  
 And wyth a loude woys he þus dede crye:  
 „Oo god, wych is of crystyne men,  
 480 Is *in* heuene & erth & in þe se;  
 For alle þe templys wych, as ye ken,  
 To goddys ben made, arn but vanyte,  
 Ner þe goddys þere-in wych wurshedyd be,  
 For hem-self nere opire wyth-owten drede  
 485 They helpyn ne mown in no nede.“  
 At þis wurd anoon ful loude dede crye  
 The wycchys & þe bysshops of þe templys also:  
 „Put away þis wycche & mak hir to dye!  
 For she myndys chaungyth & turnyth ther-to.“  
 490 And wyth her wurdys a sedycyoun lo  
 Among þe peple dede grow, moor  
 Than it was many a day be-foor.  
 The *prefect*, þis seying, astoynyd was,  
 And was eek aferd *proscrypt* haue be

- Yf ageynys þe bysshops as in þis caas 495  
 Of þe templys in ony wyse dede he  
 In defens of Anneys ayens here decre;  
 Wherefore, þe sedycyoun of þe peple to slake,  
 A vyker in hys stede he anoon dede make.
- Wych whan was doon, ful hastyly 500  
 Home to hys hous þe prefect went,  
 And in hys hert he was ful heuy  
 That he ne myht aftyr hys entent  
 Anneys delyueryn from torment,  
 Syth she hys sone, as he had seyn, 505  
 From deth to lyf had reysyd ageyn.
- Aftyr þis Aspasyus, þe prefectys vyker,  
 The sedycyous peple assentyng-to,  
 Dede makyn anoon a ryht greth feer,  
 And Anneys in þe myddys he dede do. 510  
 And forth-wyth þe flaūme departyd in-two  
 And on ych syde brent þe peple þer-by;  
 But yt in no wyse cam Anneys ny.
- Yet þe furyous peple þis nold ascrye  
 To goddys uertu but to wycehys werkyng; 515  
 Wherefore þei lowde dede blasphemē & crye.  
 And Anneys, in þe myddys of þe feer stonyng  
 And demurely hir handys a-brood spredyng,  
 Wyth þese wurdys of hert entere  
 To god deuouthly made hyr preyere: 520
- „O almyhty god, most ful of uertu  
 And to be drede & wurshepyd most wurthy,  
 Fadyr of owre lord, Cryst Jhesu,  
 Blyssyd þou be! for by þi sone, suthly,  
 Wykkyd mennys thretys askapyd haue I 525  
 And þe deuelys vncleannessys thorgh þi grace  
 By a path vndefoulyd I haue do pace.
- Now see I, lord, þat by þe spyryth of þe  
 Wyth dew from heuen bathyd am I,  
 The feer also her deyith by-syde me 530  
 And þe flaūme eek deuydyd is meruelously;  
 Whos heete no-wyse commyth me ny  
 But hem yt brynyth, aftyr þine entente,  
 Wych mynystryd yt me to tormente.
- Now blyssyd be þou, fadyr, most wurthy 535

- To be *prechyd* & *preysyd* in yeh *cuntre*,  
 Wych þorgh þi grace most *benyngnely*  
 Among þe *flaūme* of feer hast maad me  
 In euery wyse *vneferful* to be,  
 540 And wyth as *opir* me torment wold do,  
 Thow makyst me meryly to com þe to.  
 That I beleuyd haue, lord, now I se —  
 Thankyd be euyr þi *blyssyd* grace —  
 That I haue *tirstyd*, is now holdyn of me,  
 545 That I haue *coueytyd*, I now enbrace  
 And halse, to my greth *gostly* solace;  
 Wherefore wyth *lyppys* & herte, lord, enterly  
 The confesse & *coueyt* euyr-more wyl I.  
 See & behold how I come to the,  
 550 Qwyk & uery god & *almyhty*,  
 Wych wyth *Jhesu* þi sone *in* egal degre  
 And wyth þe holy *gost* *inseparablylly*  
 Now *lyuyst* & *regnyst* *intermynablylly*,  
 In oon *substaunce*, as I wele ken,  
 555 From werd *in-to* werdys *euere-more*, amen.“  
 Whan þus, & on mych *bettyr* wyse  
 Than I kan now *expressyn* here,  
 As *denouthly* as she cowde *deuyse*  
 Compleet had *Anneys* hir *preyere*:  
 560 So *sodeynly* *queynt* was al þe feer  
 That of feer ner hete was þer no more  
 Than þer had *neuere* ben feer be-fore.  
 Thys seyng, *Aspasye*, þe *prefectys* vyker,  
 The *sedyceyous* peple to plesse the entent,  
 565 Comaundyd a swerd both *bryht* & *clere*  
 Into hyr throte depe for to be sent.  
 And þus þis holy *mayde*, þis *innocent*,  
 Cruelly *martyrd* for *Crystys* sake,  
 To hym as hys *sponse* he dede take. —  
 570 Hyr *fadyr* & hyr *modyr* wer not heuy  
 Of hyr deth, for þei *crystene* were,  
 But wyth greth *iøy* þei *tøke* hyr body  
 And to a place of hern þei it dede bere  
 Wyth-oute þe *wallys*, & *beryd* yt þere  
 575 In þat *hy-weye* wych *Numentan* *hyht* —  
 For to þe *cyte* of *Numance* yt goth *ryht*.



Where whyl þei wyth othere mo  
 Many nyhtys wachyddyn ful deuouthly  
 At hyr Tumble. as þe guyse was þo,  
 Euene at mydnyht a greth company 580  
 Of maydys þei seyin comyn hem forby,  
 In gold-woue garnementys wych clade were,  
 And a greth lyht went hem be-fore.

Among wych maydys freshe of araye  
 They aspyd her douhtyr, blyssyd Agnete, 585  
 In lych shynyng garnement & as gay,  
 And on hir ryht hand a lamb ful swete  
 Wyth hir walkyng besydyn hir fete,  
 Wych þan snow was more whyhte; —  
 And to hem þis was a meruelous syht! 590

And þan hir felaas Anneys dede preye  
 Styl a whyl to stonde in hir degre.  
 And to hir frendys she þus dede seye:  
 „As deed, be war, beweylyth not me,  
 But rather be glad of my dygnyte! 595  
 For (wyth) þis blyssyd & gloryus company  
 The bryht setys of heuen now entryd am I;

And to hym in heuene also perpetuelly  
 Joynyd I am whom in erth lyuyng  
 Wyth hool entent of my soule oonly 600  
 I louyd, passyng euery opir thyng.“  
 Wych wurdys seyde, in þe twynglyng  
 Of an yhe alle þei venysshyd a-wey;  
 And aftyr of hem no more þei sey. —

Whan þe rumour of þis reuelacyoun, 605  
 Wych more & more contunely grew.  
 To many a castel & to many a town  
 The trumpet of fame a-boute blew:  
 Be summe of þem wych yt wel knew,  
 To dame Custaunce was tolde al þe caas, 610  
 Wych douhtyr of Constantyn þe emperour was.

Thys Constance was a quene gloryous  
 And a prudent mayde, as seyth þe story;  
 But a dysshese she had ful comerous,  
 For sorys she had. & þat so many 615  
 That from foote-sole to þe croūne on hy

As many þere were as þer myht be,  
 So þat no membre from sorys was fre.  
 And for no lechecraftþ of hir greth woo  
 620 Myht in no wyse hir helpe ne cure.  
 Hyr counsel yaf here þat she shuld goo  
 To Anneys tumber, þe virgyn pure,  
 Wyth ful hope & truste helth to recure.  
 And so she dede. & whan she cam there,  
 625 She deuouthly preyid. þow she heþine were.  
 And as þis Constaunce lay in hyr preyere,  
 A-slepe she fel euene vnwarly;  
 And to hyr blyssyd Anneys dede apere,  
 Seying: „o Constaunce, do constaunthly  
 630 And Cryst goddys sone feythfully  
 Beleue to be þi uery saluatour,  
 And he shalle cure & hele al þi langour.“  
 At þis voys dame Constaunce awook  
 As heyl & as hool as she holest myht be,  
 635 And on alle hir membrys whan she dede look,  
 There apperyd no tokne of infirmyte.  
 And anoon to paleys home went she  
 And tolde hyr fadyr & hir brethyrn also  
 Eeuen al þe processe as it was do.  
 640 For ioie of wych was al þe cyte  
 Gadryd to-gedyr wyth greth gladnesse;  
 And þei had herd þis greth nouelte,  
 Greth wundryr it was to more & lesse;  
 Confoundyd also was þe vnfeythfulnesse  
 645 Of hethyn peple, & of Cryst Jhesu  
 The feyth comendyd & þe hye uertu.  
 And anoon sprang a-brode þis opynyoun  
 In Rome & aboutyn in ych cuntre  
 That, who-so-euyr come wyth deuocyoun  
 650 To Anneys tumber. he hoole shuld be,  
 What-so-euyr were þere infyrmyte.  
 Wych Cryst to doon yet to þis day  
 No wyhs man douthyþ, þis is no nay.  
 In þis mene-tyme Constaunce dede preye  
 655 Hyr fadyr & hyr brethyrn þat for hir sake  
 They grauntyn wolde & it not geyn-seye  
 Ouyr seynt Anneys a cherche to make,

And þere-by a place wher yn clothys blake  
 She myht dwelle whyl hyr lyf dede dure,  
 And seruyn seynt Anneys, þe uirgyn pure. 660  
 Thys þe emperours dohtyr, blyssyd Constaunce,  
 Whan Anneys had curyd of alle infirmyte,  
 In perfyth uirgynyte had perseueraunce;  
 By whom many maydyns of Rome cyte,  
 Bothe hy & lowe and of euerych degre, 665  
 To god & to blyssyd Anneys þere  
 Wyth an holy veyl consecrat were.  
 And for feyth by deth suffryth no damage,  
 Many of þe romayn uirgynys ying  
 Blyssyd Anneys folwyng wyth-out corage (!) 670  
 As she in body þere were yet lyuung,  
 And by example of hyr myhtyly wyrkyng,  
 Ben perseueraunht, hopyng to get þer-by  
 The glorious palm of perpetuel victory. —  
 Lo, now haue I breffly acomplysyd *Epilogus operis precedentis.*  
 Seynt Anneys lyf, as I suppose,  
 In þe prologe lych as I promysyd,  
 Aftyr þe wrytyng of sent Ambrose,  
 Whom fully to folwyn was my purpose,  
 Not wurde for wurde — for þat ne may be 680  
 In no translacyoun, aftyr Jeromys decre —  
 But fro sentence to sentence, I dar wele seyn,  
 I hym haue folwyde euene by & by;  
 And yet it is ful herde, me semyth. certeyn,  
 Ilym so to folwyn. for most straungely 685  
 Among alle doctours & most vnkouthly  
 He endytyth — & who-so me not leue.  
 If hys bookys he rede, he it shal preue.  
 Gramercy, seynt Ambrose, holy doctour,  
 Wych to seynt Anneys haddyst swych affeccyoun 690  
 Þat þou woldyst takyn þis blyssyd labour  
 Hyr lyf to wrytyn for uirgynys instruceyoun,  
 Wych in an angle þou founde of oblyuyoun  
 Prynylye hyd, & haddyst pyte  
 That it by neglygence shuld lost haue be! 695  
 Gramercy also, o blyssyd virgyne,  
 Most gracyous Anneys, & martyr also,  
 Wych vouchyddyst-saf þine erys inclyne

700 To prohemyal preyer wych I þe made to;  
 Gramercy, lady, for now I haue alle do!  
 And for my guardoun, lady, purches þou me  
 The aftyr þis mysery in blysse to se!  
 Amen, gramercy, Jhesu. —

## VII. THE LYF OF SEYNT DOROTHYE.

W han Crystys feyth yung was & newe  
 And not fully rotyd stedefastly,  
 Many a tyraunth yt dede pursewe  
 And it to confounde þem bysyd vttyrly;  
 5 Among wych alle most cruelly  
 Ther-ageyn owtragyd Dyoclyeyan,  
 Wyth hys compere in malyhs, Maxymyan.  
 In whos tyme among opir mo  
 In Rome dede dwellen a wurthy man,  
 10 Wych by senatours descendyd fro  
 The hye & noble blood Romylyan;  
 Wych hycht. as þe story telle can,  
 Dorotheus; & egal to hys dygnyte,  
 Theodora clepyd, a wyf had he.  
 15 Thys Dorothee scyng þe perseeucyoun  
 Of Crystys feyth grow: for he crystene was,  
 He Rome forsoke & al hys possessyoun,  
 Both vynys, feldys & eek statly plaas,  
 Wyth Theodora hys wyf, feyr of faas,  
 20 And here two dowtrys: of wyche Trystem  
 Hyht þat oon, the tothyr Kalystem.  
 And of Capadocye on-to þe kyngdam  
 He fled, & in-to þat royal eyte,  
 As was hys fortune, of Cesary he cam.  
 25 Where of hys wyf a dowtyr gat he,  
 Whos name þei clepyd Dorothe  
 From þe fontstoon, & in pryuy wyse  
 The bysshop Apolynar hyr dede baptyse.  
 Thys Dorothe, of youthe fulfyllyd wy<sup>t</sup> grace

Of þe holy gost, in uertu euere grew 10  
 And in al goodnesse: whos synguler solace  
 Was bodyly clenness eue to pursew  
 And flesshly corupeyoun eek to eschew;  
 And for to spekyn of bodyly bewte,  
 She passyd alle þe maydyns of þat cuntre. 35  
 But þe deuyll, wych euymore hath enuye  
 Wyth clenness, þe prefect of þe seyð cyte,  
 Fabrycius clepyd, of gloryous Dorothe  
 Prykkyd wyth þe loue, so sore, þat he  
 For hyr sent & of tresore plente 40  
 He profyrð hyre & in many a thyng  
 To endewyn hir & to weddyn hyr wy<sup>t</sup> a ryng.  
 Whan Dorothe had herd hys talkyng,  
 Stablysshyd wyth *grace* in hir inward thouht,  
 These temporal delyhs hertly despysyng 45  
 Alle werdyly rychesse she set at nouht.  
 And whan she was beforn hym brouht,  
 Dreedeles she confessyd euene opynly  
 That Crystys spouse she was, trewly.  
 Fabrycius wex wode wyth þis answeere, 50  
 And comaundyð anoon þat wy<sup>t</sup>-oute lettyng  
 In-to a tunne men shuld hyr beere  
 Ful of oyle feruently brennyng.  
 But in hyr spouse Jhesu trustyng,  
 As mery & glade þere-yn was she 55  
 As wy<sup>t</sup> swete bawm she anoyntyð had be.  
 Many a paynym, þis myracle seyng,  
 To Cryst conuertyd was inwardly.  
 But Fabrycius to wycchecraftth it ascryuyng,  
 To *presoun* hyr comaundyð be led hastyly. 60  
 Where meetlees she was nyne days fully;  
 In wych tyme by aungelys mynystracyoun  
 Fed she was wyth heuenly consolacyoun.  
 Aftyr þis tyme whan she was brouht 65  
 Out of *presoun* þe Juge before,  
 And hir bente was dyscrecyd ryht nouht  
 But rather encrecyd more & more,  
 Alle þo hyr seyn, wundryd ful sore  
 How she, þat so longe had be meteles,  
 Myht in bodyly beute so sore eneres. 70

- But Fabrycius, blyndyd in hys madnesse,  
 By þis greth myracle ryht noht set  
 And to hir seyde: „but þou wy<sup>t</sup> mekenesse  
 My goddys wursshype wyth-oute let,  
 75 I shal do þe be hangyn on a iebet.“  
 „God wurshepe I wyl, not deuelis, *quod* she,  
 Nere mawmettys swych as þi goddys be.“  
 And wyth þat worde to þe erthe-ward  
 She down felle & ful deuouthly  
 80 Hyr eyne up she lyftyd to heuenward,  
 Preying þus: „lord, for þi mercy  
 Shewe þi myht here euene opynly  
 And proue by sum tokne from heuene now  
 That þou god art, & noon opir but þow!“  
 85 And anoon a pyller of marbyl ful hy,  
 Wych Fabrycius had set up-on þat place.  
 And þer-on an ydole foul & lothly,  
 Aungelys ful many, down sent by *grace*,  
 So vyolently dede al to-race  
 90 That neythir of ydol ner of pyler  
 Was no part left, aftyr hyr preyer.  
 And euene furth-wyth in þe eyr alofte  
 Was herd a voys of deuelys crying:  
 „On þis wyse why vexyst so ofte  
 95 Vs, Dorothee maydyn tendyr & ying?“  
 For wych cause from her myslyuyng  
 Many a paynym þer conuertyd was,  
 And for Crystys sake martyrd in þat plaas.  
 But on a iebet, and vþward hyr feet,  
 100 Dorothee þei heng ful horrybylly,  
 And wyth yerdys & skourgys hir body beet,  
 And wyth hokys of yren hyr flesh cruelly  
 They al to-rent, & hyr pappys vnpetously  
 Wyth feerbrondys Brent; & aftyr hyr doūn  
 105 Half-deed takyn, þei shettyn in *presoūn*.  
 But on þe morwe whan þe day wex clere  
 And she was broht þe Juge before,  
 Neythir spote ne hurt in hyr dede appere.  
 Wher-of Fabrycius wundryd ful sore  
 110 And seyde þus to hire: „o wurthyly bore  
 92 þe überschr. v. a. II. 99 a überschr. 102 wyth a. R.

- Feyr mayd, I counsel, yet turn ageyn!  
 For chastysyd þou art ynow, certeyn.“  
 And þer-wyth anoon hyr sustrys tweyne,  
 Trystem & Kalystem, he to hyr dede sende —  
 Wych Cryst forsakyn had for fere of peyne — 115  
 By whom hyr to turne he redyly wende.  
 But euene contrarye þat he dede entende  
 Befel: for by hyre hyr sustrys both-two  
 Cryst ageyn *perfythly* conuertyd wer to.  
 Fabrycius, þis heryng, was nere out hys mynde, 120  
 And *in* hys madnesse he a newe torment dede  
 feyne:  
 For of þese two sustrys he comaundyd to bynde  
 Eythers bak to opers wyth a myhty cheyne  
 And *in*-to a fere hem kast to brenne botht-tweyne. 125  
 And whan þis was doon, wyth a pale face  
 Glorious Dorothee he þus gan manace:  
 „How longe wylt þou vs forth þus drawe  
 Wyth þi wycheecraft from day to day?  
 Now both þi sustrys ben broht a-dawe. 130  
 Yet, yf þou wylt, þou styl lyue may.  
 Wherefore do sacryfyse wyth-oute delay  
 To my goddys, & I wyl þe respyte,  
 Or ellys pine heed I wyl of do smyte.“  
 Dorothee to þis answerd mekely: 135  
 „What-euere þou wylt, for my lord Jhesu  
 And my spouse to suffryn I am redy,  
 And euere haue ben, sen I hym fyrst knew;  
 In whos gardyn ful of uertu  
 Rosys wyth appyls I gadryn shal, 140  
 And be myry wyth hym *in* ioye eternal.“  
 At þis worde þis tyraunth furyous  
 Comaundyd hys tormentours wyth-oute lettyng  
 That þei wyth stauys hir face beutenous  
 And wyth greth battys shulde al to-dyng, 145  
 Tyl of hir face were no semyng.  
 And whan þere-of no þing they se myht,  
 In a dyrk *presoun* þei hyr shet al nyht.  
 But on þe morwe, whan she was brouht  
 Beforn Fabrycius þe Juge erly, 150  
 As hool she was as she had ryht nouht

- Suffryd befor of peynys, sothly.  
 Wherefor Fabrycius, confoundyd vttyrly,  
 Cowd no ferper but yaf þe decre  
 Pat wyth-oute let she hefdyd shuld be.
- 155 And as she wyth-owte þe wallys cam,  
 Oon Theophyl preyid hyr schornfully —  
 Wych prothonotarye was of þat kyngdam —  
 That she sum rosys wold hym sendyn hastly  
 From hyr spousys gardyn. & she feythfully
- 160 Hym hyht þat she so do wolde —  
 Al-pow þat wyntytr it was ful colde.  
 And whan she brouht was on-to þe place  
 Of her iewes by decollacyoun,  
 She preyid god hertly of hys specyall *grace*
- 165 For þo þat remembre wold hyr passyoun,  
 That hem saue from euery trybulacyoun  
 He wold vouchesaf, & specyally from shame,  
 Of hateful pouert & eek of fals name;  
 Also þat he wold dew contryeyoun
- 170 Hyr deuowtys *grauntyn* at hyr last ende  
 And of alle here synnys plener remyssyoun;  
 And yf wummen wyth chyld of hyr had mende,  
 That he þam hastly wold socour sende;  
 And þat noon hous where were hyr passyonarye,
- 175 Wyth feer ner lyhtnyng shuld neuyr myskarye.  
 And euene as she þis *prayer* had maad,  
 A voys yaf an *answere* in þis degre:  
 „Come, loue, come, spouse, & be ryht glad,  
 For þat þou hast askyd, is *grauntyd* the,
- 180 And for alle þat þou *preyst sau*yd shal be.“  
 And wyth þat wurde she dede inelyne  
 Doun hyr heed, hyr lyf to fyne.  
 And as she þus dede bowe lowly,  
 A chyld apperyd in purpyl feyr clade,
- 185 Barefoot, & wyth heer kurlyd semely,  
 In whos clothys *sterrys* gylt bemys oute sprade;  
 & wy<sup>t</sup> thre rosys & thre *applies* in hys hand he hade  
 A sportelet, & down up-on hys kne  
 He hym set & offryd it on-to Dorothe.
- 190 And she hym preyid wy<sup>t</sup> ful humble entent  
 That to Theophyl þe scrybe he yt wold bere



- And seyn þat she sent hym þat present,  
 As she hym hyht whan she was þere.  
 And he forth went. & wyth-oute fere  
 The dynt of deth she toke mekely, 195  
 And hyr soule to heuene euene up dede sty.  
 Martyrd was þis blyssyd Dorothye  
 The yere of grace two hundryd & eyghty  
 If eyghte þer-to men doon applye,  
 Of Februarie þe syxten day, suthly, 200  
 Vndyr Fabrycius þe prefect, cruelly;  
 Ocupying þe empere Dyoclycyan,  
 As to-forn is seyð, wyth Maxymyan.  
 To Theophyle, stondyng þis tyme opynly  
 In þe paleys, þis seyð chyld dede apere 205  
 And by þe hand hym took & led manerly  
 Asyde, seyng: „þe rosys here  
 Wyth applys þe sent my suster dere  
 From hyr husbondys gardeyn, I dar wel say.“  
 And þis seyð, he vanysshyd a-way. 210  
 And anoon Theophyl to preyse began  
 And to gloryfyen Cryst, god of Dorothye,  
 Wych in þe monyth of Februarie kan,  
 Whan frost & cold þe erthe doth wrye  
 And on þe trees men (noon) leuys may aspye, 215  
 To whom he wyl, rosys & applys sende,  
 Blyssyd be hys name wy'-outyn ende.  
 Thus for þe greth credybyl wytnesse  
 Of Theophyle, & of hys deuouth prechyng  
 Alle þat cyte, both more & lesse, 220  
 To Cryst wer turnyd wyth-owte lettyng.  
 But Fabrycius, alle þese þingys seyng,  
 So sore astoynyð was in þis caas  
 That vnnethe he wyst where þat he was;  
 And specyally whan he Theophyl sey 225  
 Conuertyd & prechyn so feythfully,  
 Hys hert from hym was nere a-vey.  
 But aftyr he hym wyth more tormentrye  
 Assaylyd þan euere he dyde Dorothye;  
 For many smal pecys hys body he hew, 230  
 And to bestys & fowlys þe gobettys he threw.  
 But fyrst þis Theophyl was baptysyd,

And howsyld also ful deuouthly;  
 And so wyth peynys aftyrward supprysyd,  
 235 Lych as I seyde erst, & þat cruellye;  
 And so folwyd hys mastrysse Dorothye  
 And cam to Cryst, in blysse regnyng,  
 Whedyr thorgh hyr merytys he mote us bryng.  
 Amen.

Now, blyssyd uirgyn, o Dorothye,  
 240 Wych gloryfyid art in heuene aboue,  
 Graunt Joon Hunt, or þan he dye,  
 Aftyr hys desyre þi frensshepe to proue,  
 And Isabel hys wyf, wych the both loue;  
 At whos request & humble supplicacyoun  
 245 Was of þi lyf made þis translacyoun.  
 Amen, mercy, *Jhesu*, an gramercy.

241 A. R. v. a. 11.: John Hunt, Ezabela vxor ejus.

## VIII. THE PROLOCUTORYE IN-TO MARYE MAWDEL(YN) LYF.

The yer of *grace*, pleynly to descryue,  
 A thowsand fourhundryd fourty & fyue  
 Aftyr þe cherche of Romys computacyoun,  
 Wych wyth Jane chaungyth hyr calculacyoun;  
 5 Whan Phebus, wych nowher is mansonye  
 Stedefastly but ych day doth varye  
 Hys herberwe among þe syngnys twelue,  
 As þe fyrste meuer ordeynyd hym-selue,  
 Descendyd was in hys cours adoun  
 10 To þe lowest part by cyrcumuoluecyoun  
 Of þe Zodyac cercele — Caprycorn I mene —  
 Wher of heythe degrees he hath but fyftene,  
 And hys retur had sumwhat bygunne,  
 By wych oo degre oonly he had wunne  
 15 In clymbyng, & drow towerd Aguarye —  
 But in pis *mater* what shuld I lenger tarye?  
 I mene pleynly: up-on þat festful eue  
 In wych, as alle crystene men byleue,

Thre kyngys her dylygence dede applye  
 Wyth thre yiftys newe-born to gloryfye 20  
 Cryst, aftyr hys byrthe þe threttende day,  
 Comyng from þe est in ful royal aray  
 By conduct of a sterre wych shone clere:  
 In presence I was of þe lady Bowsere.  
 Wych is also clepyd þe countesse of Hu, 25  
 Doun conueyid by þe same pedegru  
 That þe duk of York is come — for she  
 Hys sustyr is in egal degre,  
 Aftyr þe dochesse of York clepyd Isabel,  
 Hyr fadrys graunhtdam, (wych, sothly to tel,) 30  
 In Spayn kyng Petrys dowtyr was,  
 Wych wy<sup>t</sup> a nopir sustyr — so stood þe caas —  
 The royal tytyle of Spayne to Englund broht,  
 And for þe fyrste sustyr yssud noht  
 But deyid baren, al stood in þe toþir; 35  
 By whhom þe ryht now to þe broþir  
 Of seyð da(me) Isabelle, to seyn al and sum,  
 The duk of York, Syr Rychard, is come,  
 Wych god hym send, yf it be hys wyl.  
 But of þis mater no more now spekyñ I wyl, 40  
 But returnyn ageyn to seyð dame Isabelle  
 And of my purpos þe remnanth furth telle.  
 I saye: whyl þis ladyis foure sonys ying  
 Besy were wyth reuel & wyth daunsyng,  
 And opere mo, in þere most fressh aray 45  
 Dysgysyd — for in þe moneth of May  
 Was neuyr whyt flours wyth blewe & grene  
 Medewe motleyid freshlyere, I wene,  
 Than were her garnementys; for, as it semyd me,  
 Mynerue hyr-self, wych hath þe souereynte 50  
 Of gay texture, as declaryth Ouyde,  
 Wyth al hire wyt ne coude prouyde  
 More goodly aray, þow she dede endos  
 Wyth-ynne oo web al methamorphosyos; —  
 I seye: whyl þei þus daunsyng dede walke 55  
 Aboute þe chaumbyr, wyth me to talke  
 It lykyd my lady of hyr ientylnesse  
 Of dyuers legendys wych my rudnesse  
 From latyn had turnyd in-to our language

24 A. R. v. a. H.: domina Bowser, commitissa Eu, 27 dux Eborum,  
 29 Isabella, 38 Richardus dux Eborum. 30 das Eingeklammerte fehlt.

60 Of hooly wummen now in my last age,  
 As of seynt Anne, to blyssyd Marye  
 The modyr, of Margrete, & of Dorothee,  
 Of Feyth, & Crystyne, & of Anneys per-to,  
 And of þo Eleuene thowsend uirgyns also,  
 65 And of þat holy & blyssyd Matrone  
 Seynt Elyzabeth, whos lyf alone  
 To alle wyuys myht a merour be  
 Of uery perfeccyon in sundry degre —  
 Whos holy legend as at þat tyme  
 70 I newly had begunne to ryme  
 At request of hyr to whom sey nay  
 I nethyr kan ne wyl ne may —  
 So mych am I boundon to hyr goodnesse —  
 I mene of Oxenforthe þe countesse,  
 75 Dame Elyzabeth Ver by hyr ryht name —  
 Whom god euere kepe from syn & shame  
 And of good lyf so hyr auauunce  
 Here in þis werd wyth perseueraunce  
 That, whan she chaungyth hir mortal fate,  
 80 Of lyf eterne she may entryn þe gate,  
 Ther-ynne to dwellyn wyth-owten endyng.  
 And whyl (we) were besy in þis talkyng,  
 My lady hyr hooly & blyssyd purpoos  
 To me þis-wyse þer dede oncloos:  
 85 „I haue. *quod* she, of pure affeccyon  
 Ful longe tym had a synguler deuocyon  
 To þat holy wumman wych, as I gesse,  
 Is clepyd of apestyls þe apostyllesse:  
 Blyssyd Mary Mawdelyn y mene.  
 90 Whom Cryste from syn made pure & clene,  
 As þe clerkys seyn, ful mercyfully;  
 Whos lyf in englysshe I desyre sothly  
 To han maad, & for my sake  
 If ye lykyd, þe labour to take,  
 95 & for reuerence of hyr, I wold you preye.“  
 At wych wurde, what I myht seye,  
 I stood in doute; for on þe to part  
 My lytyl experyence in rymygs art,  
 My labyll mynde & þe dulnesse  
 100 Of my wyt & þe greth rudnesse

I wele remembryd, & on þe toþir partye  
 I thowt how hard it is to denye  
 A statys preyer, wych, aftyr þe entent  
 Of þe poete, is a myhty comaundement.  
 Wherefore me thoht, as in þis caas, 105  
 That my wyt wer lakkyd bettyr it was,  
 Than my wyl; & þefore to do  
 My ladyis *preyere* I assentyd to,  
 Of my sympyl cunnyng aftyr þe myht,  
 Vp condycyoun þat she me wolde respyt 110  
 Of hir ientylnesse tyl I acomplysyd  
 My pylgramage hade, wych *promysyd*  
 I to seynt Jamys wyth hert entere  
 Had to performe þe same yere,  
 Þere to purchase thorgh penytence 115  
 Of myn oolde synnys newe indulgence;  
 Where men contryth thorgh clere *confessyoun*  
 Mown of her synnys han plener remyssyoun  
 From þe fyrst day, as I kan remembre,  
 Of Januarye to þe last of Decembre 120  
 Next folwyng, al þe yerys space,  
 Wych clepyd is þere „þe yere of *grace*“ —  
 Grauntyd, as men mown vndyr-grope,  
 Ful longe agoon of Calyxt þe pope,  
 Euere to endure whan seynt Jamys day 125  
 On þe sunday fallyth, þis is no nay.  
 And whan my lady herd had myn entent,  
 Ful ientylly þer-to she dede assent,  
 Aftyr my desyr, &, sothly to seyn,  
 She me *pardonyd* tyl I come ageyn 130  
 From seynt Jamys, yf god wold so. —  
 And I now haue *performyd* & do  
 Aftyr myn entent myn *pylgrimage*:  
 Applyn I wyl al þe corage  
 Of my wyt & of my kunnyng 135  
 To performen wyth-oute taryng  
 My ladyis wyl & hir comaundement.  
 But fyrst I wyl wyth an humble entent  
 Me conform to þe sage counsel  
 Of a phylosofyr, wych, as Austyn doth tel, 140  
 The prynce is of phylosofyrs alle,

Wurthyly, whom men Plate calle;  
 Wych in hys book of hy Phylosofye  
 That he entytlyt vn-to Thymye,  
 145 Hys dysciple, seyis on þis wyse:  
 „To al men, *quod* he, it is a guyse,  
 A cerymonye aryit & a custom,  
 Obseruyd & kept as a relygyoun,  
 In alle her werkys both more & lesse  
 150 At þe begynnyng wyth humbylnesse  
 To beseche þe souereyn dyuynyte  
 In here werk begunne here help to be,  
 That þei not erre ner do amys.“  
 Syth þan paynyms obseruyd þis,  
 155 Mych more, me þinkyth, awt we  
 It to perform wych crystyn be,  
 And of owr self mowe no þing do,  
 In alle oure werkys recours haue to  
 Our souereyn god wyth humble preyere.  
 160 Wherefore, er ferther in þis matere  
 I do procede, wyth hert & thought  
 To hym I þus preye þat me made of nought:  
 O souereyn & most blyssyd trynyte,  
 O god in substaunce, in personys thre,  
 165 Fadyr & sone & þe holygost wyth-al;  
 Whos myht, wyt, & goodnesse is egal,  
 Al-be-it þat yche of þese thyngys thre  
 To a dystynct persone appropryat be,  
 For dyuers causys, as clerkys preue, —  
 170 But yet alle thre, as we beleue,  
 In uery beyng arn but o thyng;  
 Wych neythyr hath end no begynnyng,  
 Whos mesur noon opir þan eternyte  
 May be clepyd; wych in meruelous degre  
 175 Both heuene & erthe hast made of nouht  
 And alle þe conteyntys in hem hast wrouht,  
 And aungels in þe emperyal heuene on hy,  
 Sunne, mone & sterrys þer-vndyr & sky,  
 Herbys, trees, stonys, & gresse al-so,  
 180 Fyssshys & foulys, & al þat longyth to  
 Eyr, erthe, & watyr in hys propyr sper,  
 The fourt element wych clepyd is fer;

And aftyr al þis þorgh þi goodnesse  
 Man þou formydyt to þi lyknesse,  
 Indewyng hym wyth natural yiftys thre: 185  
 As Mynd, Resoun, Wyl, in swych degre  
 Þat noon is opir but dystynctly  
 They han her operacyouns & yet essencyally  
 But oon soule þei ben al thre,  
 And þis is þe uery ymage of þe; 190  
 And moreouyr, pleynty to conclude,  
 In hym þou prenydyt þi symylytude,  
 Wyth þo fre yiftys clene and pure  
 Wych þou addydyt to þe yiftys of nature,  
 In hys creacyoun whan þorgh þi grace 195  
 A spyryth of lyf þou brethyddyst in hys face;  
 And aftyr þat, as testyfyyth þe prophete,  
 Alle þingys þou kest vndyr hys fete,  
 Sheep, oxyn & eek þe bestys alle  
 Of þe felde, what-euere men hem calle, 200  
 Bryddys of heuene & fysshys of þe se;  
 But whan he lost had þis greth dygnyte  
 An hym-self deformed abhomynablyly,  
 By þe enuye deceyuyd of hys enmy,  
 Clepyd Serpent, Behemot or Leuyathan 205  
 And many mo wysys þan I now rehers kan:  
 Thorgh þi greth grace & þi mercy  
 Thow hym reformyddyst, more meruelously  
 Than in þe begynnyng he formyd fyrst was;  
 For wych reformyng — so stode þe caas — 210  
 The secunde persone eyn of you thre  
 By your comoun assent took oure freelte  
 Here in erthe in a madyns bour  
 And mannys aduocat becam & medyatour  
 Twyn þe fadyr of heuene & mankende, 215  
 And so aftyr thre & thretty wyntrys ende  
 By suffraunce of ryht greuous passyoun  
 He of mankende maad þe reparacyoun,  
 Suffycyently — for, wyth-owtyn doute,  
 The leest drop of blood þa(t) yssuyd oute 220  
 Of hys blyssyd body, & hys circumeysyoun,  
 (F)or euere aftyr suffycyent raunsoun  
 Had been for al þe werdys wo,

And þow þer were werldys a þousend mo;  
 225 But not-for-þan yet wold not he —  
 So greth to man was hys cheryte —  
 Wyth lesse raunsoun mankynd by  
 Than wyth al þe blood of hys body,  
 And wy<sup>t</sup> al þe blood of hys hert eek. wh(e)rfore  
 230 Al mannys loue þou askyst, & no more,  
 Wyth hertly laude & wy<sup>t</sup> meke preysyng —  
 For of our goodys þou nedyst no thyng,  
 As Dauid seyth *in* hys professye.  
 Where-fore, lord, to þe alone I crye,  
 235 Wych welle art of mercy & of pyte, —  
 And neythyr to Clys ner to Melpomene  
 Nere to noon opir of þe Musys nyne,  
 Ner to Pallas Mynerue ner Lucyne,  
 Ner to Apollo, wych, as old poetys seye,  
 240 Of wysdam beryth both lok & keye,  
 Of gay speche eek & of eloquencye —  
 But alle þem wyttyrly I denye,  
 As euere crystene-man owyth to do,  
 And þe oonly, lord, I fle on-to;  
 245 Not desyryng to haue swych eloquence  
 As sum curyals han, ner swych asperence  
 In vttryng of here subtyl conceytys  
 In wych oft-tyme ful greth dysceyt is, —  
 And specyally for þere ladyis sake  
 250 They baladys or amalettys lyst to make,  
 In wych to sorwyn & wepyn þei feyn  
 As þow þe prongys of deth dede streyn  
 Here hert-root, al be þei fer þens;  
 Yet not-for-þan is here centens  
 255 So craftyd up & wyth langwage so gay  
 Vttryd, þat I trowe þe moneth of May  
 Neuere fresshere enbe(1)shyd þe soyl wy<sup>t</sup> flours  
 Than is her wrytyng wyth colours  
 Of rethorycal speche both to & fro —  
 260 Was neuere þe tayl gayere of a po,  
 Wych þan enherytyd alle Argus eyne  
 Whan Mercuryis whystyl hym dede streyne  
 To hys deed slepe; of wych language  
 The craft to coueyte where grete dotage



In myn oold dayis & in þat degre 265  
 That I am in. wherfore, lord, to þe  
 Wyt humble entent & hert entere  
 In þis conclude I my long preýere:  
 That I kunnyng may han suffycyently  
 To seruyn þe deuocoun of my lady 270  
 Aftyr hyr entent, þat is (to) seyne  
 That I may translate in wurdys pleyne  
 In-to oure langwage oute of latyn  
 The lyf of blyssyd Mare Mawdelyn,  
 To hyr goostly confourth in especyal, 275  
 And of them generally wych it redyn shal;  
 By wych redyng þat þai may wynne  
 Fyrst remyssyoun here of al here synne,  
 Lych as Mary Mawdelyn dede purchace,  
 And þat aftyr þis lyf þey may purchace (!) 280  
 To þat blys comyn wher-yn is she —  
 Sey ych man Amen, pur cheryte.  
 Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

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THE PROLOGE OF MARIE MAUDELYNS<sup>S</sup> LYF.

Of a Mary to wrytyn I wyl begynne  
 The lyf, as god me yeuyn wyl grace,  
 I mene not Mary wyth-owtyn synne, 285  
 Wych of al mankynd bare þe solace,  
 But hyr I mene wych of hyr trespace,  
 In Symondys hous whan she cam yn,  
 Pa(r)done thorgh penaunce dede purchace  
 And clepyd is Marye Mawdelyn. 290  
 And wurthyly þis name Marye  
 To hyr p<sup>er</sup>tenyth, as it semyth me:  
 For, as Legenda aurea doth specyfye,  
 Maria hath þese interpretaeyouns thre:  
 Fyrst it betoknyth a „byttyr se“, 295  
 An „illumynere“, or ellys „maad lyht“;  
 And þese thre thyngys in excellent degre  
 Thys blyssyd Mary Maudelyn had ful ryht.  
 And by þese thre þingys we vnderstond moun

- 300 Þe thre best þingys wych þis Mary ches:  
 As outward penaunce, & inward *contemplacyoun*,  
 And vpward blys, wych neuyr shal fes;  
 Of wych god seyð wyth-owtyn lees  
 That þe beeste part to hir ches Mary,  
 305 Wych euere shal endure & neuere dyscrees  
 But wy<sup>t</sup> hyr abydyn eternally.  
 The fyrst part wych þat hycht penytence  
 Be-cause of þe synne, wych is getyng of blys,  
 Shal hyr be byrefth by no vyolence;  
 310 Ner þe secunde, of *contemplacyoun*: forþat is  
 Contunyd wyth heuenely (ioy) wyche neuere  
 shal mys —  
 Wherefore it may not fayl in no degre;  
 Nere þe thrydde, of heuene, may sece, I-wys,  
 For þe mesure þere-of is eternyte.  
 315 For as mych þan as þis Mary  
 The best part chees of penaunce doyng,  
 A „byttyr se“ be clepyd ryht conuenyently  
 She may, me semyth; for in þat thyng  
 Greth byttrynesse she felt whan repentyng  
 320 Be-hynde Cryst she stood shamefastly  
 And wyth þe terys shed in hyr wepyng  
 Hys feet she wessh ful deuouthly.  
 In þat also þat of inwarde *contemplacyoun*  
 The best part she ches in þis lyf here,  
 325 To hyr longyth þe secunde *interpretacyoun*  
 Wych is to seyn an „illumynere“  
 Or a „yeuere of lyht“ in wurdys more clere;  
 For in hyr *contemplacyoun* she took swych lyht,  
 Wyth wych many oon, as ye aftyr shul here,  
 330 In goostly goodnesse she maad shyn bryht.  
 In þat þe best part of heuenely blys  
 Thys Mary ches in hir affeccyoun,  
 Wurthyly „illumynyd“ she clepyd is;  
 For now abouyn in þe celestyal regyoun  
 335 Illumynyd she is wyth clere cognycyoun  
 In hir soule, and aftyr shal fynally,  
 When complet is þe general resurreccyoun,  
 Illumynyd bene in hyr glorious body.  
 This Mary is also clepyd Mawdelyn,

- Conueniently, aftyr Januencys decre: 340  
 For þis wurd Magdalena, wych is latyn,  
 By þe *interpretacyoun* betoknyth þingis thre,  
 As „gylty“, „streynghthyd“, & „wurthy of degre“;  
 Wych thre þingis by dew applycacyoun  
 Mown clerly shewyn what was she 345  
 Beforn, & yn, & aftyr hyr conuercyoun.  
 Beforn hyr conuercyoun she was „gylty“  
 Be of synful lyuyng þe abhomynacyoun,  
 Dyseuyrd from god & heuenely company,  
 Dyffamyd also in þe werdys oppynyoun 350  
 In Jerusalem & in al þat regyoun;  
 And bysydyn alle þese myscheuys here  
 She bounde was by an oblygacyoun  
 Wyth þe deuyl to dwellyn in endles fere.  
 But aftyr þis, in hyr conuercyoun, 355  
 Whan she forsuke al hyr fyrst foly  
 And hyre repentyd of hyre transgressyoun  
 And wyth penaunce purchacyd hyr mercy,  
 Than was she „strenghtyd“ & made myhty;  
 For as many delytes as in sundry wysys 360  
 Of synnys she hade in hyr body,  
 So many of hyr-self she maad sacryfysys.  
 Aftyr hyr *conuersyoun* eek in goostly grace  
 How stroung she wex & how myhty,  
 Who lyst know, he not hens pace 365  
 Tyl completly rede be þis story,  
 Wych both of þe gospel, þat kan not ly,  
 And of hyr legende to-gydyr is bounde;  
 And he shal fynde þat, wher wrechydly  
 Synne regnyd, *grace* doth *superhabounde*. — 370  
 Now, gracyous lady Mary Mawdelyn,  
 Wych grace aftyr synne copyously founde,  
 Let not Sathanas wyth hys sotyl gyn  
 Of þem þat þe seruyn þe soulys confounde!  
 And specyaly, lady, lat þi *grace* redounde 375  
 To dame Isabel þe countesse of Hu,  
 Counfort hyr & kepe hyr both heyl & sounde,  
 And alle temptacyouns help hyr to escheu!
- Also, lady, to þe humble entent  
 Of hym uouchesaf for to intende 380

Wych at þe seyð ladyis comaundement  
 To translate hym bysyde þi legende;  
 Purchase hym *grace* hys lyf to amende  
 Er þan he passe from þis outlawry,  
 385 And help hem both up to ascende  
 Aftyr hyr fatal cours to blysse heuenely. Amen.

## HER BEGYNNYS ÞE LYF OF MARYE MAUD'.

**T**hys blyssyd Mary Mawdelyn,  
 To spekyn aftyr werdly dygnyte,  
 Born was of þe most wurthy kyn  
 390 Wych þat tym was in þat cuntre:  
 For of þe royel blood descendyd she;  
 Whos fadyr hylt Syre, a man wurthy,  
 And hyr modyr clepyd was Euchary.  
 A brothir she had wych vsyd waas  
 395 In hys fyrst dayis to ben a soudyour,  
 Lazarus by name; whom þorgh hys *graas*  
 From dethe to lyf rasyd oure saueour  
 At requeste of hyr & hys herbeior  
 Marthe, hyr sustyr, as doth testyfyē'  
 400 Jhon in hys gospel, wych wyl not lye.  
 And þese thre, as seyith þe story,  
 Twyn hem dyuydyd þe possessyoun  
 Of here genyturs Syre & Euchary:  
 So þat a castel callyd Magdalum  
 405 To Mary fel in þere departysoun;  
 Where-of she namyd was Magdalyne,  
 As Januensys legende doth determyne.  
 And not oonly þis Marye by successyoun  
 Thus of fortune surmountyd in dygnyte,  
 410 But also þorgh-oute al þat regyoun  
 She of naturys yiftys had þe souereynte  
 And passyd alle wummen (in) excellent bewte;  
 For, as it semyd to yche mannys syht,  
 Feyrer þan she no wumman be myht.  
 415 Thus þan in hyr were þese thre  
 To-gedyr ioynyd in greth excellence:

Youthe, habundaunce, & eek beute —  
 Wych oftyn for lak of deu dylygence  
 Mynstryes bene vn-to insolence  
 And of alle vyeys þe bryngers-yn — 420  
 And so þei were in Mary Mawdelyn.  
 For al hir youthe in dislauynesse  
 Of hir body so vnshamefastly  
 She dispendyd & in synfulnesse  
 So comoun she was, þat ful pytously 425  
 Hir name she lost: for of foly  
 So in þe cyte was sprungyn hir fame  
 That „Marie þe synnere“ þei dede hir name.  
 Thus long-tyme in hir wrecchidnesse  
 She contunyde & hyr lustys dede pursu. 430  
 Tyl at þe laste thorgh þe mercyfulnesse  
 Compunct she was of our lord Jhesu,  
 Wych þat lyuyd & tawt uertu;  
 Thorgh whos doctryne she was in entent  
 Of hir fore-lyf to makyn a-mendement. 435  
 Vp-on wych sone aftyr, as she wele knew,  
 Whan to mete was bodyn oure saueour  
 Wyth oon Symon leprous, a pharysew,  
 A precyous oynement swet of odour  
 She went & bouht, & in þat same oure 440  
 The box wyth oynement in hir hand she nam  
 And vnbodyn to Symondys feste she kam.  
 And whan she w(as) comyn in-to þe place  
 Where Jhesu was, for shamefastnesse  
 Of hir foul lyf beforh hys face 445  
 She nold appere, but dede hir dresse  
 Be-hyndyn hys bak, & wyth greth byttyrnesse  
 And sorwe of hert she gan to wepe,  
 And fel down & towert hys fete dede crepe.  
 Where whan she cam, wyth hert contryte 450  
 Terys owte she shede so plenteuously  
 That hys feet þere-wyth wasshyn she myht —  
 And so she dede ful deuouthly;  
 And wyth hyr herys hem wypte dylygently,  
 And aftyr þat wyth a deuouth entent 455  
 Hem anoyntyd wyth þe swet oynement.  
 And þow wyth hir mouth outwardly

To hym no wurde she dede expresse  
 In al þis tyme wych so besyly  
 460 She shewyd þis meke obsequyousnesse,  
 Yet of hyr wepyng by þe grethnesse  
 Of hyr herte she shewyd þe corage,  
 As þow she had vsyd þis language:  
 O moste meke lord, wych knowyst al þinge  
 465 And art of hertys þe inward knoware;  
 Wych, as it semyth by þi techynge,  
 Desyryst not þe deth of a synnere  
 But þat he be conuertyd & lyue lengere,  
 Thow knowyst wele, lord, as I do wene,  
 470 What my wepyng, my syhyng & my sorwe doth  
 mene.

Y am a synnere & of euery cryme  
 Wyth spottys defoulyd ful horrybylly;  
 And so haue I contunyd ful long tyme  
 Syth wyt & dyscrecyoun fyrst had I.  
 475 Reforme me now, lord, for þi mercy  
 And in þis greth nede be my socour,  
 Wych oonly consydryst sorwe & labour!

Whan Symon þis wumman at Crystys fete  
 Thus occupyed sey, he thowte thys:  
 480 If he þis were a very prophete,  
 He shuld weel knowe wyth-oute mys  
 Wych & what-manere þis wumman is;  
 For a synere she is & of bad fame  
 Thorgh-oute þis cyte labouryth hir name.

485 But Cryst, wych þat knowyth al þinge,  
 Both wurd & werk & thouht pryuy,  
 Welyng yeuyn Symund a rebukyng  
 Of hys temerary doom, ful benygnely  
 To hym hys chere turnyd & seyð goodly:  
 490 „Symon, sumwhat I haue to sey to the.“  
 „Maystyr, what þou wylt, sey anoon!“ *quod* he.

„Two detours, *quod* Cryst, to oon feneratour  
 Were whylom, Symund, in a cuntre:  
 Fyue hundryd pens owht þe toon detour,  
 495 The tothyr but fyfty; & for pouerte  
 Hem both distreynyd, bothen pardonyde he.

- Than ask I þe, Symon, wych of þese tuo  
 Dettours þe credytour was moste holdyn to?"
- „I-wys, *quod* Symund, as it semyth to me  
 Aftyr þe iudycyal of uery resoun. 500  
 To louyn hys credytour most holdyn was he  
 Wych of hys dette had most pardoun,  
 This is plenly, maystyr, myn opynyoun.“
- „Thou answeryst, *quod* Cryst, ful ryhtfully,  
 Symon, but now herkyn what seyn shal I. 505  
 Symon, I entryd in-to þine hous  
 And to myn feet watyr þou youe noon me;  
 Thys wumman whom þou demyst vycyous,  
 Syth þat she entryd, as al men may se,  
 Wyth terys of hyr eyne shede in plente 510  
 My feet she hath wasshyn ful deuouthly,  
 And wyth hyr herys hem wypt dylygently.
- Kys profyrdyst me noon, but she my feet  
 Hath kyssyd ful oft; nere myn heed to  
 Oyle puttyst þou noon, but wyth oynement swet 515  
 Anoyntyd she hath my feet both-iwo.  
 And for she þus hath þis dede do  
 And so many loue-tokynnys shewyd to me,  
 Many synnys to hyr foryeuyn now be.“
- And whan she þus on-to þe pharysewe 520  
 Excusyd was by Cryst ful curteysly,  
 Alle þingys left, she dede hym sewe  
 Wher-so-euere he went, ful deuouthly.  
 And for she ryche was habundaunthly,  
 She mynystyrd hym & hys in þere nede, 525  
 As in Lukys gospel pleynty men may rede.
- And þus aftyr by processe successyfly  
 Wyth Cryst she grew in swych famyliaryte,  
 That hyr he chershyd ryht syngulerly  
 And wyth hyr sustyr oftyn herberwyd was he, 530  
 Wych for hym & hys kepte hospytalyte —  
 I mene Marthe; from þe flyx whom he dede cure  
 Wych twelue yere to-gedyr on hyr dede dure.  
 Thys was in Bethanye where to-gedyr dede dwelle  
 Marthe & Marye & hyr brothir Lazarus, 535  
 Whethyr ful oftyn, as þe gospelys kun telle,  
 To hys herberwe turnyd oure lord Jhesus —

For in þe cyte of Jerusalem he was odyous,  
 Where ful seldom he ony coude fynde  
 540 Wych hym to herberwe wold be so kynde.  
 O how blyssyd & happy was þat hous  
 In wych to takyn hys hospytalyte  
 Vouchyd-saf þat lord most gracyous!  
 Ful blyssyd also were þei al thre  
 545 Wych chosyn wern hys hostys for to be  
 And hym to fedyn in hys bodyly nede  
 Wych aungels fedyth wyth hys godhede!  
 Lo. þus may we seen how euere mercyful  
 God is & synners ful besy to saue  
 550 By þis wumman in specyal, wych synful  
 Fyrst was & aftyr dede mercy craue;  
 Thorgh wych not oonly she dede haue  
 Of hyr greth synnys a remyssyoun,  
 But also she atteynyd to hy perfeccyoun.  
 555 And not oonly she atteynyd to perfeccyoun  
 Of hooly lyf, but eek so syngulerly  
 To Cryst she extendyd hyr affeccyoun  
 That, where-euere he was, she drew hym ny  
 And lystnyd hys wurdys ful deuouthly.  
 560 Wherefore, whan ony wyth<sup>e</sup> hyr dede acuse,  
 Euere redy was Cryst hyr to excuse.  
 Example vs shewyth in hys gospel  
 Seynt Luke, seyng þat oure lord gracyous,  
 Jhesus, whylom entryd in-to a castel  
 565 And Martha hym receyuyd in-to hyr hous;  
 But Marye, hyr sustyr, was so desyrus  
 Hys wurdys to here, þat for deuocyoun  
 Euene at hys feet she hyre set down.  
 Where whan Marthe, wych dede besynesse  
 570 Cryst to seruyn, hyr syttyng sey so,  
 She began to acusyn hyr ydylnesse  
 And seyde: „o lord, chargyst þou not, lo,  
 How me my sustyr suffryth a-lone to do  
 Al thyng? I prey þe, byd hir up ryse  
 575 And helpyn me to doon to þe seruyse.“  
 But Cryst, wych iuge was interpellat,  
 As seyith seynt Austyn in a sermoun,  
 Anoon be-cam Maryis aduocat

560 wyth = wight?



- And ageynys hyr sustrys acusacyoun  
 He fonde a resonable excusacyoun, 580  
 And anoon to Marthe in hyr besynesse  
 Hys entent pis-wyse he gan to expresse:  
 „Martha, Martha, *quod* he, pou art besy  
 And aboute many þingys troubyld ful sore;  
 But oon þing, sykyr, Marthe, is necessary, 585  
 Wych Mary hath chosyn: to lestyn my lore,  
 Wych neuere shal fayle; wete weel þere-foor  
 That þe bettyr part, sothly, chosyn hath she,  
 Wych takyn from hyr shal neuere be.“
- Be þis processe we seen þat þe ocupacyoun 590  
 Of actyf lyf in þis mortalyte  
 To þe lyf of inward contemplacyoun  
 May *in* no wyse paryfyat be:  
 Wych two lyuys figuryd fynde we  
 In þese two sustres, Marthe & Marye, 595  
 As up-on Jhon seynt Austyn doth testyfy.
- Marthys lyf wyth greth bytternesse  
 Medlyd is, but þe lyf of Marye  
 Is enbaumyd al wyth swetnesse.  
 Yet bothen ben good, as doth dyscrye 600  
 The exaunple befor; wherfore enuye  
 Be-twyx þem tweyn owyth no more to be  
 Than is be-twyn a posatyue & a comparatyue  
 degre.
- More-ouyre, to shewyn þe syngulerte  
 Of loue wych haddyn ryht specyally 605  
 Of god past opire þese personys thre,  
 Seynt Joon *in* hys gospel seyth þus pleynty:  
 „God louyd Marthe, *quod* he, & hyr sustyr Mary,  
 And Lazer, þe broþir of þem bothe-tweyne“ —  
 No wytnesse of loue may be more pleyne. 610
- But yet *in* loue among þese thre,  
 To spekyng aftyr degrees of comparysoun,  
 Mary stood *in* þe superlatyue degre —  
 As by processys folwyng we shul see moun,  
 Both befor & aftyr þe resurreccyoun. 615  
 Befor, in þe myracle whan Cryst from helle  
 Lazer dede clepyn, as Joon doth telle.  
 Whan Lazarus langwyring (!) *in* Bethanye

- Lay seek & Cryst þane was absent  
 620 By-yunde Jordan oute of Jewerye,  
 Marye & Marthe a massagere sent  
 Thedyr to hym wyth þere entent  
 Vndyr þis forme & by þese wurdys  
 „Loo he whom þou louyst, lord, ryht seek is.“  
 625 And in þis mene-tym Lazer dede dye;  
 And þan Cryst þus seyð to hys dyscyplys:  
 „Lazarus, oure frende, slepyth, sothlye;  
 Lat us go wake hym!“ þan þe seyð þis:  
 „If he be aslepe, he safe ynowe is;  
 630 What shulde we do þere? hast þou forgete  
 How þe to be sleyn þe Jewys do threte?“  
 Than Cryst hem tolde euene opynly  
 That Lazarus deed was, in wurdys pleyn;  
 Wherfore returnyn on-to Jewery  
 635 He wold, hym for to clepyn ageyn  
 From dethe to lyf, þis is certeyn.  
 And anoon furth-wyth he dede hym hye  
 Euen in þe ryht weye to Bethanye.  
 But for to drawyn to þe conclusyoun  
 640 Of oure entent & to leuyn many a circumstaunce,  
 Marthe fyrst met hym wyt-owte þe toun  
 And hadde wyth hym a long dalyaunce;  
 But Marye was at home in hyr careful traunce,  
 Tyl of Crystys comyng she warnyd waas:  
 645 And þan to hym she went a ful greth paas.  
 Whan she hym saw, ful sore wepyng  
 She seyð þus: „lord, yf þou hadyst here be,  
 My brothyr, as pleynly is my trowyng,  
 Had not be deed as now is he.“  
 650 And whan Cryst hyr sey wepyng, for uere pyte  
 He wept also & to hyr þus seyð:  
 „Wher is þe place wych ye hym in leyð?“  
 Whedyr whan he was come, þei dede seye,  
 Standyng ful euene by þe grauys brynke:  
 655 „Syre, four dayis ben past syth he dede deye,  
 Wherfore we trow þe body doth stynke,  
 And so but veyn were, as we now thynke,  
 Ony more to doon.“ „Yet, *quod* he, anoon  
 From of þe graue remeuyth þe stoon!“  
 628 þe = þei. 640 Ms. was in waas corr.

- And whan þe stoon was of, he gan to pleyne 660  
 And to be troblyd in spyryht ful meruelously,  
 And up to heueneward lyftyng hys eyne  
 Wyth a greth voys he þus dede crye:  
 „Lazer, come owte!“ and anoon hastly  
 He owt cam bounde; & hys discyplys to 665  
 Cryst hym delyueryd, hys bondys to vndo.
- A ful wundyr sychte yt was to se,  
 That he, foure dayes wych deed had leyn  
 And sempt, as is seyde, stynkyng haue be,  
 Shuld þus to lyue be reysyd ageyn! 670  
 But in þis mater is no more to seyn  
 But þat swych merueyls loue kan do —  
 Quia fortis ut mors est dileccio.
- And soon aftyr þis at a super  
 In Symoundys hous whan Jhesu was — 675  
 And oon of þe sytters was seyde Lazer,  
 And Martha dede mynystryn in þat plaas:  
 Marye, enflawmyd wyth goostly graas,  
 Anoon wyth a ful preeyous oynement  
 Crystys feet to anoynte deuouthly went. 680
- And whan she hys feet anoyntyde had weel  
 And he þerwhylys dede syttyn ful styлле,  
 Vpon hys heed she poryde þe topir deel,  
 Whos odour alle þe hous dede fylle.  
 Quod Judas: „þis oynement why do ye spyлле, 685  
 For thre hundryd pens wych myht sowld be  
 And delt to pore men in þis cyte?“
- And anoon Cryst, Marye for to saue  
 From blame, vsyng hys aduocacye  
 Seyde þus: „pore men ye alwey shul haue 690  
 Wyth you, syres, but not me, sothlye.  
 Wherefore þis wumman wych deuouthly  
 Me to anoynt dede hir besy cure,  
 A mysterye hath shewyd of my sepulture.
- Wherefore I wyl þat ye wel knowe, 695  
 Here-aftyr whan þe gospel shal be  
 Thorgh-owte þe werd by prechours sowe,  
 Than shal it be seyde in many a cuntre  
 That þis she dede in wurshype of me.“

- 700 Lo þus, þat Judas seyð hir to confounde,  
 Cryst to hyr laude it made redounde.  
 See now þan how þis *perfyth* creature  
 Conioynyd was on-to hyr creatur  
 Of trewe loue þorgh affeccioun pure;  
 705 And cek he to hyr in syngulere amour,  
 For nere of hys lyf in þe last our  
 Euen but a lytyl beforn hys passyoun  
 Of hyr he made þis specyall commendacyoun.  
 More-ouyr, aftyr þis whan Cryst was take  
 710 And cruelly naylyd up-on a tre  
 And alle hys dyscyplys hade hym forsake,  
 So feruent to hym was hyr cheryte  
 That for no feer she fro hym wold fle,  
 But euere on hym she was waytyng  
 715 Tyl he beryid was euyn in þe euenyng.  
 And whan he was beryid, wyth greth murnyng  
 She went swete oynementys for to bye.  
 And aftyr þe sabat þe next morwenyng  
 On-to þe sepulcre she gan hyr hye —  
 720 And wyth hyr went a nothyr Marye;  
 And of here þedyrgoyng þis was þe entent:  
 Crystys body to anoynt wy<sup>t</sup> here oynement.  
 But whan þei come þer & he was goon,  
 As an aungel hem tolde þat same tyde,  
 725 And alle oþir wentyn a-wey a-noon,  
 She al oonly þere dede abyde,  
 And in þe graue ful oftyn on euere syde  
 She lokyd besyly wyth a wepyng yhe  
 If hyr loue onywhere she myht aspye.  
 730 And for as myche as she so perseueraunth was  
 In abydyng whan oþir wentyn a-weye,  
 Therefore she had þat specyall grace  
 That fyrst of alle owre lord she seye,  
 Apperyng, as hym had lyst to pleye,  
 735 In þe lyknesse of a gardenere.  
 But whan he seyð „Marya“, she knew hys chere.  
 And whan she hym knew, on-to hys feete  
 Wyth ful glad hert she down dede falle  
 And wold hem han kyssyd; but he nold hyr lete,  
 740 But þus seyð: „Marye, þe not appalle!

And go sey Petyr & my dyscyplys alle  
That I am up rysyn. as þou doost se,  
And shal befor hem goon in-to Galyle!“

Lo, þus & many anopir wyse,  
As in þe gospelys men mown aspye, 745  
And myche bettyr þan I now kan deuyse,  
Pryuylegyd was þis blyssyd Marye  
Wyth synguler chershyng of hyr loue, Messye,  
Both in hys luyng & in hys passyoun  
And from deth to lyf aftyr hys resurreccyoun. — 750

Now I haue shewyd aftyr þe gospel  
Of þis Maryis lyf a greth party.  
Of þe remnaunht furth now wyl I tel,  
Lych as Januence yt doth dyscry,  
If grace my wyt & my penne do gye 755  
And god also my state so longe,  
Tyl yt be doon, vouchesaf to prolong.

But er þan I ferþer in þis matere  
Wych I haue promyssyd, do procede,  
I þe beseche, Marye, wyth hert entere, 760  
Purchase me *grace* bettyr lyf to lede  
Than I do yet; & þat lady spede  
In alle hyr werkys & get hyr blysse  
Wych of þis wrytyng cause pri(n)cypal ysse. —

The fourtende yere by trewe computacyoun 765  
Aftyr Cryst was rysyn from deth to lyue,  
Whan Steuene wy<sup>t</sup> stonys had throw down  
The iewys, as Januence doth dyscryue,  
And owte of iewrye Crystys dyscyplys dede dryue:  
Ful many a cuntre þe dede seche, 770  
Goddys wurdys þer-in to sowe & teche.

And in þe tyme of þis persecucyoun, lo,  
Lych as seyde Januence doth telle,  
Oon of þe seenty dyscyplys & two  
In Jerusalem wy<sup>t</sup> apostyls dede dwelle, 775  
To whom by Petyr, as it befelle,  
Commyttyd was Marye Mawdelyn —

And þis dyscyplys name was Maxymyn.  
And wyth þese two were, þe soth to telle,  
To-gedyr assocyd in oo cumpanye 780

- Lazer & Marthe, & eek Marcelle,  
 Hyr handmaydyn, & blyssyd Cedonye,  
 Wych, as þe gospel doth descrye,  
 Blynd was from hys natyuyte  
 785 And Cryst hym meruelously made to se.  
 These alle to-gedyr, & many anopir  
 Of crystene men, by þe cruel decre  
 Of iewys wy<sup>t</sup>-owte sterne or rothyr  
 In a shyp were set up-on þe se,  
 790 To þat entent: þei drynklyd shuld be.  
 But, as goddys prouydence hem dede gye,  
 Alle saf to Marsilye þei dede applye.  
 Whedyr whan þei cam, wy<sup>t</sup> humble entent  
 They þankyd god of þare passage,  
 795 And euene furth-wyt to londe þei went.  
 But þam wold no-man *grauntyn* hostage.  
 Wherefore þei tokyn her herbergage  
 In a porche, tyl þat bettyr myht be,  
 Of a temple of þe folk of þat cuntre.  
 800 And whan blyssyd Mawdelyn dede se  
 Mych folk þiddy comyn to sacryfyse  
 To þere ydols, ryht anoon she  
 Wyth a plesaunth chere up dede ryse  
 And wyth a feyr face in dysert wyse  
 805 She hem reuokyd from her ydolatrie  
 And *prechyd* hem Cryst most stedefastlye.  
 Alle þat hir herdyn, awundryd were,  
 What for hyr beute on þat o party  
 And for þe facundye wych she oysyd þere  
 810 And for þe swetnesse eek of hyr eloquency,  
 Wych from hyr mouth cam so plesauntly  
 Pat þei haddyn a uery delectacyoun  
 Styлле to stondyn & here hyr *predycacyoun*.  
 And no wundry þow þat mowth, sothly,  
 815 Wych so feyr kyssys & so swete  
 So oftyr had bredyd & so deuothly  
 Vp-on Cryst oure saluatourys feet,  
 Dyuers tymes whan she hym dede mete,  
 Past opir swych *grace* had in fauour  
 820 Of goddys wurde to shewe þe sauour!  
 Soon aftyr þis on-to þat phane

The pryñce & hys wyf of þat cuntre  
 Come, to sacryfyse to Dyauc,  
 That a chyld hem send wold vouchesaf she.  
 And whan Mary Mawdelyn þis dede se, 825  
 Of Cryst she hem made a long sermoun  
 And counselyd hem to leue þere *superstycyoun*.

But at þat tyme, þe soth to seyn,  
 Maryis wurdys auaylyd no-thing:  
 For as þei cam, þei hom ageyn 830  
 Wentyn, obstynate in here errour *standyng*.

And not longe aftyr, whyl slepyng  
 Was þis lady, to hyr appere  
 Dede Mawdelyn, seying on þis manere:

„Why is þat þine husbonde & þow here 835  
 In rychesse habounde þus plenteuously  
 And in hungryr & colde goddys seyntys dere  
 Ye suffre to *perysshyn myscheuously?*“

And hyr dede thretyn þat she trewly  
 Shuld hyr repent but she wolde meue 840  
 Hyr husbonde þere myschef to releue.

But she ne wold for no thyng  
 To hyr husbonde tellyn hyr vysyoun.  
 Wherefoor on þe next nyht folwyng,  
 Whan she dede slepe as she was woun, 845

In alle wysys to hyr lych apparycyoun  
 Mary Mawdeleyn made & in *conform* degre.  
 But yet to hyr husbonde tellyn nolde she.

And for she ne wolde hyr byddyng do,  
 The thrydde nyht Mary dede appere, 850  
 Whyl þei dede slepe, to hem both-two,  
 Angrely & wyth a brynyng chere,

As alle þe hous had been afere;  
 And on hem lokyng wy<sup>t</sup> a ferful eye,  
 To hem both to-gedyr þus dede seye: 855

„Art þow a-slepe, o tyraunth cruel  
 And a membre of þi fadyr Sathanas,  
 Wyth þis serpent þi wyf, wych nold tel  
 To þe my wurde, as she bodyn was,  
 For she þe nolde henyin wyth þe caas? 860

Wherefore, syth she my erand ne wold do,  
 I now appere to-gedyr to yow both-two.

- What resoun is þis, þou cursyd enemy  
 Of Crystys cros, þat þow fed shalt be  
 865 Wyth dyuers metys þus dylyccatly,  
 & aftyrward þus esyly to restyn þe,  
 And goddys seruauentys þou doost se  
 Wyth hunger & myschef beforn þine eye  
 Perysshyn? wherfore þou shalt abyē!
- 870 Thou lyst here in a statly paleys,  
 Bewrappyd in clothys of sylk & gold;  
 And þai lyin in ful sympyl hurdeys  
 And lykly for to be deed for cold;  
 And þow ne lyst onys it to behold  
 875 Ner of hem to haue reuthe ner pyte,  
 Al-be-it yche day yt ys told to the?
- Wenyst þou for to askapyn fre  
 And peynlees for þis greth trespaas?  
 Nay, pleynly, tyraunth, I warn þe,  
 880 Thou stondyst in a ful perlyous caas  
 And art lykly to cryin euere more allaas,  
 Les to myn wurdys at þou attende  
 And of þi mysreule þe sone amende.“
- Whan blyssyd Marye þis-wyse had seyde,  
 885 She went hyr wey. & þe matrone  
 Sodeynly oute of hyr slepe abreyd  
 And sore began to syhyn & grone,  
 And to hyr husbonde, wych eek made mone  
 For þe same cause, wyth-owte lettyng  
 890 Euene þus she seyde, for drede quakyng:
- „What chere wyth yow, syre? dede ye owt se  
 Thys syht þat I had in my visyoun?“  
 „Ya Ya, wyf, & þat causyth me  
 To be now in greth trybulacyoun;  
 895 I ne woot what best we do moun,  
 Whyddyr to be reulyd aftyr hyr byddyng  
 Or ellys style to kepe oure owlde lyuyng.“
- „I-wys, syre, *quod* she, myn opynyoun  
 Is þis þat bettyr it is to obeye  
 900 Than to fallyn in-to þe indignacyoun  
 Of hyr god & myscheuously deye.“  
 „Be yt so þan“, he anoon dede seye.



- And aftyr to here hous þei hem dede lede  
 And mynstryd hem alle þat þei had nede.  
 Whan Mary soon aftyr up-on a day 905  
 Prechyd, þe prynce hyr askyd opynly:  
 „Trowyst þat þou defende may  
 The feyth wych þou techyst so besyly?“  
 „Ya, þat I may, *quod* Marye, pleynty,  
 Be dayly myraclys & by wytnesse, I-wys, 910  
 Of oure maystyr Petyr, wych at Room is.“  
 Than þus *quod* þe prynce, & hys wyf also:  
 „Lo, we be redy in al þinge to obeye  
 What-cuere þou comaunde us to do,  
 Vp-on a condycoun, þat we þe seye: 915  
 That is to seyn, yf þow wylt preye  
 Thy god, to us þat a chyld be bore,  
 To been oure eyr — we ask no more.“  
 „I-wys, *quod* Marye, & in þis matere  
 As for þis þing shal no lettyng be.“ 920  
 And anoon she gan wyth hert entere  
 For hem to preyin. & herd was she:  
 And wyth-yn short whyle, as men myt se,  
 Thys lady conceyuyd & wyt chylde was —  
 Wych to þem bothe was greth solaas. 925  
 Whan þis prynce wyt chylde hys wyf seye,  
 He hym dysposyd fully for to beleue,  
 And to Petyr he purposyd to take þe waye,  
 Maryis doctryne þat he myht preue.  
 Vp-on wych purpoos to takyn hys leue, 930  
 To hys wyf he went wyth denouth chere.  
 And she hym answerd on þis manere:  
 „A, good syre, what woldyst þow do?  
 Woldyst þou þus now forsakyn me  
 In þe plyht þat I am now come to? 935  
 Nay nay, certeyn, yt may not be,  
 For douthles I wyl goon furth wyth þe  
 And partener been of þine euenture,  
 As longe as þe lyf in my body wyl dure.“  
 „Nay, sekyr, wyf, so may it not be, 940  
*Quod* þe prynce, in þe plyht ye arn yn now;  
 For many greth peryls ben in þe se  
 And many a wawe þer-yn rysyth row.

- Wherefore beth at hoom & restyth yow,  
 945 And I shal goon for us both-two  
 Thys holy pylgrymage for to do.“  
 But not-for-þan, as it is þe guyse  
 Of wummen, she nold hyr purpose lete;  
 Wherefore ful oft *in* most humble wyse  
 950 Sore wepyng she fel down to hys fete  
 And neuere wold sece tyl he hyr dede hete  
 Wyth hym to goon; & þan ful mery  
 She was & anoon she hyr maad redy.  
 And, as soon aftyr þan as was redy  
 955 Her shyp & al þat longyd þere-to,  
 In þe gouernaunce of blyssyd Mary  
 Al þat þei haddyn þei dede do;  
 And she þe shuldrys of hem both-two  
 Of Crystys cros wy<sup>t</sup> a tokne dede sygne,  
 960 That þe deuyl hem ageyns shuld not malyngne.  
 And whan þei sayld had but o day  
 And in here seyl þe wynde ful blew:  
 Er þei were war, a sodeyn affray  
 And a greth tempest up-on hem grew;  
 965 So þat alle men noon opir knew  
 But þat þai must nedys perysh & dye,  
 And for uery fere þey loude dede crye.  
 And whyl þei were in þis dystresse  
 And wyth tempest possyd to & fro,  
 970 So greth anguesh cam to þe princesse  
 That chyld she hadde in þat greth wo.  
 And þer-wyth þe prince to hyre dede go,  
 And whan he cam, he hyr deed fonde,  
 And þe chyld lying vndyr hyr ryht honde.  
 975 And anoon þe chylde began to crye,  
 Desyryng to han had *sum* solaas  
 Of hys modrys pappys; but þo wer drye.  
 For wy<sup>t</sup>-owtyn doute she deed was.  
 And whan þe prince sey þis pytous caas,  
 980 He sorwyd & wepte ful byttyrly  
 And þerwyth þus cryid ryht pytously:  
 „Allas allas, wrecche, what shal I do?  
 A chyld I desyryd, but infortunatly,  
 For chyld & modyr lost arn both-two.

- Allas, also, alas, why dye not I?“ 985  
 And þerwyth þe shypmen gun to cry:  
 „Throwe oute þis body in-to þe se,  
 Or ellys by lyklynnesse alle perycsh shul we.  
 For þis, certeyn, we alle wele knowe,  
 Whyl yt here-in ys, þe tempest nyl cece.“ 990  
 And as þei it hent oute for to throwe,  
 The prince among hem anoon dede prece  
 And seyð: „syr, I beseche you of sum relece,  
 And þow ye ne han mercy on hyr nere me,  
 Yet of þe yung infaunth hath sum pyte! 995  
 Suffryth, syr, a whyl for goddys sake,  
 Ne hap þe wumman in ony kothē be  
 And may returne & geyn lyf take.“  
 And whyl he þus seyð, he dede se  
 Not fer an hyl; & þan þouht he: 1000  
 Bettyr it is yundyr þem both to graue  
 Than fysshys to her pray þem shuld haue.  
 And not-wythstondyng þat wy' wattry yhe  
 The shypmen he preyid & yaf hem yiftys also,  
 Onneyth þei wolde to hys entent them plye. 1005  
 And whan he þat hyl was comyn on-to,  
 He ful sore laboryd yt for to vndo,  
 Hem to haue beryid aftyr hys entent;  
 But entryn þer myht noon instrument.  
 And whan he sawe þat it wold not be, 1010  
 Hys wyfys deed body he dede doun leye,  
 Wrappyd in hyr mentyl, vndyr a tre,  
 And on hyr brest þe chyld, wy' a wepyng eye.  
 And er he þens dede takyn hys weye,  
 As deuouthly as he coude best deuyse 1015  
 He knelyd doun & preyid euene þis-wyse:  
 „O Mary Mawdelyne, to my perdyceyoun  
 And to ences of my wrecchydnese  
 To Marcylye cuntre why dedyst þou com,  
 Me for to puttyn in swych dystresse? 1020  
 Askyd þou of þi goddys goodnesse  
 For þis skyl a chyldē on-to my wyf  
 That þus þei bothe shuld lesyn her lyf?  
 I woot neuere; but þis wot I wele

- 1025 That she deed is, as I now se;  
 And so shal þe chyld *in* ful short seel,  
 For he nowt hath, wy<sup>t</sup> fostryd to be.  
 Nertheles, syth I *hym* had by the,  
 Lych as I haue doo al my nopir þing  
 1030 I *commytte hem* to þine & þi goddys kepyng.  
 And yf he be myhty as þou dost teche,  
 The modrys soule he haue *in* hys memory,  
 And thorgh þine preyers, I louly beseche,  
 That þe chyld not *perysh* shew he mercy.“  
 1035 And wyth þe mantel *hem* both he dede wry,  
 And nowht oo wurd more myht he seyn  
 For sorwe, but went to þe shyp ageyn.  
 And aftyr, whan he to londe dede come,  
 On hys iourney he fast furth went  
 1040 Seynt Petyr for to sekyn in Rome.  
 And whan Petyr *hym* sey, he hys entent  
 Of *hym* dede aske, & what þat ment  
 Hys merke, & whens he cam, & why.  
 And he told Petyr al euene by & by.  
 1045 Whan Petyr had herd al þis processe,  
 „Pees be to þe, he seyde, wyth pacyence!  
 Thow art wolkome, for in sothfastnesse  
 To holsum counsel þou hast youe credence.  
 And be not heuy of þi wyfys absence,  
 1050 Thow she & hyr chyld a whyl do slepe,  
 For god is strong ynow þem both to kepe.“  
 And aftyr þis, to confermyn hys holy entent  
 And to stablysshyn *hym* in hys new grace,  
 To Jerusalem wy<sup>t</sup> *hym* seynt Petyr went,  
 1055 And þere, to encreas of hys gostly solace,  
 He *hym* led & shewyd *hym* euere place  
 Wher Cryst prechyd & suffryd & roos ageyn  
 And wher of hys dycyplys he was last seyn.  
 And whan he *in* pylgrymage & *in* preyer  
 1060 And in lernyng of þe feyth dylygently  
 Owt of hys cuntre had be ful two yer,  
 He homward ayen ful deuouthly  
 Hys iourne took. and caswelly  
 To þe hyl he neyhyd wher he dede leye  
 1065 Hys wyf wych owtward pytously dede deye.

And he þe shypmen preyid hertyly,  
 And hem yaf greth yiftys also,  
 To rydyn on ankyr a whyl þer-by,  
 Whyl he þe hyl seyde myht go to  
 To se what was wyth hys wyf do 1070  
 And wyth hys chyld. & þei folwyd hys wyl  
 And in a boot hym launchyd on-to þe hyl.

And as he toward þe hyl dede go,  
 A lytyl chyld al nakyd rennyng  
 On a clyf he perseyuyd to & fro, 1075  
 On chyldryns wyse besyly pleyng  
 And smal stonys on-to þe see castyng,  
 And as mery he semyd to be & as glad  
 As þow he mo felaas had had.

And þis same chyld was certeynly 1080  
 Hys sone, whom by specyale grace  
 Blyssyd Marye Mawdelyn meruelously  
 Had þo two yer fostryd in þat place.  
 And whan þe chyld perseyuyd hys fadrys face,  
 As he þat befor had neuyr seyn men 1085  
 For feer a-wey he fast dede ren.

And streyght þedyr wher hys modyr dede lye,  
 As he was wone to doon, he went,  
 And wyth hir mantyl he dede hym wrye,  
 And in hys mowth anoon hyr pappe he hent 1090  
 And began to sowkyn in besy entent.  
 And þe prince, ameruaylde sore of þis caas,  
 Ful fast hym hyd tyl he þere was.

And anoon as he þidder cam  
 And fond þe chyld lyn & sowkyn, 1095  
 In bothyn hys armys he it up nam,  
 And on hys kneys he dede doun knelyn  
 And wy' al hys hert to Mary Mawdelyn  
 And as deuouthly as koude best deuyse,  
 He yaf hyr thankyng on þis wyse: 1100

„O blyssyd Mary Mawdelyn,  
 Honour, laude & wurshepe to þe,  
 Wyche þis two yere þis tendyr chyld myn  
 Hast, oonly of þi benygnyte,  
 Kept & fostryd in þis wundryd degre; 1105

- Weel hast þou shewyd, blyssyd lady, her,  
 That *grace* fer passyth naturys power.  
 More-ouyr, blyssyd lady, *in* no maner  
 Myht I haue, me thynkyth, more felycyte  
 1110 Than þat my wyf wych deed lyith her  
 From deth to lyf myht reuyguryd be  
 And wyth me returne to my cuntre;  
 Wych þe to moun I haue ful confydence,  
 Of my chyldys kepyng by experyence.“  
 1115 And as he hys *preyer* þus dede make,  
 Hys wyf anoon began up to ryse,  
 Lych as from slepe she had do wake;  
 And as deuouthly as she koud deuyse,  
 To Mary Mawdelyn she seyde þis-wyse:  
 1120 „Greth is þi meryth in goddys syht,  
 O blyssyd lady, & so is eke þi myht!  
 Gramercy, lady, wych me helpyng  
 Where þorgh þi greth *grace* & cheryte  
 In alle þe *pressurs* of my chyldyng  
 1125 And my mydwyf eek vouchyddyst-saf to be,  
 And more-ouyr þorgh þi benygnyte  
 In yche nede to me were as redy  
 As euere was handmayde to hyr lady!“  
 Whanne þe prynce þese wurdys dede here,  
 1130 Grethly abasshyd he made þis cry:  
 „Art þou alyue, myn owyn wyf dere?“  
 „Ye, syre, þat I am, *quod* she, suthly,  
 And now fyrst ageyn hedyr comyn am I  
 And haue made an ende of þe vyage  
 1135 Wych þou hast doon, & þe sam pylgrimage.  
 For, lych as seynt Petyr lede þe  
 To Jerusalem & shewyd þe euery place  
 Wher Cryst prechyd *in* oure freelte,  
 Wher he deyid & roos & hens dede pace:  
 1140 So blyssyd Mawdelyn of hir good *grace*  
 Wyth yow me led & shewyd yche deel,  
 Wych *in* my mende I prendyd haue weel.“  
 And anoon to rehersyn she began  
 Hyr husbondys iourne euene by & by,  
 1145 And what þe seyde & where & whan,  
 And faylyd *in* no poynt substancyally.

- An þan, áftyr to god þankyng hertly,  
 To shyp þei went & wy'-ynne short whyle  
 They meryly applyid on-to Marsyle.  
 And anoon as þei wer comyn to londe 1150  
 And gunne to entryn in-to here cyte,  
 Wyth hyr dyscyplys Mary þei fonde  
 Prechyng þe peple, as wone was she.  
 And þe prynce & hys wyf wyth greth humylyte  
 Sore wepyng to hir fete doun fel, 1155  
 And al her iourne hyr opynly dede tel.
- And aftyr þis anoon þei baptysyd were  
 Of blyssyd Maxymyn ful deuouthly.  
 And alle ydols templys wych were þer  
 Þei dystroyd furth-wyth & dylygently; 1160  
 They madyn up cherchys euene by & by,  
 And wyth oon assent þei chosyn to be  
 Blyssyd Lazer bysshop of þat cyte.
- Whan þis was doon, þei went þens,  
 Blyssyd Mawdelyn & hir company, 1165  
 And come to a cyte, clepyd Aguens:  
 Wych wy't myraclys, shewyde plenteuously,  
 To Cryst was conuertyd ryht redyly,  
 And Maxymyn bysshop of þat cyte maad.  
 Wych doon, blyssyd Mawdelyn was glaad. 1170
- For from hens forward hyr hert was set  
 To yeuyn hyr oonly to contemplacyoun  
 And al þing forsake þat myht hyr let.  
 For wych entent, by an heuenly inspyracyoun,  
 In a wyldyrnesse she took hyr habytacyoun, 1175  
 Ordeynyd by aungelys in a bareyn plaas;  
 Wher thretty wyntyr she vnk(n)owyn was.
- In wych place was growyng no tre,  
 Ner herbe ner watyr ner no solace  
 To hyr bodyly counfort, in no degre; 1180  
 And þis was oonly to shew þat grace  
 Of oure saueoure so hyre dede embrace  
 That he hyr wold in euerych nede  
 Wyth heuenely fode alone do fede.
- For euery day in þat desolat plaas 1185  
 Seuene sythys in-to þe eyr ful hye

- Wyth aungelys handys she up lyftyd was,  
 And wyth hyr bodyly eerys heuently armonye  
 Ther she herd, wyth wych melodye  
 1190 In body & soule she fede was so wele  
 Pat of bodyly food she nedyd no dele.  
 And in þis mene-tyme it so befelle  
 That a prest, desyryng to lyue solytarly,  
 But twelue furlong he made a selle  
 1195 From þat place where dwellyd Mary;  
 And þer he hym occupyid ful holyly  
 In studye of deuouth contemplacyoun.  
 Whom god þer shewyd þis reuelacyoun:  
 Hym þought, he sey wyth hys bodyly yhe  
 1200 Aungels come down in greth bryhtnesse  
 And beryn up a body a-bouyn þe skye,  
 Of melodyous song wy<sup>t</sup> greth swetnesse,  
 An whan an our or more, as he dede gesse,  
 Thay þer had ben meryly syngyng,  
 1205 To þe seyð place þei it down dede bryng.  
 And whan þe prest had seyn þis syht,  
 Desyryng to knowyn ful feruently  
 What þing it was, yf it be myht,  
 Purposyd hym to go þe place more ny;  
 1210 But fyrst he prayid god deuouthly  
 Th(a)t in hys iourne he hym wold spede  
 And to þat place þe ryht wey hym lede.  
 But whan he þus forthward was goon  
 And to þe place gan to comyn as ny  
 1215 As a man myht haue kast a stoon,  
 Hys leggys to faltryn gunne sodeynly,  
 That he no ferthyr goon my<sup>t</sup>, sothly;  
 But for to return homwerd ageyn  
 Hys leggys wer myhty I-nowe, certeyn.  
 1220 And whan he assayid had þus fro & to  
 Dyuers sythys & it wold not be,  
 Hym þought it was not for to do  
 Thyddyrward to presyn as in þat degre,  
 For it to knowyn vnworthy was he,  
 1225 As hym semyd; wherfore ful hye  
 In þe name of oure sauour he þus dede crye:  
 „I coniure þe by þe uertu pure



Of god, þou þat art dwellyng  
 In þat kaue, yf a resonable creature  
 Thou be, let me haue knolechyng 1230

What þou art, wyth-oute feynyng!“

And þis thryis seyð, Mary ageyn  
 To hym þus answerd in wordys pleyn :

„Come hedyr more nere & of euere thyng  
 Wych þi soule desyryth inuereyd to be, 1235

Thou shalt han suffycent certyfyng,  
 As mych as it nedyth to be k(n)owyn of þe.“

And anoon ful feerfully furth went he;  
 But vnneth he goon had half þe waye,  
 That þus to hym Mary efthsonys dede saye: 1240

„Hast þou ony mynd in þe gospel  
 Of oon Marye most famous synnere,

Wych, as Luk pleynly doth tel,  
 Crystys feet wysh wy<sup>t</sup> many a tere  
 And aftyr hem wypt wy<sup>t</sup> hir owyn here, 1245

And so of hir synnys by goddys grace  
 Plenere indulgence she dede purchase?“

„Thys, *quod* þe prest, I haue good mynde,  
 An thretty wyntyr ben passyd & mo,

As in holy chyrche we wr(i)ttyn fynde, 1250  
 Syth she mennys cumpany departyd fro.“

„I am þat same, *quod* Marye tho,  
 And in þis place her solytaryly  
 Alle þis tym vnknowyn dwellyd haue I.

And, lych as þou were suffryd to se 1255  
 Yistryday, ryht cotydyanly

Aungelys lyftyn seuene sythys up me,  
 And han doon, syth fyrst hedyr cam I.  
 And for now it plesyth oure lordys mercy

Me up to take to contynuel b(l)ys, 1260  
 To blyssyd Maxymyn go tel al þis!

And moreouyr I wyl þou hym sey also  
 That on esterneday next folwyng,

Whan he up rysyth, as he is wone to do,  
 To matynys in þe grey morwenyng, 1265  
 To hys oratorye he go wy<sup>t</sup>-oute lettyng :

- Wher by holy aungelys mynystery  
 He me brouht shal fyndyn ful redy.“  
 And whan þe prest þis voys herd had  
 1270 Lych þe voys of an aungel clere,  
 Thow he nouht sey, yet ful glad  
 He was to ben þe massager  
 Of so holy & of so blyssyd mater;  
 And to Maxymyn he went redyly  
 1275 And dede hys erand euene by & by.  
 Whan Maxymyn herd had al thys  
 Of þe prest, on-to oure saluatour  
 Wyth al þe entent of hys hert, I-wys,  
 He yaf þankyng, laude & honour.  
 1280 And þe day assygnyd & eek þe our,  
 In his oratory Mary he fonde stondyng  
 Among aungels handys, wych hyr þedyr dede  
 bryng.  
 And on þis wyse was hyre stondyng:  
 From þe erth fully two cobytyz space,  
 1285 Aungelys handys hir up holdyng;  
 And so greth bryhtnesse was in hir face  
 That esyere yt was þe sonnys compace  
 In þe clerest day to beholdyn & se  
 Than þe bryhtnesse of hyr beute.  
 1290 Maxymyn, þis seyng, abasshyd was  
 To behold þe bryhtnesse of hyr cher.  
 And anoon to hym she turnyd hyr faas  
 And seyde: „fadyr, beth not in dwer,  
 But boldely, fadyr, comyth to me ner:  
 1295 I am your doughtyr, why do ye fle?  
 Wherefore, fadyr, dreedles comyth to me!“  
 And whan gadyrd was al þe clergy  
 And þe seyde preste present was þer,  
 Of þe bysshyp she receyuyd Crystys body,  
 1300 Out shedyng many a wepyng ter.  
 And euene furth-wyth wyth-owtyn fer  
 Beforn þe auter she hyr down dede leye,  
 And wyth-owte ony peyne she þere dede deye.  
 And whan furth passyd þe soule waas  
 1305 Of þis blyssyd wumman & most holy,  
 A ful redolent odour in þat same plaas

Euene forwyth grew sodeynly,  
 Wych seüene dayis aftyr lastyd contunelly;  
 Wher-by many oon of þer sekennesse  
 Were curyd, thorgh meryth of hyr goodnesse. 1310  
 And aftyr þis blyssyd Maxymyn  
 The body ther beryid deuouthly  
 Of þe apostelesse Marye Mawdelyn,  
 Wyth oynement anoyntyng, smellyng swetly.  
 And whan he shuld deyin, euene hyr by 1315  
 He chargyd hys body beryid to be.  
 And so it was, wyth greth solemnyte.  
 But long tym aftyr, whan þe yere of grace  
 On seuen hundryd ran & fourty & nyne,  
 Translatyd was from þis seyde place  
 Thys holy apostelesse Marye Mawdelyn 1320  
 To Vizelyac, & þer leyd in shryne,  
 By oon clepyd Gyrard, a lord in Burgundye;  
 Wher, as men wene, she yet doth lye. —  
 Now, gloryous apostolesse, wych aboue þe skye  
 Crownyd art in blysse in þe heuenely regyoun, 1325  
 Thy seruauentys in erthe gouern & gye  
 And euere-more hem kepe vndyr þi proteccyoun,  
 And of her synnys hem purchase remyssyoun,  
 And whan here mortal fate doth hem hens sende,  
 To þe ioye hem bryng, wych neuere shal haue 1330  
 ende. Amen.

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## IX. THE PROLOGE IN-TO SEYNT KATERYNS LYF.

**K**ateryne of „Cata“, wych is „Al“ to seyne,  
 And „rima“, wych a „Fal“ do sygnyfye,  
 Dyryuyid is: wher-by, in wurdys pleyne,  
 That in hyre doün fel, we moun aspye,  
 Al pat þe deuylle kan edyfye, 5  
 As by mekenesse pryde, lust by maydynhood,  
 And coueytysse by contempt of werldly good.

2 l. „ruina“ (so L. A.).

- Oor ellys þat wurd Katerina,  
 As in þe goldene legende seyth Januence,  
 10 Is as mych to seyn as „cathenula“,  
 Wych is a „cheyne“; & þis is þe sentence  
 There-of: þat she by copyous affluence  
 Of good werkys hyr maad a cheyne  
 By wych to heuene she myht atteyne.
- 15 And þis cheyn, aftyr þe seyð clerk,  
 Had foure lynkys or foure-fold degre:  
 Of wych þe fyrst is *innocens* of werk,  
 Clennesse of herte þe secunde puttyth he,  
 The thrydde is despyht of uanyte,  
 20 Therthe (!) is uoydaunce of sleithe *in* speche.  
 Wych foure þe prophete þus doth us teche:  
 „Who shal up steye to þe hyl, *quod* he,  
 Of oure lord or stondyn in hys place holy?  
 Innocent in handys, & in herte puryte
- 25 Wych hath, in hys soule not takyth veynly,  
 Ner to hys neychbore sweryth treccherously.“  
 But howe þese foure were in blyssyd Kateryne,  
 The processe of hyr legende kan determyne.
- Wych to declaryn er I furth *procede*,  
 30 I the beseche, o gloryous uirgyne,  
 Vouchesaf me so in treuthe to lede  
 Of wurd & werk þat I neuere declyne  
 From it; & whan þat I shal fyne  
 My temporal lyf, help, þat I may
- 35 To þat blysse ascende wher þou regnyst ay.  
 More-ouyr alle þo þat redyn or here  
 Shal þis tretimys, as lowly as I kan  
 I beseche, no-wyse to lokyn here  
 That I shuld telle hou she fyrst began
- 40 To be crystyne & howe oon clepyd Adryan  
 Hyr *conuertyd* & crystnyd *in* hyr youthe —  
 For þat mater to me is ful vnkouthe.
- But who-so lyst knowleche for to haue  
 And *in* þat mater enuereyd to be,  
 45 My fadrys book, maystyr Joon Capgraue,  
 Wych þat but newly compylde he,  
 Mote he seke, & he þere shal se

20 Ms. Therth st. The ferthe. 22 A. R.: Quis ascendet in montem domini & c. Ps. 23. 45 A. R.: Capgraue de vita S. Kather.

In baladys, rymyd ful craftyly,  
 Alle þat for *ignorance* here now leue I.  
 But for as mych as þat book is rare 50  
 And straunge to gete, at myn estymacyoun,  
 Compendyously of al I wyl declare  
 No more but oonly þe passyoun,  
 Of Kateryne Howard to gostly *consolacyoun*,  
 And to *conforte* eek of Denston Kateryne, 55  
 If *grace* my wyt wyl illumyne.  
 O blysful Jhesu, sum beem lete shyne  
 Vp-on me of heuenely influence,  
 That þis legende beganne I may *termyne*,  
 To þat holy uirgyns laude & reuerence 60  
 Wych next þi modyr hath þe excellence  
 Of uirgynyte by many a *prerogatyf*,  
 As by þe *processys* is shewyd of hyr lyf.

### HERE BEGYNNYS THE LYF OF SEYNT KATERYNE.

**W**hylom, whyl Maxence was emperoure,  
 Of crysten peple a cruel tormentour, 65  
 Lych as þe story us doth telle  
 In þe cyte of Alysaundyr dede dwelle  
 A maydyn yinge, ful feyr of faas,  
 Wych of kyng Constaunce doughtyr was,  
 Kateryn be name. whom dam Nature 70  
 Youyn had ful many a feyr feture;  
 For, as it semyd. in hyre formyng  
 She foryetyn had ych opir þing —  
 So besy she was on hyr to pore  
 Al hyre tresoure, þat very pore 75  
 She semyd to be whan she had do.  
 And to þe yiftys of nature also  
 So greth plente addyd dame Grace  
 Of hyr tresour, þat in short space  
 By solycytude & good dylygence 80  
 Informyd she was in yche scyence  
 Of þe seuene wych be clepyd lyberal,

49 Ms. *ignorance*. 69 l. kyng Costus.

So profoundly, þat greth ner smal  
 Was no clerk founde in þat cuntre,  
 85 What-euere he were or of what degre,  
 But þat she wy<sup>t</sup> hym coude comune.  
 What shuld I speke of hyre fortune,  
 Wych was ryht greth: for, as I seyð before,  
 A kyngys doughtyr she was bore;  
 90 To whom hyr fadyr in hys deying,  
 For he hyr louyd past al thyng,  
 Of werdly good left greth habundaunce.  
 But so wyth *grace* hyr god dede auauunce  
 That al þe thyngys she set at noht  
 95 Wych been *transytorye*; for in hyr þouht  
 She hyr purposyd for to purchase  
 The goodys wych neuere away shul pace  
 Ner neuere ende nere neuere mysse,  
 As uertu in erthe & ioye & blysse  
 100 Aftyr þis lyf in heuene to leed.  
 For wych entent *in almesse-dede*  
 She hyre occupyd & in preying,  
 In hyre fadrys paleys dwellyng. —  
 And whan she eyghtene yere was of age,  
 105 Thys seyð Maxence in hys fers rage  
 Dede make a general *proclamacyoun*,  
 Chargyng al men to Alysaundy(r) toun,  
 Both pore & ryche, at assygnyd day  
 To comyn, ych in hys best aray,  
 110 Wher he hym purposyd *in solemne wyse*  
 To hys goddys to make a sacryfyse,  
 Wylllyng alle men þe same to do;  
 And yf ony þere were þat nolde so,  
 But rebellyd ageyns hys seyð entent,  
 115 He fully ordeynyd þat by iugement  
 He cruelly shuld be brought adawe,  
 As a *transgressour* of hys lawe  
 And of crystene feyth as a *meyn*tenour.  
 And whan þe tyme come was & þe our  
 120 That þis sacryfyse shuld be do,  
 Greth confluence of peple cam þer-to,  
 Wy<sup>t</sup> hem bryngyng, as was þe guyse,  
 Summe beestys, sume foullys, to sacryfyse;

And sumie come wych in here *preuy entent*  
 To do sacryfyse no-þinge ment, 125  
 For in affeccyoun þei crystene were.  
 And as þei alle were assemblyd þere,  
 Redy to makyn here offryng,  
 Anoon at þe comaundement of þe kyng  
 The trumpettys lowde begun to blowe: 130  
 Wher-by at ych man myht knowe  
 Whan þai shuld make her offryng.  
 And fyrst of alle began þe kyng,  
 Aftyr þe guyse of þere vsaunce.  
 Wher many a spere & many a launce 135  
 And many a swerde men myht se drawe,  
 The bestys to sle wych aftyr þe lawe  
 In þere sacryfyse shuld offryd be.  
 And whyl þei were besy in sundry degre  
 To sacryfyse wyth dew dyligence 140  
 To her goddys plesaunce & reuerence,  
 The noyse of þe bestys & peplys cry,  
 The voys of orgons & of dyuers menstraley  
 So swyitly þe eyr dede furth dryue,  
 That to Katerynys eerys þe sounde cam blyue. 145  
 And anoon, to wetyn what it ment,  
 A massager priuily she þidder sent.  
 And whan she had lernyd clause by clause  
 Of þis greth noyse what was þe cause 150  
 And how it stood & in what degre,  
 She wyth hyr took of hyre meyne  
 Swych as hyre lyst, & in ful sad wyse  
 Thedyr went wher þei dede sacryfyse.  
 Whedyr whan she kam. she dede aspye  
 Among hem many a wepyng yhe 155  
 Of swych as priuily crystyn were  
 And sacryfysyd oonly of deth for fere.  
 And whan (she) þis sey, she was sory,  
 And euene furth-wyth ful deuoutly,  
 Hyr cause comendyng to goddys grace, 160  
 Wyth Crystys cros she merkyd hyr face  
 And eek hyr brest, & wyth sad chere,  
 Wher þe emperour was, she drew nere.  
 And as he was occupyd in hys sacryfyse,

165 To hym she seyde euene in þis wyse:  
 „The to salusyn, o syre emperour,  
 Wych lord art here & eek gouernour,  
 The dygnyte of þin ordur us shuld compelle  
 And þe weye of resoun þe same doth telle,  
 170 Yf þese sacryfysys wych þou doost to  
 These fals goddys, þou woldyst do  
 To oo god aboue, wych is creatour  
 Of heuene & of erthe, & sool gouernour,  
 And of al ther-yn wych is conteynyd.  
 175 But þese whom mannys errour hath feynyd  
 To be goddys, ury deuelys be  
 Or deuelys dennys; wherfore ye  
 Wrongfully to hem doon sacryfyse.“  
 And anon she began in crafty wyse,  
 180 Stondyng beforn þe temple gate,  
 By dyuers conclusyons hyr to dylate,  
 And by many sylogysmys & by many an argument  
 She þer dyserthly shewyd hyr entent.  
 And whan she had longe þis-wyse do,  
 185 The emperour hyr wurdys she turnyd to  
 And seyde: „syre emperour, loo in þis wyse  
 To þe I haue spokyn as to þe wyse;  
 But nowe I wyl return to comown speche.  
 Telle me þe cause, I the beseche,  
 190 Why hast þou gadryd þis multytude  
 Thus in veyn of þis peple rude,  
 Of youre goddys to wurshyp þe fonnydnesse?  
 What is þe skyl, telle me expresse,  
 Why þou so wundryst þis temple hye,  
 195 By masouns handys her maad redy,  
 The ornamentys þer-of & eke þe ar(a)y,  
 Wych, be þai neuere so fresh & gay,  
 Yet shul þei rote & a-wey pace,  
 As doth dust beforn þe wyndys face?  
 200 Maruayle rathyr by al resoun  
 Why heuene is up & erthe is down,  
 And al þe contentys wy<sup>t</sup>-yn both-tuo,  
 As fysshys & foullys; maruayle also  
 The heuenys orbiculer reuolucyoun  
 205 From est to west wyth-oute cessacyoun,



And why sunne & mone wy<sup>t</sup> opir sterrys fyue  
 Contraryous cours geyn al heuene dryue,  
 And han doon from þe werldys begynnyng  
 And shul to þe ende, wy<sup>t</sup>-owte secyng  
 Her offyhs performyng to þat entente 210  
 That þei wer set fore in þe fyrmament.  
 And whan þou wel hast consydereyd al þis,  
 Vndyrstonde þat oon yet myhtyere is  
 Than al þem, of alle þe creatour,  
 Vnmeuable & of alle opir þe motour; 215  
 And yf þou thurgh grace gun hym aspye,  
 Hym preyse, hym wurshype, hym gloryfyē!  
 For he is god alone, & noon but he.“  
 And whan on þis wyse longe had she  
 Hyr dylatyed by many a resoun. 220  
 And more-ouyr of Crystys incarnacyoun  
 Mych thyng dysputyd prudently,  
 The emperour astoynyed was inwardly,  
 And to hyr he seyde on þis wyse:  
 „Wumman, lete us our sacryfyse 225  
 Performyn & endyn as gunne haue we,  
 And þan, douthles, þou shalt answerd be.“  
 And anoon forwyth he commaundyed & bad  
 That to hys paleys she shuld be lad,  
 And to be kept wyth good dylygence. 230  
 And grethly he maruaylyd of hyr prudence  
 In hyr talkyng, & of þe greth beute  
 Wych she hadde in excellent degre,  
 Past alle opir, as to hys eye,  
 That euere to-forn he had seye; 235  
 Wherefore he purposyd wy<sup>t</sup> al hys myht  
 Hyr ageyn to wyn, yf at he myht.  
 And whan þat hys sacryfyse was al do  
 And returnyd hys paleys he was to,  
 He hyr bade be brouht to hys presence. 240  
 To whom he þus uttryde hys sentence:  
 „Damysel, ye knowe in what wyse  
 Thys day, whyl we in oure seruyse  
 Occupyd were ful deuouthly,  
 To us ye precyde euene opynly 245  
 And by maner of an exhortacyoun

Ye þere maad a longe peroracyoun,  
 In wych we perceyuyd greth eloquence  
 And wern eek ameruaylyd of youre prudence;  
 250 But, for as myche as oure wyttys applyid  
 Were þat tyme & fully occupyid  
 In excucyoun of oure sacryfyse  
 On-to oure goddys aftyr oure lawys gwyse,  
 We myht not wel takyn your entent  
 255 Ner clerly vndyrstond what ye ment;  
 And þefore home hedyr on-to oure place  
 We you sent, tyl more leugere space  
 And lasere we my han of talkyng.  
 Wherfore nowe at þe begynnyng,  
 260 Er we ferþere forth do procede,  
 Fyrst I wyl knowe of your kynrede;  
 And whan þat to me opyn is & clere,  
 Than wyl I spekyn of oþir matere.“  
 To whom Kateryne wy<sup>t</sup> ful sad chere  
 265 An answer yaf in þis manere:  
 „Syr, as I fynd wrytyn by a poete:  
 No man shuld hym-self byyete  
 Ner extollyn hym-self by pompous fame,  
 Nor ouyr-mych puttyn hym-self in blame,  
 270 For so doou folys, *quod* he. suthly,  
 Wych ben uexyd wy<sup>t</sup> veyn-glory.  
 Wherfore neythyr I wyl hyde  
 My byrth, ner wyth pompous pride  
 Magnyfyin it more þan yt is.  
 275 A kyngys doughtyr I was, I-wys,  
 Wych deed is ful longe a-go,  
 And but me chyldryn he left no mo;  
 Wherfore hys eyr I am by ryht  
 Of resoun. & Kateryne I hycht.  
 280 But not-wythstondyng þat I was bore  
 In purpyl & instruct in þe lore  
 Of þe seune scyencys clepyd liberal,  
 Yet by my kunnynge ryht not at al  
 I set ner by þe greth honour  
 285 Of my byrth, wych at þis our  
 Wyth al myn hert I her forsake  
 And set at nouht for Crystys sake,

Wych is my spouse, my lord, my loue,  
 For whoos sake to suffryn reprove  
 I now am redy, & euere shal be. 290  
 For opir god is per noon but he;  
 For he is myhty, wytty, ful of goodnesse,  
 And redy to helpyn at ych dystresse,  
 And kan no-wyse hys grace denye  
 To hem, in nede wych to hym crye. 295  
 But alle þo goddys of wych ye yelpe,  
 So feble ben þat þai ne helpe  
 May neythyr hem-self ner opir man.  
 Mych folys, me semyth, be þai þan  
 That puttyn per trust in swych godheed 300  
 Wych may not helpyn hem at her need  
 Ner in trybulacyoun socour sende  
 Ner from no peryls hem defende.“  
 „Than folwyth yt þus, *quod* þe *emperour*,  
 That al þe werd erryth at þis our 305  
 In þe myschef of fals byleue  
 And kan not to þe treuth acheue,  
 Saf þou alone; wych may not be,  
 For in the mouþ stondyth of two or thre  
 Al wytnesse, as techyn þe wyse. 310  
 And not in oon aloon, as þou doost deuyse.  
 Wherfor, þowe þou wer an aungel  
 Or an heuenly vertu and dydyst us tel  
 The contrarye of þat we beleue,  
 We no-wyse awte þe to leue. 315  
 And mych more now, syth þou no art  
 Neythyr aungel ne hast no part  
 Of heuenly vertu, but by natur  
 A wumman þou art & a frele creatur,  
 Wych is euere uaryaunth & vnstable, 320  
 Fykyl, fals and deceyuable,  
 As we wele knowyn by experyence,  
 We owe to yeuyn no credence  
 On-to þi wurdys nere to þi speche.“  
 „Syr *emperour*, *quod* she, I yow beseche, 325  
 Suffre not your-self of crudelyte  
 Ner of woodnesse ouyrcome to be —  
 For in þe soule of a wyhs man

No passyoun of trouble abyde can.  
 330 Wherfore, syr, beth reulyd by equyte,  
 If ye lyst to reioyse yow of lyberte!  
 For, as in a poete ye fynd moun:  
 Who þat is reulyd by resoun  
 And not by hys senswal felyng,  
 335 Hath wurthyly þe name of a kyng;  
 And þer-ageyn, who-so ne wyl  
 By resoun be reulyd & by skyl  
 But folwyth þe lust of senswalyte,  
 Thow he emperour, kyng or kayser be,  
 340 He ne may for al hys hy lynage  
 The tytyl auoydyn of seruage.  
 Wherfore, syr, by counsel of me  
 Haboundyth you in uerteuous lyberte,  
 Wych euere conseruyn wyl your honour.“  
 345 „A, I se rycht wele. *quod* þe emperour,  
 That wyth þi treccherous sotylte  
 Vs to snarlyn þou besyist þe  
 And by exaūplys of phylosophye  
 To bryngyn us all to þi folye;  
 350 I aspyd haue alle þine entent.“  
 And furth-wyth to presoun he hyr sent,  
 There to abydyn hys lasere.  
 And anoon he sent a massagere  
 Wyth lettrys on-to al þe clergie  
 355 That was wyth-yn hys tyrannye,  
 Chargyng þat alle þe maystrys of gramer  
 And of rethoryk eek, both fer & ner,  
 In as hasty wyse as yt myht be do  
 The pretory of Alysaundyr shuld come to,  
 360 Wyth a maydyn þer to contende  
 Wych to be whys dede pretende;  
 Of whom yf þai myht han victory,  
 Thei rewardyd shuld be wurthyly.  
 And anoon of dyuers prouyncys wer souht  
 365 Rethoryens & to Alysaundyr broht,  
 Fyfty, wych þat in her connyng  
 Excellyd alle opir men lyuyng,  
 As of hem was blowe þe opynyoun  
 By þe trumpet of fame fro town to toun.

And whan þai come þe emperour before, 370  
 They askyd cause why & wherfore  
 They aftyr wer sent in so hasty wyse.  
 „Syr, *quod* þe emperour, for ye ben wyse  
 And I of wysdam haue greth myster;  
 For in my courght wyth me her 375  
 A maydyn I haue wych doth *pretende*  
 I(n) wyt to passyn alle men lyuende,  
 And despysyth our goddys & hem doth calle  
 Deuelys or deuelys dennys alle;  
 And to enforcyn wyth hyr entent, 380  
 She multiplyith many an argument,  
 And alle þat she seyth, by poysye,  
 By rethoryk or ellys by phylosophye  
 She confermyth ryht marualously.  
 Of whom yf ye kun gete þe vycory, 385  
 I shal rewarde you wele for your labour  
 And home ageyn sendyn wyth greth honour.“  
 Whan þis was seyð, wyth greth dysdeyn  
 Thus oon of hem answerd ageyn:  
 „Syr emperoure, saf oonly youre reuerence, 390  
 Of your counsel þe inaduertence  
 I maruayle grethly, & þat ye wold calle  
 Hedyr from so fer us alle,  
 And specyaly for so smal a mater;  
 To wych had suffycyd þe leste seoler 395  
 Of ony of us, I dar ryht wele seyn.“  
 To whom þe emperour þis seyð ageyn:  
 „I knowe wele þat wyth fors of myht  
 Hyr to sacryfyse compellyn I myht,  
 And eke by vyolence of peyne 400  
 Hyr pompous language I myht restreyn  
 And puttyn hyr by turment to sylence;  
 But bettyr, me semyth, is þe sentence  
 That wyth þe wysdam & þe sotylte  
 Of youre argumentys she concludyd be, 405  
 Euene so opynly *that* she ne may  
 To be conuyctyd onys seyn nay.  
 And whan ye han doon, þan wyl I  
 Inducyn hyre to oure byleue softly,  
 Or ellys compellyn hyr by torment. 410

Lo, syrs, now knowe ye myn entent;  
 Do ye youre deuer, as ye kun & moun!“  
 And in mene-whyle in a dyrk prysoun  
 Kateryne was kept: to whom þe caas  
 415 Of þis conflyeth pleynty told was.  
 And whan she it herd, ful deuouthly  
 Doun she knelyd & to god on hy  
 Comendyd hyr cause in hir mater.  
 And euene furth-wyth þer dede aper  
 420 An aungel bryht & bad þat she  
 In ony wyse shuld of good confort be,  
 And told hyr sekyr þat not oonly  
 She þe next (morwe) shuld han victory  
 Of alle þese clerkys, but eek conuerte  
 425 She shuld hem alle, & þei in herte  
 Ful conuertyd, thorgh a specyall grace  
 By martyrdam shuld to heuen-blysse pace.  
 And on þe next morwe ryht by tyme  
 The emperour was redy anoon by prime  
 430 And set hym on hys sete trybunal;  
 And anoon to-forn hym he dyde furth cal  
 Kateryne & set hyr on þe to syde,  
 And euene ageyn hyr ful of pryde  
 The fyfty oratours he dede sete.  
 435 And whan Kateryne þis sey, wyth-oute lete  
 On-to þe emperour she þus dede seye:  
 „By what resoun ys þis doon, I preye,  
 That ageynys oo maydyn tendyr & ying  
 Fyfty greth clerkys þou doost furth bryng?  
 440 Whom, of me victory yf þei han moūn,  
 Thow hast promyssyd greth guerdoun,  
 Greth wursype eek & greth honour;  
 And me þou puttyst to þis labour  
 Wyth-owtyn helpe as from þe ward,  
 445 Thow I be vyctryhs, wyth-owt reward  
 Or thank or wurshyp or dygnyte.  
 But not-for-þan, o seynours, syth we  
 Assemblyd ben her in opyn place,  
 Of yow I ask leyser & space  
 450 Myn entent pleynty for to declare,  
 Wyth-owte rethoryk, in wurdys bare,

Or argumentatyf dysceptacyoun;  
 For, treuly, I mak a *protestacyoun*  
 That, syth I am in Crystys sacramentys  
 Instruct, I forsake alle argumentys 455  
 Of seculer kunnyng & of phylosophye,  
 And opir thyng to kun I now denye  
 Than *hym* wych welle is of alle uertu  
 And of al kunnyng, my lord Cryst Jhesu,  
 The yiuere of whom eek of noht; 460  
 The fadyr of heuene al thyng wrouht,  
 Both heuene & erth & al þat þer-ynne  
 Conteynyd is; wych aftyr for synne  
 Of mankynd in a uirgyn pure  
 The freelnesse took of oure nature 465  
 And man becam for mannys lofe,  
 And, hys cheryte þat man myht *profe*,  
 Wylfully for man he dede deye,  
 The thryd day roos, & to heuen upsteye  
 The fourty day, pleyntyly, by reuolucyoun, 470  
 Aftyr he had suffryd hys passyoun;  
 Wher þat he yet regnyng is,  
 Wyth hys fadyr egal in blys,  
 And euere-more shal, tyl it *hym* gueme  
 To returnyn ageyn & to deme 475  
 Both qwyke & deed as þei deserue,  
 Punysshynge hem þat in syn sterue  
 Wyth peynys in helle intermynable,  
 Rewardyng hem wych ben stable  
 In uertu wyth euere-lastyng blysse. 480  
 Lo, syrs, þis my phylosophy ys,  
 Myn wyt, myn art & al my kunnyng,  
 Bysyde wych I knouleche to kun no þyng;  
 Thys kunnyng passyth al tresore & cophyrs.“  
 And whan þis was seyde, al þe phylosofyrs 485  
 So astoynyd wer of hyr talkyng  
 That noon of hem coude wurd furth bryng,  
 But stodyn as styлле as newe-shorn shepe.  
 And whan þe emperour of hem took kepe  
 And how þei down were, in hys fers rage 490  
 To hem he vttryd þis language:  
 „O ye lewyd knauys, what eylyth yow?

Wher is your pompous phylosophye now?  
 Wher is your bost & your anauntyng  
 495 Pat ye madyn at youre fyrst comyng?  
 Why stonde ye þus styлле? be ye tunglees?“  
 And wyth þat wurd oon put hym in prees,  
 Wych wurthyest was hold of þat company,  
 And seyde: „þus we wyl ye knowe pleynty:  
 500 That, syth we fyrst kunnyng dede vnderstonde,  
 We neuere noon founde cowde us wyth-stonde  
 But þat we of hym had þe victory,  
 Safe alone þis mayde wych stant her by,  
 Wych so is fulfylld wy' þe influence  
 505 Of goddys spyryht & wyth so hy prudence  
 Vttryth hyr language, þat our wytty alle  
 Wyth hyr greth kunnyng she doth appalle,  
 So fer furth þat by no-maner weye  
 We kunne ne moun hyr doctryn geyn-sey.  
 510 Wherfore fynally, as in þis thyng,  
 We wyl þou haue uere knowlechyng:  
 That, lesse þan þou kunne a more able  
 Sect (!) furth bryng & more probable  
 Of þi goddys wych in-to þis our  
 515 We wurshepyd han & doon honour,  
 We hem vttyrly here forsake  
 And to Crystys feyt we us betake.“  
 Whan Maxence þis answer dede here,  
 He comawndyd anoon a ryht greth fere  
 520 In þe myddys to be maade of þe cyte,  
 And hem alle þer-ynne for to kast be,  
 Faste bound both hand & foote.  
 Whom Kateryn wyth hyr wurdys soote  
 Ful dilygently dede counforte  
 525 And to stedfast pacyence eek exhorte,  
 And fully instruct hem in þe feyth  
 Of Cryst Jhesu. Of wych oon seyth:  
 „The most heynesse þat now haue we,  
 Is þat we mo<sup>w</sup> not baptyssyd be  
 530 Er þan we deye“. *Quod* Kateryne tho:  
 „Of þat mater lettyth al dreed go,  
 For of your blood þe reed streme  
 Shal been to you suffycyent bapteme



And able to bryng you to þe blysse of heuene.“  
 And euene furth-wyth in þe myd-leuene 535  
 They alle wer throwe, ful faste bounde.  
 But þe fals byleue for to confounde  
 Of þe hethen peple, god thorgh hys *grace*  
 Thys greth myracle shewyd in þat place:  
 That, as soon as þei fel in þe feer, 540  
 Wyth þat brent both feyr & cler,  
 Here soulys þei yolde to goddys mercy,  
 Wyth-owtyn ony hurt of here body  
 Or heer of heed or threde of cloth.  
 And þou þe emperour wer neuyr so wroth, 545  
 Crystene men deden here besy cure  
 Here bodyes to bryng to sepulture.  
 And þis doon, anoon þe same our  
 To hys *presence* comaundyd þe emperour  
 Kateryne be brouht, & wyt glad chere 550  
 To hyre he seyde on þis manere:  
 „O maydyn ful of al gentylnesse,  
 Whos face for þe greth beuteuou(sne)sse  
 Were wurthy to were purpyl *emperyal*,  
 Lystne what I to þe now seyn shal! 555  
 Counsele þi youth, as I þe deuyse,  
 And to oure goddys lowly do saeryfyse,  
 And I þe behete þat þou shalt been  
 Secund in my paleyis aftyr þe quen;  
 And more-ouyr aftyr þi lyknesse 560  
 I shal do *grauyn* of marbyl expresse  
 A gloryous ymage wyt sceptyr in hond,  
 Wyth in þe myddys of þe cyte shal stond,  
 Wher-to ych man wyth deuouth reuerence  
 As to a goddes shal offryn frankencence, 565  
 As long as stondyn shal þis cyte.“  
*Quod* Kateryne: „cece swych þingys to me  
 To seyn, & of swych language blyune,  
 Wyth for to thynkyn is greth synne!  
 I nede no-thing swych veyn fauour, 570  
 Wyth sekyr am of mych *gretter* honour  
 Than þou mayst yeuyn: for chosyn hath me  
 My lord Jhesu Cryst hys spouse to be.  
 He is my ioy, he is myn helth,  
 My loue, my counforth & al my welth; 575

From whos loue neþir flattery  
 Of wurdys gaye ner tormentry,  
 Whyl þat I lyue, dysceuyr shal me.“  
 And anoon þe tyraunt in hys cruelte  
 580 Comaundyd þat she wyth-oute taryng  
 Dyspoylyd shuld be of hyr clothyng  
 And be so longe wyth skourgys bete  
 Tyl al hyr body dede rede blood swete.  
 And whan fulfyllyd was hys commaundement,  
 585 To a dyrk prysoun he hyr sent,  
 And chargyd þat twelue dayis folwyng  
 Mete ner drynk shuld no man hyr brynge, —  
 He purposyng hyr to enfamyne,  
 Lesse to hys wylle she wolde inclyne.  
 590 In wych mene-tyme — so stode þe caas —  
 For certeyn causys constreynyd he was  
 The extremal marchys of hys regyoun  
 To vysyte. for wych conclusyoun  
 Whan he was goon, steryd was þe quen  
 595 Of inward affeccyoun, Kateryne to seen;  
 And anoon furth-wyth hyr purpose  
 To oon Porfyrye she dede oncloos,  
 Wych prynce of cheualrye wy<sup>t</sup> þe emperour  
 Was & moost stood in hys fauour  
 600 And at hys lust myht reulyn ych offycer;  
 Whom she preyid þat þe gayler  
 So wyth yiftys for to contente,  
 That she atteyn myht hyr entente.  
 And anoon Porfyrye dede hys deuer  
 605 And so hym demenyd wyth ych offycer  
 That, wher þem lyst, þei myht go.  
 Who was mery but þe quen þo!  
 And aftyr þis, as priuily as þei myht,  
 The fyrst vygyl euene of þe nyht  
 610 To-gedyr þei went both<sup>e</sup>-two,  
 The quen & Porfyry, þe prisoun-ward to.  
 And whan þei entryd were þe place  
 Where Kateryne was, þorgh goddys grace  
 They anoon perceyuyd so greth a lyht,  
 615 That þe bryhnesse þer-of þei suffre ne my<sup>t</sup>;  
 Werfoor þei doun fel to grounde

589 i in inclyne aus e corr. 597 Ms. encloos st. oncloos. 598 Ms. cleualry<sup>e</sup>.  
 603 Ms. The st. That. 606 Ms. þe mit überschr. i.

Both-twò to-gedyr þe same stounde.  
 And sodeynly of so swete sauour  
 And of so greth conforth & adour  
 In-to þer nosethyrllys dede ascende, 620  
 Pat alle here spyrytys begunne to amende  
 And were reuyguryd in wundry wyse.  
 And goodly hem Kateryne bade up ryse,  
 And counseld hem no-thing to ben aferde,  
 For her hertys desyr god had herde 625  
 And clepyd hem vn-to hys cheualrye.  
 And as þei up rysyn, thei dede aspye  
 Kateryne syttyng ful solemnelly  
 In a gloryous sete, & stondyng hyr by  
 Aungelys, occupyd wyth besy cure 630  
 Hyr woundys for to heel & cure  
 Wyt many a ful swete oynement,  
 Wych wer þan baum more redolent.  
 And anoon aftyr wyth myld chere  
 Kateryne preyid þe quen to come nere. 635  
 Whan she come was, in wurdys pleyn  
 Ful sadly to hyr she þus dede seyn:  
 „Be strong in hert, I þe prey, lady!  
 For þis I wyl þow k(n)owe pleynly  
 That aftyr þe dayis þou shalt pace 640  
 To god in heuene by hys speccyal grace,  
 For by þe prouidence of predestynacyoun  
 Ordeynyd þou art to endlees saluacyoun.  
 Wherefore I counsel þe, be of good herte  
 And drede no peynys, be þei neuere so smert, 645  
 Wych momentanye ben & transytorye;  
 For þe ende þer-of is þat heuenely glorye  
 Wych neuere shal sece but euere endure.  
 Thys marchandyse ys both good & sure,  
 And for a greth auayle may be toulde. 650  
 Wher men payin erthe & receyuyn golde!  
 Þus doon þei wych by martyrdam  
 Receyuyn of heuene þe noble kyngdam.“  
 Quod Porphyrye þan: „we þe beseche,  
 Of þat kyngdam sumwhat us teche: 655  
 Is yt a place of so greth blys?“  
 „Sekyr, quod Kateryne, þat place is

Of so greth bryhtnesse & clerte  
 Pat to no þing yt bettyr lyknyd may be  
 660 And to þe sunne, & yet incomparablylly  
 It is bryhtere & feyrere, sothly.  
 & for to spekyn of þe comodyte:  
 Ther is no trouble ner aduersyte,  
 Noon yre, no rancour ne trystesse.  
 665 No thouht, no languour ner no syknesse,  
 Ner hungyr ner thrust can þer dystreyne;  
 Absent is þens al sorwe & peyne,  
 But her-ageyn þer ys, dowteles,  
 Loue & cheryte, concord and pees,  
 670 Merthe, ioye & euere-lestyng gladnesse,  
 And þat more þan I maye & kane expresse;  
 For, as þe apostyl Joon us doht teche:  
 Was neuere tunge coud telle wyth speche,  
 Nere hert thynk, nere eerys here  
 675 The ioyis wych god hath to hys dere  
 And wele-belouyd ordeynyd aboue  
 In þe blysse of heuene. wherfore to loue  
 Swych a lord myche bounde be we.“  
 And whan þus wyth holy talkyng had she  
 680 Dryuyn furth þe tyme tyl it was mydnyht,  
 Ryht weel counfortyd & in hert maad lyht  
 Wer both þe quen & eek Porphyrye;  
 And anoon þei home returnyd ful myrye,  
 Thankyng god þat he hem grace  
 685 Had youyn hys mercy to purchace,  
 And in affeccyoun so stroung hem make  
 That rather deyin for hys sake  
 Thei wolde þan offence geyn hym do.  
 Two hundyrd knyhtys Porphyrye also,  
 690 Wych on-to hym attendaunth were.  
 Conuertyd & hem þe feyth dede lere;  
 Wych at alle tyme, as þei dede seye,  
 Redy wer wyth hym to lyue & deye. —  
 But not-for-þan style in prysoun  
 695 Kateryne abode in þe seyde domioun.  
 And for as myche as by þe decre  
 Of þe cruel tyraunth meetles was she  
 Ordeynyd to been ful dayis twelue,

In þe mene-tyme Cryst hym-selue  
 From heuene, to compence naturys nede, 700  
 By a whyht dowe hyr dede fede.  
 And whan þe twelue dayis were do,  
 Cryst hym-self aperyd hyre to,  
 Of aungels wyth a greth company,  
 And þus to hyr seyde benygnely: 705  
 „Behoulde here, doughtyr, þi creatour,  
 For whos name of greth labour  
 Thou hast begunnen a batayle;  
 Be stedefast! for I wylnot fayle  
 In euery nede to ben wyth the.“ 710  
 Thys seyde, to heuene returnyd he.  
 Aftyr þis þe nex daye, certeyn,  
 That þe emperour was comyn home ageyn,  
 Aftyr Kateryn to prysoun he sent,  
 Hopyng for hungyr she had be shent 715  
 Or ellys deed. but whan at he  
 Hyr beheld bryhter of ble  
 And of colour fressher in euery wyse  
 Than she was, as he cowde deuysel,  
 Fyrst, or he to prysoun hyre sente, 720  
 In hys woodnesse to tormente  
 The gaylers he chargyt & to bete,  
 Wenying þat þai had youyn hyr mete  
 Or suffre(d) sum opir hyre mete to brynge.  
 Quod Kateryne þan, hem excusynge: 725  
 „Syr, þi men þou betyst wy'-owte gylt,  
 For, trewly I sey — leue yt, yf þou wylt! —  
 Of alle þese twelue dayis wych in prysoun  
 I haue be kept in a derke domioun,  
 I took neuere meet of erthely man, 730  
 Lytyl nere myche; yet not-fo(r)-þan  
 Me hath do fede ful delycatly  
 My lord Jhesu þorgh hys mercy  
 By aungelys handys from day to day.“  
 „Kateryne, quod Maxence, lystyn what I say, 735  
 And let my wurdys synkyn iu þine herte:  
 Thy dowtful answer & ouertwherte  
 Oyse no lenger; for my wyl yt were,  
 Not as an handmayde wyth awe & fere

723 Ms. suffre. 729 Ms. And st. I.

- 740 The to trete, but þat þow shuldyst been  
 In my cowrt honouryd lyche as a quen  
 And þat to þe shuld yche man obeye  
 As to my-self.“ „Syr, I þe preye,  
 Quod Kateryne þan, to my wurdys ageyn  
 745 Tak hede & lystyn what I shal seyn:  
 Dyscern now trewly by a iust sentence  
 Whethyr I owe of uery prudence  
 Rather hym chesyn wych is mychty,  
 Stable & regnyng eternally,  
 750 Gracyous, gloryous, ful of beute,  
 Or hym wych stant in contrarye degre,  
 That is to seyn, myhtlees & vnstable,  
 Whos regne is short & sone meuable,  
 Graceles, vngloryous, ful of deformyte?  
 755 Thus faryth yt be-twyx my lord & the;  
 Wherfore for hym I þe wyl forsake.“  
 „I-wys, quod he, I wyl no more make  
 Swych delayis wyth þe as I haue do;  
 Wherfore nowe chese oon (of) these two:  
 760 Whethyr þow wylt sacryfyse & lyue  
 Or wyth cruel torment to deth be dryue.“  
 To whom þus Kateryn answerd ageyn:  
 „I wyl þou knowe, tyraunth, certeyn,  
 That lyuyn I desyre in swych degre  
 765 That Cryst, my loue, my lyf may be;  
 For whom to deyn I no-thing drede,  
 For fully I trust endlees mede  
 To purchase þer in heuene-blys.  
 Wherfore al þat in þine hert ys  
 770 To me purposyd of tormentry,  
 Dyfferre no lengere! for clepyd am I  
 Of my lord Jhesu, for whos sake  
 I am redy sacryfyse to make  
 Of my flessch & blood wyth all myn herte,  
 775 Wych for my sake wy<sup>t</sup> peynys smerte  
 Onys up offryd wy<sup>t</sup> mylde steuene  
 Hys flessch & hys blood to þe fadyr of heuene.“  
 And whan þe emperour þese wurdys herd,  
 Lych a wood man anoon he ferde,  
 780 Musyng in mynd how he myht do  
 758 of fehlt. Ms. two. 767 l. þer-fore.

Hyre to dystroye. & wyth þat hym to  
 A membre of Sathanas, clepyd Cursates.  
 The prefect of þe cyte, anoon dede prees  
 And þus he seyde: „o myhty emperour,  
 Yet sawe not Kateryn in-to þis our 785  
 Swych-maner engyn as my<sup>t</sup> hyr make  
 For feer þer-of to tremble & quake  
 And consent to oure goddys to sacryfyse;  
 Syre, I come swych oon you to deuyse.  
 Comaundyth þat wyth-yn dayis thre 790  
 Foure greth whelys ordeynyd be,  
 Of wych þe serclys goyng rounde aboute  
 Shul wyth hookys of yirn. weel stondyng oute,  
 Be thyk set, & yche spook þer-to  
 Ful of yirne sawys shul be set also, 795  
 As sharp as euere þei mowe be grounde;  
 So þat, whan þe whelys turn rou(n)de,  
 Iche of hem shal sum of hyr flessch cache,  
 And þat oon leuyth, a nopir shal feche,  
 Among hem alle whan she is sett.“ 800  
 And anoon þis counsel wyth-out lett  
 Performyd was, & on þe thryd day  
 Thei furth wer set *wyth* al her aray  
 Euene in þe myddys of þe court-yerd.  
 Wych who-so sey, gan wexyn aferd — 805  
 & no wundryr þow yt men dede agryse:  
 For þei were ordeynyd *in* so cruel wyse  
 That two shuld upward rendyng ascende  
 And contraryously rendyng two descende.  
 And whan Kateryn among þese whelys rounde 810  
 Set was, wych hyr shuld confounde  
 Or constreyne hyr for feer to sacryfyse,  
 To god she preyid in secre wyse  
 That he wold vouchesaf of hys grace,  
 To wurshyp of hys name *in* þat place 815  
 And þat þe peple wych þer stood to se  
 Mycht þe rather conuertyd be,  
 Dystroyin þat horryble & hydous torment.  
 And euene for-wyth þe same moment  
 An aungel þe engyn yaf swych a swap — 820  
 Euene as it had ben a thundyr-clap, —

That on a thousand pecys to grounde  
 It fel &, þe hethen to confounde,  
 A thousand it slowe in þe fallyng  
 825 Of men, or mo, þer-by stondyng,  
 And neþir touchyd ner hurt o crystyn man.  
 Wher-of greth ioye hem amoung began,  
 Thankyng to god & greth gladnesse;  
 Sorwe & shame to alle hethenesse.  
 830 And whan þe emperour had seyn þis chaunce  
 And stood euene as he had been in a traunce,  
 Musyng in hys wyt what he myht do:  
 Furth-wyth þe quen cam doun hym to —  
 Wych crysten was, but hyr purpoos  
 835 In-to þis tym had kept cloos,  
 Tyl she þis myraclous ueniaunce had se;  
 And to þe emperour euene þus seyde she:  
 „O þou cursyd & wrecchyd caytyf,  
 What eilyth þe þus wyth god to stryf,  
 840 What woodnesse compellyth þe þis our  
 To rysyn þus ageynys þi creatour?  
 At þe leest þou myhtyst in þis dede  
 The myht haue knowe of þe godheed  
 Of crysten men & þe febylnesse  
 845 Of þi goddys, wych in þis dystresse  
 For al þe myht þat þei to han pretende  
 Myht not her seruauentys from deth defende.  
 Swych goddys who-so wold wurshyp, allace!“  
 The emperour, þis heryng. astoynyd was,  
 850 And as he had ben fallyn in-to a frennesye,  
 Wyth a loude voys he þus dede crye:  
 „What how, o quen, what seyis þow?  
 Art þow wyth wychecraftþ deceyuyd now?  
 Who is yt þat hath deceyuyd þe?  
 855 Hast þou forsakyn þe sect þat we  
 To-gedyr han kept ful many a yere?  
 I make a noth by þe greth empere  
 Of oure myhty goddys & immortal:  
 But þou mekely to ground doun fal  
 860 And hem wurchepe wyth pure entent,  
 Fyrst shal I do þi pappys be rent  
 From þi brest wyt greth vyolence,



And pine heed of be smete I shal sentence,  
 And pi body to be throwyn in swych place  
 Wher bestys & foulys it shul moun race.“ 865  
 But for she hyr nolde to hys wyl applye,  
 Hys tormentours he chargyd fast to hye,  
 And þat þei shuld euene aftyr hys wyl  
 In euere poynt hys deere fulfyl.  
 And whan she furth went to hyr iuwesse, 870  
 She Kateryne preyid wyth greth mekenesse  
 For hyr to god þat she wold preye.  
 And þus Kateryn ageyn to hyr dede seye:  
 „O quen, drednot. but stedefastly  
 Stond in pi feyth! for þis day, treuly. 875  
 A noble *commutaeyoun* þou shalt make,  
 Whan for a temp(or)al regne þou schalt take  
 A kyngdam wych þat is eternal,  
 And for a deedly husbond a spouse *immortal*.“  
 Wyth wych wourdys þe quen maad stroung, 880  
 Prayid þe tormentours not to taryn to long  
 But, þat þei wer bodyn, þei wold do  
 In hasty wyse. & þei dede so.  
 For whan þei hyr in-to þe feld had brouht  
 Ther she shuld be sleyn, þei sparyd nowht 885  
 But wyth forkys of yryn ful cruelly  
 Hyr brestys þei rent from hyr body,  
 And aftyr þat smet of hir heed,  
 And leftyn hyr body, whan she was deed,  
 In þe felde lying, aftyr þe deere. 890  
 Of bestys & foulys denouryd to be.  
 But Porphyrye þe body þe same nyht  
 Bar owte þe felde & it wele dyht  
 Wyth swete oynementys. dede hys cure  
 It wurthyly to bryng to sepulture. 895  
 And on þe next morwe ful erly  
 Whan questyoun was maad who þe body  
 Of þe quen had beryid ageyn þe lawe —  
 For wych of suspyeyoun many oon to awe  
 The emperour dede puttyn ful cruelly — 900  
 Anoon Porfyrye cam furth opynly  
 And seyde: „o tyraunth. I am the man  
 Wyth beryid þe body of þis blyssyd wumman,

875 Ms. *commutaeyoun*. 876 Ms. *tempal*. 879 Ms *wourdys*, o aus e corr. 880 Ms. *prayng* st. *prayid*.

That was martyrd for she seruau<sup>n</sup>th was  
 905 To Cryst in heuene. & to lych caas  
 I stond my-self: for pley<sup>n</sup>ly I beleue  
 In crystene feyth & uttyrly repreue  
 Alle fals goddys wyth al myn herte.“  
 At wych wurd þe tyraunth up sterte  
 910 As hastly as he had woundyd be  
 Wyth a spere, & owte cryid he:  
 „Allas þe whyl þat I was bore!“ —  
 And so horrybylly he began to rore  
 That alle þe paleys it myht here —  
 915 „Allas, Porphyrye, myn owyn compere,  
 My soulys kepere, my syngulere counfort,  
 To whom I was wone for to resort  
 For counsel at nede in euere caas,  
 Deceuyd is now, as me semyth, allas!  
 920 For crystene mennys god he apprysyth  
 And owr goddys he vttyrly despr. syth.“  
 Vp-on wych he furth dede calle  
 Beforn hym Porphyryis knyhtys alle.  
 Inquyryng of hem yf þei know owht  
 925 How þis mater aboute was browht.  
 And wyth oo voys þei alle dede crye:  
 „Wyth oure lord Porphyrye we be redy to dye,  
 And euene as he doth we repreue  
 All fals goddys & fully byleue  
 930 On crystene feyth; for wych entent  
 We wyl forsakyn no-maner torment.“  
 And whan þe tyraunth sey her stedefastnesse,  
 The sentence he yaf in hys woodnesse  
 That Porphyrye & alle hys knyhtys in-fere  
 935 Shuld ben hefdyd & in swych manere  
 Her bodyis lefth as was of þe quen,  
 Of bestys & foullys deuouryd to ben.  
 Aftyr þis up-on þe next day  
 He hym dyht in hys best aray  
 940 And set hym vp-on hys emperyal stalle,  
 And beforn hym Kateryne he dede calle;  
 And for he wold hyr herte inclyne  
 To hys entent. he seyde: „o Kateryne,  
 Thowe here-to-forn wyth þi wycchecraft

And wyth þi mysbyleue þou hast me raffth 945  
 Both Porphyrye, my knyht, & eek my quen,  
 Yet it is my wyl þat þou shalt ben  
 In my paleys þe secunde persone  
 And aftyr me han alle þe reule alone,  
 And no man þer-yn up-on dethys peyn 950  
 Shal be so hardy þe to geyn-seyne,  
 Vp þis condycyoun þat in louly wyse  
 To my goddys þou make a sacryfyse,  
 Wyth a deuouth hert. of frankencence;  
 And yf þou nyht concente to þis sentence, 955  
 I wyl þe graunth no lengere delay,  
 But þat þine heed shal of þis same day.  
 'Take þis nowe for a conclusyoun fynal!'  
 „I-wys, *quod* Kateryne, tyraunth, at al  
 'The lengere to delayin I ne desyre; 960  
 Wherefore, aftyr þe passyoun of þine yre  
 What-euere þou lyst to me be do,  
 At ych oure redy I am þer-to."  
 And at þis wurd he yaf þis decre  
 That wyth-out taryng she hefdyd shuld be. 965  
 And whan þis decre opynly puplychyd was  
 And þe tormentours hyr lede towert þe plaas  
 Where she shulde receyuyñ hyr iuwesse,  
 Many a matrone of hy wurthynesse,  
 Many a wedwe & many a maydyn ying 970  
 Aftyr hyr folwyd, ful sore wepyng  
 For sorwe þat she þis-wys shuld deye.  
 To whom benygnely Kateryne dede seye:  
 „O nobyl wyuys & wedwys & maydyns ying,  
 Leuyth your heuynesse & your wepyng 975  
 & lettyth no-wyse youre entencyoun  
 Be besy for to lettyn my passyoun,  
 But rather ioyith & makyth good chere  
 That my lord, my loue. no lengere here  
 Wyl me suffryn, but to hys house 980  
 Home wyth hym ledyn as hys owyn spouse!'  
 And whan þis seyð was, upward hyr eyne  
 To heuene she lyftyd & þus dede seyn:  
 „O hope & helpe of hem alle tho  
 That in þe trustyn, o wurshepe also 985

And synguler glorye of uirgyns alle,  
 O gracious Jhesu, to þe I calle,  
 Wyth al myn hert thank yeuyng to þe  
 That among þine handmaydyns to noumbre me  
 990 Thow vouchyst-saf of þi greth goodnesse.  
 The, lord, I beseche wyth al meeknesse,  
 Shewe to þine handmayd þis grace  
 That, what man or wumman in ony place  
 In wurshype of þi name my passyoun  
 995 Remembryth of specyal affeccyoun,  
 Or in þe oure whan þei deed shul be  
 Or in ony angwyssh & necessyte  
 To me for helpe make her preyere,  
 Redyly her bone vouchesaf to here!  
 1000 More-ouyr, Jhesu, syth for þi sake  
 I am redy þe swerd of deth to take,  
 Vouchesaf to receyuyng up to the  
 That by þe tyraunth may not kept be,  
 I mene my spyryth, wych I commende  
 1005 In-to þine handys.“ but vnnethe anende  
 She had made of þis preyere,  
 That a voys hyr answerd on þis manere:  
 „Come, loue, com, spouse, come hedyr to me,  
 For þe gate of blysse opnyd is to þe,  
 1010 And owte þere-at, my spouse swete,  
 Of seyntys greth noumbre commyth þe to mete,  
 Bryngyng wyth hem, to glade þe wyth-al,  
 Of euere-lastyng blysse a croun tryumphal,  
 Wych þou shalt weryn eternally.  
 1015 Come forth & for thy boonys besy  
 Be ne lenger! for, certeynly,  
 They acceptyd been in my courght oonly,  
 And countrollyd euere-lastyngly to endure,  
 That, who-so-euere wyth herte pure  
 1020 Remembraunce haue of þi passyoun  
 Or in ony angwyssh or trybulacyoun  
 To þe clepe, þat of me hys boone  
 For þi sake shal ben herd ful soone.“  
 And þis seyde, hyre nekke feyr & whyht  
 1025 She put euene furth & bad hym smyht.  
 And wyth oo st(ro)ke went þe same stounde

The soule to heuene & þe body to grounde.  
 And euene as soon as þis was do,  
 God for hyr shewyd myraclys two:  
 The fyrst was þat in steed of blood 1030  
 Of mylk þer ran owt swych a flood  
 From hyr nekke whan it was smete,  
 That alle þe grownd abowtyn yt wete  
 And maad yt as whyht as ony lake;  
 The secunde was þat aungels dede take 1035  
 Vp hyr body & in short whyle  
 Caryid yt þens ful many a myle  
 Vp on-to þe mounth of Synay,  
 From Alysawndyr ful twenty dayis iournay, —  
 Wher Moyses of god þe lawe dede take, — 1040  
 And a ryal beryels for yt dede make.  
 Wher oute of hyre toūbe contunelly  
 Oyle doth renne ful plenteuously,  
 Wych al dysese or male-euenture  
 Thorgh hyr merytys doth hele & cure, 1045  
 If yt be receyuyd wyth deuocyoun. —  
 Now, blyssyd Kateryne, for þi passyoun  
 Be mene for me to þe mercyfulnesse  
 Of god in heuene, þat þe wrechydnesse  
 Of my foor-lyf, or þan I hens pace, 1050  
 Amendyd may be through hys grace!  
 Also, lady, for þi Katerynys two:  
 Howard, & Denston, I beseche also,  
 For whos goostly counfort & consolacyoun  
 Of þi legend þis short translacyoun 1055  
 I maad in englyssh in dayis fyue:  
 Graunth hem, lady, here in þis lyue  
 In uertu so to ben exercysyd,  
 And me also, þat, whan we a-complysyd  
 Haue of þis wrechyd owtlaurye 1060  
 The fatal cours, aboue þe skye  
 By thy conduct & þi speeyal grace  
 We entryn moun to þat gloryous place  
 Where þow lyuyst & regnyst, as knowe alle men.  
 Sey yeh man þat heryth þis legende, Amen.  
 Mercy, Jhesu, & gramerey.

X. THE PROLOGE OF SEYNT CYCYLYS  
LYF.

Cycile ys as mych to seye  
 As „lylye of heuene“, or „to þe blynd weye“;  
 Or ellys þis wurd Cicilia  
 Is compouynd of „*celum*“ & of „*lya*“;  
 5 Or ellys Cicyle aftyr þe ethimologie  
 „Wantyng blyndnesse“ doth sygnifye;  
 Or it is seyð of þis wurd „*celo*“  
 And „*leos*“ þat „*peple*“ toknyth also.  
 And to ych of þese interpretacyouns  
 10 Assygynd ben *conuenyent* applicacyouns  
 In hyr legend, aftyr Januence,  
 Wych auctour ys of þis sentence.  
 Fyrst „þe lylye of heuene“ hyr callyth he  
 For þe heuently *gemme* of virgynyte  
 15 Wych she hadde in greth excellence;  
 Or ellys a „lylye“, aftyr hys sentence,  
 For causys thre men may hyr calle:  
 For she þe whytnesse fyrst of alle  
 Off elennes had, & of consyence  
 20 The *verdour* or *grennesse*, & þe redolence  
 Of good fame wych sprang ful wyde.  
 „To þe blynd eek both wey & guyde“  
 She was by *empler* informacyoun.  
 Eek she was „heuently“ by *contemplacyoun*,  
 25 „*Lya*“ she was, as seyth þis clerk,  
 By steedfastnesse in good werk.  
 Or ellys „heuene“, as he doth seye,  
 She may be seyð by a *nopir* weye:  
 For, as Isidorus us doth teche,  
 30 Heuene aftyr phylosophyrs speche  
 Is uoluble & euere turnyng,  
 Round, & ardently brennyng.  
 Turnyng was Cycyle of *conswetude*  
 Of good werkys by *solycytude*,  
 35 Round by *perseueraunce*, & by cheryte  
 Ardently brennyng euere was she.

Seyd shé is also „wantyng blyndnesse“  
 Of wysdam by þe greth bryhtnesse  
 Wych she hadde ful excellently,  
 As men moun seen þat sereously 40  
 Hyr legende reed. & last of alle  
 „The peplys heuene“ he doth hyr calle,  
 And he resonably þis doth conclude  
 Be manere of a very symylytude:  
 For, lych as þe peple in heuene 45  
 The sunne & mone & sterrys seuene  
 Beholdyn & seen materyally,  
 So in Cecyle þei moun *spiritually*  
 Aperceyuyn dystynct bryhtnesse  
 Of dystynct *vertuhs*, wych expresse 50  
 Men þus moun, as þis cle(r)k seyth:  
 By þe sunne wysdam, & by þe mone feyth.  
 And by of sterrys þe dystynct naryaunce  
 Of dyuers nertuhs þe habundaunce,  
 Wych ben dystynct in sundry degre. — 55  
 Now, blyssyd Cecyle, syth ye be  
 Lylve of heuene by chast clennessse,  
 Weye to þe blynde by *perfythnesse*  
 Of good werkys, & wyth actyf lyf  
 Endewyd wer (&) wyth *contemplatyf*, 60  
 And of wysdam by þe greth bryhtnesse  
 Voyd wer of inward gostly blyndnesse,  
 And an exemplar heuene of *vertuhs* alle:  
 Hem helpe, in nede þat to þe calle  
 And wurshepyu þe of *specyal affecccoun*; 65  
 Geyn her enmys hem get *protecccoun*  
 And purchase hem clennessse of lyuyng,  
 Be her ledere, þat for no thyng  
 In synne þei falle in-to therknesse.  
 To heuenely *conuersacyoun* (her) hert so dresse 70  
 That, whan þai passyn from þis owtlaurye,  
 They atteyn mow to þat hy glorye  
 Where, aftyr þe holy prophetys doctryne,  
 The ryhtful shuln as sterrys shyne  
 Fynally in *perpetuel eternyte!* 75  
 Sey yehe man Amen, for cheryte. Amen. —

## HERE BEGYNNYS ÞE LYF SEYNT CYCYLE.

Cycyle of þe nobyl Romain blood  
 Born was, wych at þat tyme stood  
 Of temporal wurshepe in ful hy degre;  
 80 And from hyr credyl fostryd was she  
 In Crystys feyth ful dyligently,  
 And in hyr brest she bare pryuyly  
 Crystys gospel wyth al hyr myht,  
 And neuere cecyd daye ner nyht  
 85 From preyer ner from holy talkyng,  
 To god hyr maydynhede commendyng.  
 And despousyd she was to a yung man,  
 Whos name was clepyd Valeryan,  
 Wych born was eek of hy lygnage.  
 90 And whan þe day fyxyd of hyr maryage  
 Was come, nexst hyr skyn an hayre,  
 And a smok abouyn both whyt and feyre,  
 She dede on, & þem both dede wrye  
 Wyth clothys of gold, wrouht craftylye,  
 95 Al wyth-owtyn þe werd to blynde.  
 And couertly in hyr inward mynde,  
 Whyl þe orgons sunge in her melodyous guyse,  
 Cycyle to god song in thys wyse:  
 „Lord god, I the beseche mekely,  
 100 My hert kepe & eek my body  
 Vndefoulyd *in* clenness of chastyte,  
 That I no-wyse confoundyd be!“  
 And to thys entent two dayis or thre  
 She fastyd & preyd in humbyl degre,  
 105 To god commendyng þat she dede drede.  
 But forth in oure processe to procede.  
 I seye þat (whan) þe derknesse of nyght  
 Of þe maryage-day had flemyd þe lyht,  
 And ych man to hys loggyng was go,  
 110 Valeryan & Cycyle to her chaumbyr went þo.  
 Where whan þei were in her secre sylence,  
 Thus Cecylye to hym vttryd hyr sentence:  
 „O swetest yung man, o spouse dere,



Wych I best loue wyth herte entere,  
 A mysterye I haue of greth pryuyte, 115  
 Wych þat I knouleche wyl to the,  
 Vp condycyoun þat þou swere & seye  
 That in no wyse þou shalt it by-wreye  
 But obseruyn & kepyn yt wyth al þine entente.“  
 And Valeryan anoon þer-to dede assente 120  
 And swor þat neuere for no necessaryte  
 It to no creature dysclosyd shuld be,  
 Whyl þat hys lyf myht lest & dure.  
 Quod Cycyle þan wyth chere demure:  
 „An aungel of god a louere haue I, 125  
 Wych my body kepyth wy' greth jelusy;  
 Wherefore, yf he neuere so lytyl may proue  
 That þou me touche wyth vnclene loue,  
 Wyth wyl me to defoulen fleshly,  
 Anoon wyth þe he wyl ben angry 130  
 And ful cruelly on þe veniaunce take,  
 And so for a lytyl fleshly lustys sake  
 Of þi fresh youth þe greth beute  
 Þou shalt lese þe flour; & yf þat he se  
 Pat þou me louyst in perfyth clenness 135  
 And be not besy me to oppresse  
 Ner þe flowre to byreuyne of uirgynyte,  
 Than shal he þe louyn as wel as me  
 And plenteuously shewyn to þe hys grace.“  
 Valeryan þan wyth a sad face, 140  
 As he þat preuentyd was wy' mercy,  
 Þus answerd: „If þou wylt at I  
 Yiue credence to þe: in wurdys fewe,  
 That aungel of whom þou spekyst, me shewe!  
 And whan I haue prouyd hym an aungel to be, 145  
 Than wyl I perform þat þou counselyst me.  
 But yf I fynd þat anopir man  
 Thou louyst þan me, þi spouse Valeryan,  
 I make a vow, wy'-oute more respyte  
 Your bothyns hedys I shal of smyte.“ 150  
 Quod Cycyle: „to þis I wele assente.  
 Wherefore, yf þou wy' humble entente  
 To my counsel þe wylt applye  
 And in þe welle of lyf þe do purifye

- 155 And leue oo god in heuene oonly to be,  
 Than shal þou moun myn aungel se.“  
 „And wher euere þer be ony swych man  
 That me puryfye so may, *quod* he, & kan,  
 That I an aungel shuld moun behold?“
- 160 *Quod* Cycyle: „I know oon, but he is oold,  
 Wych kunnyng hath & eek power  
 To puryfien men & make so clere  
 That þai an aungel may behold & se.“  
 „And where myht I fynd þat man? *quod* he;
- 165 If þat I wyst, I wold hym seche.“  
*Quod* Cycyle þan: „I wyl þe teche.  
 Thre myle hens go fyrst of alle  
 In þat weye wych men Appya calle,  
 And þou shalt fynd þer in þe strete
- 170 Pore men syttyng: whom þou weel grete  
 On my behalue, for hem euere haue y  
 In myne affeccyoun louyd tendyrly,  
 And of my counsel þei know mych thying;  
 Sey þat I send hem my blyssyng,
- 175 Preying hem þat in secre wyse,  
 Wher þou myht fynd, þei wyl deuyse,  
 Pope Vrban, for fro me hym to  
 Pryuy erandys þou hast to do.  
 And, doutlees, anoon þei shul þe wys
- 180 On-to þe place wher þat he ys.  
 And whan þou comyst to hys presence,  
 Wurd for wurd al my sentence  
 To hym declare euene pleynly;  
 And he þe puryfien shal ful gladly
- 185 And newly arayin in clothys whyte.  
 In wych whan þou art clad & dyht  
 And returnyst ageyn in-to þis place,  
 To seen þe aungel þou shalt haue *grace*,  
 Wych þe shal louyn as weel as me,
- 190 And what þou ask it grauntyd shal be.“  
 These wurdys seyde, up roos Valeryan  
 And hys iourne furth-wyth began.  
 And (whan) wyth-owte þe gatys a myle  
 He cam: by þe tokne wych Cecyle
- 195 Hym took, he Vrban fond darkyng

In kauys & grauys; & *wyth*-oute lettyng  
 He dede hys erand as Cecyle bad.  
 And whan he it herde, he wex ful glad,  
 And lyfying to heucneward bothe handys & eyne,  
 Knelyng & wepyng he þus dede seyne: 200  
 „Lord Jhesu Cryst, wych al thyng knowyst  
 And of chast counsel þe sede euere sowyst,  
 The frucht of þe seed to þe up take  
 Wych Cecyle sowyn hath for þi sake!  
 Tak hede & behold, o lord Jhesu, 205  
 How Cecyle, þi seruanth ful of uertu,  
 As besy is in yche-maner degre  
 The to seruyn as euere was ony be  
 Flourys to gadryn & hony to make;  
 For, lo, hyr husbond whom she dede take, 210  
 As fers fyrst as a uoyde lyoun,  
 As a lamb she hath maad to þe buxum  
 And hedyr hym sent þe treuth to preue;  
 Wych þus to come, as I do leue,  
 Shuld not assentyd, but he youe credence 215  
 Had of Cycyls doctryne to þe sentence.  
 Wherfore, lord, wyth hert entere  
 For hym to þe I beseche now here:  
 Of hys herte vouchesaf the gate  
 To opnyn & yt so to dylate 220  
 Of þir wurdys to þe doctryne  
 And so wyth grace hym to illumyne,  
 That he may þe knowe, hys creatour,  
 Hys lord, hys god, hys redemptour,  
 And renouncyn alle þe werkys blake 225  
 Of þe deuyll & alle ydols forsake  
 Wych he hath wurshepyd her-to-for,  
 And neuere her-aftyr to seruyn hem more.“  
 And whyl he þus occupyd was in preyere,  
 Sodeynly beforn hem dede appere 230  
 A man wych fer runnyn in age  
 Was, as semyth by hys vysage,  
 Al arayid in fayre whyt uesture,  
 In hys hand holdyng a scrypture,  
 Wych wrytyn was wy<sup>t</sup> lettrys of gold. 235  
 Whom whan Valeryan dede behold,

211 uoyde st. woode. 215 assentyd st. a (= ha) assentyd.

So he astoynd was for fere  
 That doun to grounde he fel euene þer  
 As he deed had been. whom þe old man  
 240 Lyftyd up & seyde: „drede not, yung man,  
 But rede þe text of (þis) scrypture,  
 And byleue yt, þat þou mayst ben pur  
 An clene þo aungel for to se  
 Wych Cycyle þi wyf promyssyd to þe.“  
 245 Wyth þis wurd Valeryan roos up redyly  
 And on þe scryptur lokyd ful dylygently,  
 And in hys hert priuily he dede rede  
 Wher-of þe sentence wyth-oute drede  
 Was þis: „o lord & oon feyth þer-to,  
 250 O baptem þer is, & o god also,  
 Wych fadyr is of alle thyngys,  
 And ouyr alle, by alle, & in alle us is“ —  
 Thys pleyntly was þe scrypturys entent.  
 And whan Valeryan ryht good auysement  
 255 Had take þer-of, þe old man anoon  
 To hym þus seyde: „leuyt þis or noon?  
 Or stondyst in doute? sey on pleyntly!“  
 And at þat wurde Valeryan loude dede cry:  
 „Ther is no thyng, þat, as yt semyth me,  
 260 Vndyr heuene may treulyer beleuyd be  
 Than þis.“ & þer-wyth þe eldere  
 Vanysshyd a-wey, þei ne wyst where.  
 And anoon Vrban hym dede baptyssse  
 And instruct in þe feyth of crystene guyse,  
 265 And home to Cycyle ageyn hym sent.  
 Wher whan he cam, to þe chaunbyr he went  
 And Cecyle besy he fonde in preyer,  
 And bysydyn hym stonde an aungel clere,  
 Whos wengys bryhter glastryd þan gold;  
 270 Wych in hys hand two garlondys dede hold  
 In wych by maner of a ryal fret  
 Rede rosys wyth whyt lylyis were set,  
 Wych eek wer of so swete redolence  
 That neythyr baum ner frankencence  
 275 Yaf so swete a flauour as dede tho.  
 And anoon þe aungel wy<sup>t</sup>-owte mo  
 Departysoun made of þese garlondys  
 241 þis fehlt. 243 Ms. þo st. þe. 263 hym st. byr.

And set oon on Cecyls heed & a nopir on hys,  
 Thys-wys seyng: „pese corouns two  
 Wyth clenness of hert & body also 280  
 Kepyth, I counsel you, dylygently,  
 Wych from paradyhs now brouht haue I;  
 In tokne wher-of þei kepyn shul euere  
 Both colour & odour, & welke shul neuere;  
 Mor-ouyr ner hem shal noon moun se 285  
 But þo aloonly whom chastyte  
 Is prouyd to han plesyd, as yt hath doon yow.  
 And, Valeryan, for as mych as thow  
 To þe counsel of chastyte has youyn assent,  
 Therefore to þe god hath me sent 290  
 That, what petycyoun þou lyst to craue,  
 Of hym aske & þou yt shal haue.  
 Aske on! for þine answer I abyde.“  
 „I-wys, *quod* Valeryan, at þis tyde  
 Ther is no creature in erthe here 295  
 Next my wyf to me so leef & dere  
 As my broþir Tyburcyus ys;  
 Wherefore ful gladly I wold þis,  
 For uery *compassyoun* & eek for reuth,  
 That, lich as I do, he know þe treuth 300  
 Of hys errours & hys mysbeleuyng —  
 For yt were, me thynkyth, a cruel thyng  
 And ageyn þe ordre of brothyrlly cheryte  
 That I were sauyd & he lost shuld be.  
 Wherefore, syth god hath grauntyd me 305  
 My bone, as now in þis degre  
 Compendyously I forme my petycyoun:  
 That, lyche as god me fro *perdyce*  
 Hath sauyd by Cycile here, my wyf,  
 So he vouchesaf from deth to lyf 310  
 Clepyn ageyn my brothyr by me,  
 And us both in hys loue *perfyht* to be —  
 Thys ys þe summe of my prayere.“  
*Quod* þe aungel þo wy<sup>t</sup> a mery chere:  
 „Syth þou hast askyd so cherytabyllly 315  
 Wych thyng as plesyth god souereynly  
 To graunt, I þe make promys  
 That þi petycyoun admyttyd ys.

283 Ms. þe mit überschr. i. 305 Ms. gog.

- And more-ouyr of hys specyall *grace*  
 320 He hath *grantlyd* þat wy<sup>t</sup>-in þe space  
 Of oo daye ye shul comyn both-two  
 Thorgh martyrдам þe blysse of heuen to,  
 Ther euere wyth hym in ioye to abyde.“  
 Thys seyde, þe aungel away dede glyde,  
 325 They ne wyst how. & furth wyth-al  
 Tyburce cam & at þe dure dede cal.  
 And whan (he) was entryd, in curteys wyse  
 Cycyls heed, as it was þe guyse  
 In þo dayis, he anoon dede kys,  
 330 And seyde: „I marueyle wher-of it is,  
 Thys tym of yere þat of rose-flour  
 And of lylyis I fele so swete odour,  
 As þou it were mydsomyr eue;  
 For, treuly, brothyr, as I beleue,  
 335 Thow þat I *wyth-ynne* my fyst  
 Lylyis & rosys to-gedyr dede thryst,  
 A swettere odour mykt yt not be;  
 I feel þat yt refresshyd hath me  
 Maruaylousere þan I telle kan.“  
 340 „Tyburce brothyr, *quod* þo Valeryan,  
 God be þankyde, thorgh my preyere  
 Odour of rosys & lylyis here  
 Thow hast get. but thorgh hys *grace*  
 And thyn owen byleue þou mayst purchase  
 345 Of hem both to han þe syht,  
 Wych to þe shuld be greth delyht.  
 For both þi sustyr Cycyle & I  
 Garlondys han, made craftyly,  
 Owt of *paradyhs* from god vs sent:  
 350 Wych of hem þat wy<sup>t</sup> wanhope be blent  
 To ben seyn yt is vnpossyble;  
 Wherfore to þe yete inuysyble  
 Thei been, & shul, tyl þou credence  
 Ful yiuue tyl to a bettyr sentence  
 355 And be treuly subiect to Crystys feyth.“  
 To whom Tyburce þus ageyn seyth:  
 „Here I þis in a dreame or ellys wakyng?  
 Is yt soth, brothyr, þis þi talkyng?“  
 „In slepe we han lyuyd, & þat is reuthe,  
 354 tilge tyl?

Hedyrtoward, brothyr, but now *in treuthe* 360  
 We ben, *quod* Valeryan, & no falsnesse  
 In us ys, I boldely dar expresse;  
 For þo mamettys wych to þis our  
 We han seruyd wyth godly honour,  
 Ben in good feyth but uery deuelys.“ 365  
*Quod* Thyburce þan: „how knowyst þis,  
 Valeryan brothyr, I þe beseche.“  
 „An aungel of god þus dede me teche,  
*Quod* Valeryan, whom no-wyse þou se  
 Shalt moun, tyl þou puryfyid be 370  
 From þe fylth of fals ydolatrie.“  
 „Why shuld I not þan, *quod* Tyburce, me hye  
 To be puryfyid, yf þer-by I myht  
 Of an aungel atteyn to haue a syht?  
 Wherfore helpe fast þat I were do!“ 375  
 And wy' þat wurde Cecyle went hym to  
 And kyssyd hys brest, & seyde: „cosyn,  
 Now knowleche I þe uerely to be myn;  
 For, lych as thy brothyr goddys loue  
 To be myn husbonde þis day doth proue, 380  
 Rycht so contempt of ydols the  
 Shal treuly shewyn my cosyn to be.  
 Wherfore, þe for to puryfye,  
 Go wyth þi brothyr, & fast þe hye,  
 That þou þerby grace may purchase 385  
 Of aungels to seen þe gloryus face.“  
 And as þei schulde from Cecyle wende.  
*Quod* Tyburce: „brothyr feythful & kynde,  
 Or þan we go, I þe beseche,  
 Whedyr we shul goon, do me teche, 390  
 To be puryfyid, & of what man!“  
 „I-wys, *quod* he, to þe holy pope Vrban  
 We shul goon, wych hath power  
 Men so to puryfyin & makyn cler  
 That þei shul after moun aungels se.“ 395  
*Quod* Tyburce: „ys not þis Vrban he  
 Wych in þis cyte is so odyous  
 That he dar abydyn *in noon hous*  
 But darkyth in beryels & *in grauys*  
 And vndyr þe erthe hym hydyth *in kauys,* 400

Wych ofte hath be iugyd slayn to be  
 Or ellys to be brent, by a comoun decre?  
 Wherefore, wyth hym yf we be founde,  
 I dar weel seyn, þe same stounde  
 405 We shul wyth hym douthles be brente,  
 And þan is frustrat al oure entente;  
 For, wher we sekyn lyf immortal,  
 Fynd we shuln a ful cruel fal —  
 And þerfore swych thyng is good to fle.“  
 410 *Quod* Cycyle þanne: „Tyburce, to me  
 Take heed a whyle & l the ensence  
 Wy<sup>t</sup> goddys grace shal a bettyr sentence.  
 Thys lyf to lese were good to fere  
 And to eschewe besyly, yf ellys-wher  
 415 Noon opir lyf were bettyr þan þis.  
 But who þus thynkyth, doth amys:  
 For anothyr lyf þer ys incomparabyllly  
 Bettyr þan þis, & more wurthy;  
 Wych who-so haue grace onys to kecche,  
 420 Shal deth hym þens neuere aftyr feche,  
 Nere hungyr ner thyrst ner no syknesse  
 Shal hym (ony)-wyse moun dystresse.  
 Thys lyf to teche, of þe fadyr of heuene  
 The sone cam down wyth a mylde steuene,  
 425 In oure freelnesse born temporally  
 Of a mayde, but of hys fadyr eternally  
 Born to-forn al tyme, to whom' egal  
 He is, & was, & euere be shal;  
 In whom, by whom al thyng was wrouht,  
 430 And wyth-oute whom was neuere maad noht;  
 To whom wyth þe fadyr consubstancial  
 The holy gost ys, & coeternal;  
 And þow þei personelly dystynct be,  
 Yet in substauce but oon þei arn al thre,  
 435 Vndeuydyd owtward in her werkyng.“  
*Quod* Tyburce þan: „þis-manere talkyng  
 Ageyn al resoun me semyth to be,  
 For nowe o god þou puttyst, anopir tyme thre;  
 To wych thyng my wyt can not inclyne.“  
 440 „No wundryr, *quod* Cycyle, for, but þe illumync  
 God vouchesaf wyth specyal influence



Of hys *grace*, to þe intellygence  
 Thow neuere shalt of þis *mater* atteyne.  
 Yet not-for-þan in wurdys pleyne  
 Oon exaūple or two I wyl þe meue, 445  
 Wherby naturally þou mayst preue  
 Substancyally *sum* thyng but oon to be  
 And yet by resoun yt ys dystynct in thre,  
 Wher-of, to seyn *propyrly*, noon opir ys.  
 And fyrst by a soule I shewe wyl þis, 450  
 Wych hath powers *condystynct* thre  
 And yet substancyally þei but o soule be:  
 As mende, resoun, & vndyrstondyng;  
 Anopir exaūple by feer I may eek bryng,  
 Wych threhold in *propyrtees* hath varyaunce 455  
 Formally dystynct & yet in substaunce  
 Þei ben o feyr; so snow, hayl, & yhs  
 Dystynct ben, as seyn phylosophyrs wyhs,  
 In name & forme, but substancyally  
 They be but watyr. so coniecturally 460  
 May be conseuyd of þe trynte:  
 Ternyte in *personys*, in substaunce vnyte; —  
 Al-be-yt þat noon forseide symylytude  
 May fully as yt ys þe treuth conclude,  
 For resoun here faylyth, & oonly feyth 465  
 Preuaylyth; wherfore *scripture* seyth:  
 But ye feyth haue & eek byleue.  
 To vndyrstondyng ye ne moun acheue.  
 And þerfore for resoun forsake euydence  
 And to doctryne of scryptur yiuyth credence, 470  
 Wych vs techyth in þe souereyn deyte  
 Thre dystynct *personys* oo substaunce to be.  
 Of wych þe secunde, as I seyð befor, —  
 Was of a maydyn wy'-owte man born  
 And as a medyatour dede vdyr-take 475  
 To hys fadyr in heuene a-sythe to make  
 For owr forn-fadrys transgressyoun,  
 Wych had infect al hys successyoun  
 Wyth orygynal synne; for wych entent  
 Wylfully he suffryd cruel torment: 480  
 For fyrst he was takyn & boundyn also,  
 Scornyd & skourgyd & crownd þer-to

Wyth a croun of thornys, & to a cros of tre  
 Both hand & foot aftyr naylyd was he  
 485 And hangyd up betwyx theuys tweyne  
 As mayster of hem & most vyleyne,  
 And eysyl youe dronk in hys greth threst,  
 And aftyr al þis, whan þat hym lest,  
 To hys fadrys handys he dede comende  
 490 Hys spyryht & frely yt furth dede sende;  
 And whan he deed was wy<sup>t</sup> peynys smert,  
 Stungyn he was euene to the hert  
 Wyth a sharp spere thorgh hys ryht syde,  
 And anoon watyr & blood þer-oute dede glyde:  
 495 Blood for raunsoun mankynde to bye,  
 Watyr from synne yt for to puryfye  
 Of holy bapteem by þe sacrament,  
 If yt be receyuyd wy<sup>t</sup> a dew entent.  
 To þis yiue feyth & ful credence,  
 500 And receyue þis baptym wy<sup>t</sup> reuerence,  
 And þan shal þou cleusyð & puryfyd be  
 And able maad aungels for to se.“  
 Quod Tyburce to hys brothyr þan:  
 „Haue mercy on me & leed me to þe man  
 505 That me can puryfye wy<sup>t</sup> þat sacrament,  
 Wych to receyuyñ ys myn entent,  
 Aftyr counsel of my sustyr Cycyle!“  
 And þus þis Thyburce wy<sup>t</sup>-ynne short whyle,  
 By hys broþir led, of pope Vrban  
 510 Was baptysyd & maad a crystene man,  
 And wyth-ynne short whyl greu so perfyth  
 That, whan he wold, he aungels se myht  
 And speke wy<sup>t</sup> hem face to face,  
 And what-euere he askyd — swych was hys grace,  
 515 Of god he yt hadde wy<sup>t</sup>-owt lettyng.  
 Wherefore hys brothyr & he ych opir thyng  
 Leftyn & occupyed hem in almesse-dede;  
 And for þei god both dede loue & drede,  
 Thei dedyn her dylygence wy<sup>t</sup> besy cure  
 520 There bodies to bryng to sepulture  
 Whom Almache, þe prefect of þe cyte,  
 For þei crystene were, slow of cruelte.  
 And whan he herd seyn þat þei dede so,

He chargyt hem to be brouht hym to.  
 And whan (he) hem sey, ful sturdyly 525  
 He askyd what was þe cause & why  
 That þei to byryin dede swych bysynesse  
 Hem þat he had dampnyd for þere wykkydnesse.  
*Quod* Tyburce anon: „wold god þat we  
 Were able her seruauuntys for to be 530  
 Whom þou clepyst dampnyd wroungfully,  
 Wych wyth her hool herte despysyd wysly  
 That semyth to be *sum*-what in apparence  
 And ryht nowht ys in *very* existence,  
 And þer-ageyn han foundyn & wyth dethe boht 535  
 That most ueryly is & yet semyth nouht.“  
*Quod* Almache þan: „what may þat be?“  
 „Take hede, *quod* Tyburce, & I shal telle þe.  
 That semyth to be & ys nouht, I-wys,  
 Is al þat here in þis werd ys, 540  
 Wych deceyuyth & bryngyth to nouht al þo  
 That þer-in trustyn, whan þei hens go;  
 But þat þing wych most *perfythly* ys  
 And semyth nouht, ys þat eternal blys  
 Wych ordeynyd ys to hem þat dwelle 545  
 In heuene aboue, or ellys in helle  
 Wych to tormentyn þe dwellers shal *neuere* sees.“  
 „I trow, *quod* Almache, þou art mendlees,  
 For þou spekest lich hym þat no wyt kan.“  
 And furth-wyth he seyde to Valeryan: 550  
 „For as mych as Tyburce þi brothyr  
 Wytles ys — me semyth noon othyr —,  
 Thou, þat bettyr art in þi mynde,  
 A wysere answer, I trow, shalt fynde;  
 For, treuly, me thynkyth þei grethly erre 555  
 That pees forsakyn & chesyn werre,  
 And sorwe þan ioye louyn hertlyer.“  
 Whom Valeryan þus dede answer:  
 „Ful oftyn in wyntyre, I haue herd sey,  
 In frost & snow many iape & pley 560  
 And skornen hem wych wold labour  
 The ground to tylyn wy' her labour;  
 But in somyr, whan þe fruht was come  
 Of þer labour, þei were ful-some

- 565 And haddyn of welth greth fulsumnesse,  
Where þe topir wept & were in dystresse  
For uery myserye & necessyte.  
And in þis wyse fare ye & we:  
For we now here in þis lyf present
- 570 Suffren myscheef, peyn & torment,  
Wych sone be doon, but, whan we hens wende,  
We receyue ioye that neuere shal haue ende;  
But ye doon euene þe contrary:  
For ioye ye han here transytory
- 575 And momentanye, but, whan ye hens go,  
To þe place ye wende of endles wo.“  
„Than concludyst þus, *quod* Almache, þat we  
Wych be pryncys of temporal felycyte,  
Shuld go to þe place wher sorwe euere ys,
- 580 And ye trecherous caytyfs to endles blys?“  
*Quod* Valerye þan: „þou seyist amys,  
For ye homouncyons ben, & no pryncys,  
In your tym born, ful lytyl durable,  
And whan ye hens pace, of mych countable
- 585 To god ye arn, mor & opir be.“  
*Quod* Almache ageyn: „where-to we  
That cercly(n) aboute *in* batayle verbal?  
Take þis for conclusyoun sentencyonal:  
Offryth to oure goddys her in þis place
- 590 A sacryfyse & harmlees ye shul hens pace,  
Or ellys, certeynly, ye shule deye.“  
And ageyn wy' oo voys þei both dede seye:  
„Ich day, as soon as we up ryse,  
To owre god we offrene a sacryfyse.“
- 595 „What is hys name“, *quod* Almache þan,  
Of youre god?“ „I-wys, *quod* Valeryan,  
Thow þou haddyst wyngys & myhtyst flye  
A thowsend myle abouyn ych skye,  
Yet shuldyst þou neuere moun come þer
- 600 Where he doth dwelle.“ „A, þan Jupiter,  
*Quod* Almache, I trowe, is hys name.“  
„Fy, lat be, *quod* Valeryan, for shame!  
Do neuere owre god swych dyshonour  
To lykne hym to an homycyde & an auentour
- 605 As Jupiter was.“ „Ergo, *quod* A(l)mache, now

585 & st. þan? 587 that st. thus? Ms. That cercly aboute & batayle v. 604 Ms. auentour st. auoutour.

Al þe wërd erryt saue þi broþir & thow,  
 And ye two aloon han þe trew bylue?“  
 „Nay wys, tyraunth, þow yt þe sore greue,  
*Quod* Valeryan, yet many hundyrdys þer be  
 That on þe same wyse beleuyn as we.“ 610  
 And whan Almache sey þat in no wyse  
 He myht hem brynge to do sacryfyse,  
 Neythyr wyth sturdy ner wyth feyr chere,  
 To oon Maximus, hys cornyculer,  
 He hem delyuerid, wyt þis charge: 615  
 That þei no-wys shuld goon at large  
 Tyl þei had louly sacryfys do.  
 And anoon Maximus þus seyð hem to,  
 Whan he hem at home had in hys hous:  
 „O purpyl flowrys of youth delycuous, 620  
 O broþirly affeccoun, in oon knyht  
 Indyssolubyilly, how ben may yt  
 At ye to deth as gladly go  
 As to a feste?“ *Quod* Valeryan þo:  
 „If þou wylt to us make promys 625  
 To beleuyn, þou shalt seyn, I-wys,  
 Aftyr oure deth oure soulys up wende  
 To þat ioyful blys wych neuere shal ende.“  
*Quod* Maxym þan: „greth god in heuene  
 Make me to steruyn wy<sup>t</sup> thundyr & leuene, 630  
 If I not in hym feythfully bylue.  
 The affect of your wourdys whan I suth preue!“  
 And euene furth-wyth auertyd was he,  
 The tormentourys eek & alle hys mene,  
 And of Vrban þe pope þei baptem nam, 635  
 Wych þedyr by nyht preuyly cam —  
 And so dede Cycyle, wych was ful glad  
 That swych a multytude þei conuertyd had.  
 And so þat nyht wyth holy talkyng  
 Thei furth dreuyn, tyl up gan spryng 640  
 Aurora, wych wy<sup>t</sup> hyr bryhtnesse  
 Flemyd a-wey þe nyhtys therknesse.  
 And þer-wyth anoon Cycyle gan seye:  
 „Beth glad & myry, Crystys knyhtys, I preye,  
 And þe werkys of therknesse away doth throwe! 645  
 For þis certey(n)ly I wyl ye knowe

That ye han begunnen a good chyualrye.  
 Beth *perseueraunth* þer-yn whyl þat ye dye,  
 And þe cours of lyuyng wy<sup>e</sup> ye han take,  
 650 And yeure byleue eek, doth neuere forsake!  
 And yf ye þus do, wyth-owte mysse  
 Receyuyn ye shuln þe croūne of blysse  
 Of Cryst Jhesu, most ryhtful iuge,  
 Wych after her desert shal alle men iuge  
 655 The last day at þe greth assyse.“  
 And anoon, aftyr þe sunne dede ryse,  
 Foure myle or more oute of þe cyte  
 They were led, ther hefdyd to be,  
 Lesse þan þei wold in humble wyse  
 660 To Jubyter statu doon sacryfyse.  
 Where whan þei come: for þei nold do  
 Sacryfyse, þei hefdyd wer both-two.  
 And anoon *Maximus* euene opynly  
 Swore þat he þe same oure sy  
 665 Aungelys bryht her soulys vp bere  
 In-to heuene, þan þe sunne bryhtere  
 Or þan euere was mayde wych in fressh wede  
 Owt of hyr chaūbyr dede procede  
 Ageyn hyr spouse, hym in to fette.  
 670 Whan *Almache* þis herd, wyth-owte lette  
 He hym chargyd wy<sup>t</sup> shourgys of leed  
 So long be betyn tyl he wer dede.  
 Whos body wyth *Tyburce* & *Valeryan*  
 Cycly beryid. & *Almache* þan  
 675 Of her goodys made inquysycoun;  
 And anoon to hym was made relacyoun  
 Of Cycyle wych to *Valyryan* wyf was.  
 And anoon for hyr home to hyr plaas  
 He sent hys offycers & chargyd þat she  
 680 Anoon to hys presence brouht shuld be.  
 Whedyr whan she cam, of two thyngys oon  
 He bad þat she shuld chesyn anoon,  
 That ys to seyn: or ellys sacryfyse  
 Or to be sleyn most shameful wyse.  
 685 And whan þe apparytours hyr gunne lede  
 For to compellyn hyr to þat dede,  
 And consydyrdyn the hye noblesse

Of hyr byrth & eek þe semelynesse  
 Of hyr *persone* & eek þe greth beute, 690  
 They gunne to wepe for uery pyte  
 And seydyn: „allas, why wyl þis mayde  
 Hyr youthe þus lese?“ To whom she seyde:  
 „Wepyth not, yung men, for me, I praye,  
 But lystnyth rather what I shal saye!  
 That I now rather to deye chese 695  
 Than to sacryfyse, ys not to lese  
 My youth, but a *commutacyoun*  
 Of wysdam it ys, as ye se moun,  
 Lych as a man comenanht dede make  
 Erthe to yiuyñ & gold to take, 700  
 Or ellys to chaungyn an oulde rottyn hous  
 For a ryal paleys of stonys *precyous*.  
 But now of you I aske a questioun:  
 For ych peny (if) ye reseuyue shuld moun  
 At a market or a feyr an hool shylyng, 705  
 As many as þedyr ye dede bryng,  
 Wolde ye not spedyn you þedyr hastily?  
 I trowe, ye wold. now, serys, treuly,  
 God of hys goodnesse hath up set  
 In hys courht abouyn a bettyr market: 710  
 For to euery thyng þat to hym ys souldē,  
 The reward ys ordeynyd an hundryr-foulde,  
 And þer-to lyf þat neuere shal cees.  
 Now thynke ye not þis a noble encrees:  
 An hundryrd for oon, wyth hys addytament? 715  
 Hou trou ye? seyith your entent!“  
*Quod* they ych oon: „we byleue ueryly  
 That Cryst. þi lord, ys god oonly,  
 And noon but he, wych to hys seruyhs  
 The hath chosyn, prudent & wyhs.“ 720  
 And anoon pope Vrban was souht  
 An þiddy by nyht *preuyly* brouht;  
 Wher he crystnyd, er he þens dede go,  
 Of þese neuely-*conuertyd* fourty & mo,  
 Wyth greth ioye & eek gladnesse. 725  
 And whan Almache þis wyst, in hys woodnesse  
 Neu offycers for Cecyle he anoon sent.  
 And whan beforñ hys benche she was *present*:

- „Of what condycoun art þou?“ *quod* he.  
 730 „A ientyl wumman born & noble“, *quod* she.  
 „I aske, *quod* he, of þi relygyoun & þi byleue.“  
 „Thy askyng, *quod* she, ys lewyd, I preue,  
 That two answers sekyth to oon questyoun.“  
 „Wher-of hast þou þis bolde *presumpcyoun*  
 735 Me þus to answeere?“ Almache seyth.  
 „Of pure conscyence & not feynyd feyth  
 To me þis answer, *quod* Cycyle, cam.“  
 „Knowyst not, *quod* he, of what power I am?“  
 „Yis Yis, *quod* Cycyle, I knowe yche deel  
 740 And what youre powere ys, I can tel weel.  
 Alle youre power, as yt semyth to me,  
 May wele to a bleddyng lyknyd be  
 Blowe ful of wynd tyl yt hath starknesse:  
 Wych who-so lyst may sone deprese,  
 745 For wyth a nedlys poynt he may make  
 The wynd oute to goon & þe sterknnesse slake;  
 Euene þus it faryth by þe puyssaunce.“  
 „Wyth iniuryis þou begunne, & hast *per-*  
*seueraunce*  
 In þe same“, *quod* Almache. *Quod* she: „sothly,  
 750 Iniurye may not be seyð *propyrly*  
 But wyth wurdys of deceyt yt uttryd be.  
 Wherefore fals to han seyð, fyrst proue me,  
 And yf þou kunne not, þou art to blame  
 Wyth fals calumnye me to defame.“  
 „What, knowyst not, *quod* Almache, oure princys  
 755 decre,  
 Wych ordeynyd han: what-euere þei be  
 That Cryst wyl reneyn & forsake,  
 Shul bothe wurshepe and fredam take,  
 And þai þat Cryst wyl not denye,  
 760 Wyth peynful torment shul be maad to dye?“  
 „As weel your princys erryn as ye,  
*Quod* Cycyle, wych us, þat innocentys be,  
 Kunne, as you semyth, noon opir wyse shame  
 Than to obiectyn ageyn us Crystys name.  
 765 But þis we wyln þat ye wete pleynty:  
 That we, wych knowe þis name holy,  
 Neythyr yt moun ner wyl denye;



For bettyr us thynkyth blyssydly to dye  
 Than cursydly to lyuyn.“ *Quod* Almache hyr to:  
 „Anoon com of, chese oon of þese two: 770  
 Or to oure goddys sacryfyse deuouthly  
 Or þe to be crystene forsaak opynly,  
 And þan mayst þou harmles askape.“  
*Quod* Cycyle þo, as she had lyst to iape:  
 „Lo, syrs, seeth to what necessitye 775  
 Thys iuge ys brouht þat he wold me  
 Do forsakyn to ben an innocent,  
 That he me myht makyn a nocent!“  
*Quod* Almache ageyn: „knowyst not, wrecehe,  
 Hou þat my power dothe astrecche, 780  
 By commysyoun of oure prynce myhty,  
 To quekyn or sleen? wherfoor so prudly  
 Why answeryst þou me at þis tyde?“  
 „I-wys, *quod* Cycyle, fyrst, as for pryde,  
 I dar weel seyn, noon allyaunce 785  
 It wyth me hath, but in *very constauce*  
 Foundyd & groundyd ys myn answer.  
 But, treuth to heryn yf þou ne fere,  
 Ageyn opyn treuthe in wurdys fewe  
 The to han lyid, I wyl þer shewe. 790  
 Thou seydst ryht nowe here to me  
 That þi pryneys commyttyd had to þe  
 Power to sleen & to quekyn also;  
 But þer þou lyiddyst, for of þese two  
 Thou mayst performyn no mo þan oon: 795  
 Sle many þou mayst, but quekyn noon.  
 Sey þan þus, yf þou wylt not lye:  
 Mynstyr of deth of your polycye  
 The pryneys the han maad, & no more;  
 For yf þou do, þi treuth ys lore.“ 800  
 „Put awaye, *quod* Almache, þis boldnesse,  
 And to oure goddys þe to sacryfyse dresse  
 In hasty wyse! for by phylosophye  
 I lernyd haue my wrongys to drye  
 Personel and þem wyth pacyence 805  
 To suffryn; but oure goddys irreuerence  
 I may not bern in no degre  
 Pacyently.“ „Now, treuly, *quod* she,  
 790 þer st. þe. 808 Ms. pacynty.

Syth þou fyrst gunne þi mouth to vndo,  
 810 Was no wurde þat shewyd þe so  
 To been a fool as now doth þis,  
 For not oonly þi resoun inward blynd ys,  
 But also þi bodyly eyne blynd been:  
 For þat þing wych, as we alle seen,  
 815 Is but a stoon, a god callyst þow.  
 Wherefore by my counsel do for þi prow:  
 Put furth þine hand & wyth touchyng  
 Proue a stoon to been wych wyth seyng  
 Thou wenyst vnwyhsly þat it a god were,  
 820 And so let þine hand þine eye trowth lere!  
 And þan shalt þou be lawhe to skorn  
 No lenger, as þou hast ben here-beforn,  
 Of myche pepyl wych knowyth ueryly  
 That god in heuene dwellyth oonly  
 825 And þat þese figurs of stoon, bras or tre  
 Not trew goddys, but fals ydols be,  
 Wych neythyr hem-self ner opir moun  
 Helpyn ner socouryn, as by resoun  
 It prouyd may be & by experyence.“  
 830 And whan Almache sey from þis sentence  
 That Cycyle no-wyse he myht remeue,  
 Ful sore hys hert yt dede greue;  
 Wherefore to hyr hous he (hir) home sent,  
 Chargyng þat she þer shuld be brent  
 835 In an hoot bath. wher whan þat she  
 A day & a nyht fully had be,  
 Wyth-oute harm or hurt of hyr body  
 In ony-manere part, & eek as myry  
 As she had ben in an herbere cold & grene —  
 840 For of swete no drope on hyr was sene.  
 And Almache, informyd of þe caas,  
 Seyd in hys hert ful oftyn: „allaas!  
 What may I best doon for to han  
 Victory of þis wykkyd wumman?  
 845 For, whyl she lyuyth, shal I neuere han ese  
 In herte.“ wher-foor, hym-self to plese,  
 He yaf a decre wyth-owte let  
 That hyr heed shuld of be smet  
 Euene þer she was; to wych entent

He þedyr oon of hys tormentours sent 850  
 And chargyd hym, hastyly yt shuld be do.  
 Wych aftyr oo strook yaf hyr two;  
 But notwythstondyng þese strokys thre  
 Hyr heed of-smytyn myht not he.  
 And, for as mych as þan þe lawe 855  
 Wold not pat þai wych shuld be slawe  
 Wyth hefdyng, strokys shuld han no mo  
 Than thre, (þe) lyctour þens dede go  
 And left hyr half-deed. & þer-wyth anoon 860  
 Of crystene men come þedyr many oon  
 And gadryd up hyr blood by & by  
 I(n) feyr clene kerchys ful reuerently.  
 An thre dayis, wych aftyr she was lyuyng,  
 She neuere cecyd of holy techyng,  
 Exhortyng hem stedefast to be 865  
 To crystene feyth wych wunne hath she;  
 Amongg whom also wy<sup>t</sup> hert glade  
 She departyd swych thyngys as she had,  
 In almes-dede. & whan þis was doon,  
 She hem alle commendyd to þe tucyoun 870  
 Of pope Vrban, to whom mekely  
 She þus seyde: „holy fadyr, I  
 Thre days haue askyd of respyth,  
 That I to þe comendyn myht  
 Thys pepyl wych by goddys grace 875  
 I wunnen haue, & þat my place  
 To goddys seruyse myht halwyd be  
 In-to a cherche perpetuelly by the.“  
 Thys seyde, hyre soule, whedyr yt god wold haue,  
 Forth went anoon. but hyr body dede graue 880  
 Pope Vrban in þe selue place  
 Where popys beryid wer, by a specyal grace.  
 And aftyr þis to hyr hous he went  
 And blyssyd yt & halwyd, aftyr hyr entent,  
 In-to a cherche ful deuouthly; 885  
 Wher myraclys ben shewyd plenteuously  
 To þe honour of god & hys martyr dere.  
 But whan she was m<sup>a</sup>rtyrd who-so lyst to here,  
 I say þat m<sup>a</sup>rtyrd was Cycyle þe holy uirgyne  
 The yere of grace, treuly to termyne, 890

Two hundyrd twenty & eek thre —  
 Legenda aurea thus techyth me —  
 The tende kalende euene of Decembre;  
 Wych tym regnyth, as he doth remembre,  
 895 Alexaundyr of Rome þe emperour. —  
 Now, blyssyd Cycyle, of maydynhode flour,  
 Gemme of stedfastnesse, of martyrdom rose,  
 Lylve of uirgynyte *in* pine holy purpose,  
 To þe sympyl preyer beuyngly attende  
 900 Of hym þat translatur was of þi legende,  
 Wych þe, Feyth, & Barbara, long-go dede take  
 To hys valentyns, & neuere you wyl forsake,  
 Whyl þat he lyuyth; purchace hym grace  
 Swych sethe to make, or he hens pace,  
 905 For þe wrechydnese of hys forn-lyuyng,  
 That, whan body & soule shul make partyng  
 And he shal forth passyn from þis owtlaury,  
 Wyth you in heuene he may be myry!  
 Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

894 l. regnyd. 898 Ms. & st. in 906 Ms. shuld mit auspunkt. d.

## XI. THE PROLOGE OF SEYNT AGAS LYF.

As y fynd wrytyn in legend aurea,  
 On fyue wysys may þis wurd Agatha  
 Ben expounnyd. and fyrst of „Agyos“  
 Wych sygnyfyith „holy“, & of „Theos“  
 5 That „god“ toknyth — þanne in wurdys pleyne  
 „Goddys holy“ ys Agas for to seyne;  
 And þis to hyr acordyth by congruyte:  
 For to goddys holy longyn thyngys thre,  
 As seyth Joon wyth þe golden mouth,  
 10 Wych to blyssyd Agas were kynd & kouth:  
 As clenness of herte, & eek presence  
 Of þe holy goost, þe thrydde ys affluence  
 Of werkys good. anopir wyse,  
 As seyde Januence doth deuyse

9 d. i. Joh. Chrysostomus.

Pertynently to oure purpos, 15  
 Agatha ys seyde of „Agyos“,  
 „A“ „wyth-owte“, „geos“ „erthe“ ys;  
 Wher-of þe vndyrstondyng ys þis  
 That Agas in hyr inward entencyoun  
 Voyd was of al erdely affecccoun. 20  
 Or of „aga“ wych „spekyng“,  
 And „Thau“ wych betoknyth „endyng“  
 Thys wurd Agatha seyde ys, *quod* he,  
 And wurthyly: for pleynly she  
 Fyrst & last in hyr spekeyng 25  
 Perfyht was, as shewyth hyr answeyng.  
 Of „agad“, to oure purpoos, also,  
 „Seruage“ toknyth, & of „Theos“ þer-to  
 Wych sygnyfyith „souereyn“, ys deryuyid  
 Thys wurd Agatha: & to þat applyid 30  
 That she seyde, souereyn balnage  
 Pronyd ys in Crystys trewe seruage.  
 The fyfte & þe last deryuacyoun.  
 Aftyr þis clerky's determynacyoun,  
 Of þis oftyen seyde name Agatha, 35  
 Is eftsonys of þis wurd „aga“  
 Wych „solemne“ ys by interpretacyoun,  
 And of „thav.“ wych toknyth „consummacyoun“;  
 And þis to Agas longyth congruently,  
 For *consummat* she was ful solemnly 40  
 Of holy aungels by þe sepulture. —  
 Now, blyssyd Agas, do þi besy cure  
 That þei wych louyn & wurshepyn þe,  
 Goddys holy, in þis werd mow be  
 Endewyd of herte wy' elennesse 45  
 And of good werkys *wyth* plenteuousnesse,  
 Pure from al erdly affecccoun,  
 And to haue in speche swych *perfecccoun*  
 That alle here wurdys mow sowde (!) uertu;  
 So eek in þe seruyse of Cryst Jhesu 50  
 To been exercysyd in þis werde here,  
 That, whan þere bodyis ben leyde on bere,  
 Here soulys wy' aungelys led mow be  
 To þat place of endlees felycyte  
 Where þou doost dwelle! & specyally 55

27 L. A.: Vel ab agath quod est servitus, et thaas superior. 32 l. barnage.

49 Ms. sowde st. sowe?

To Agas Fleg attende, o blyssyd lady,  
 And hyr to purchase help swych grace:  
 Owt of þis werd or she do pace,  
 That she may haue deu contrycyoun  
 60 Of alle hyre mys & plener confessyoun,  
 Space & leysur a-seeth to make  
 And þe holy sacrament to take  
 Of Crystys body & wy' so holy entente,  
 That þe deuyl wy' noon enpechement  
 65 Hyre mow lette from þe souereyn blys,  
 Where ioye & merthe endlees ys:  
 Whedyr mot brynge both hyr & us  
 Thorgh thy merytys oure lord Jhesus!

HERE BEGYNNYS THE LYF OF SEYNT  
AGAS.

Agas, of whom I haue spoke befor,  
 70 In an yle, Cycyle clepyd, was born  
 And of Cathanence in þe royal cyte,  
 Of þe nobyllest blood eek of þat cuntre  
 Lyneally succedyng she dede descende,  
 Aftyr þe sentence of þe golden legende.  
 75 But no scriptur I fynd þat kan descrye  
 Of here kynrede þe lyne ner hyre genealegye  
 Declaryn nere hyr progenytours pedegre,  
 Nere what hyr fadrys name myht be  
 Nere hyre modrys, treuly; but þis I fynde  
 80 That wyth þe yiftys both of grace & kynde  
 She endewyd was most excellently.  
 But not-wythstondyng þat in body  
 And soule eek she had greth excellence  
 Of beute, yet euere hyre dylygence  
 85 God to seruyn she dede in al holynesse  
 Both daye & nyht, wyth greth besynesse;  
 For pryuyly in hyre inward thouht  
 Rychesse & welth she set at nouht,  
 Alle fleshly lustys she dede despyse,  
 90 No werdly wurshepe myht hyr supprise

Nere fro goddys loue changyn hyr entent.  
 I(n) wych mene-tyme from Rome was sent,  
 Of al þat cuntre þe reule to han,  
 And clepyd was hys name Quyncyan,  
 And to occupyn þe offyce of consularye; 95  
 Lowe of byrth. by Fortune set hye,  
 Vp-on hyre whele wych ay vnstable  
 And vertyble ys & ful mutable,  
 Neuyr stondyng styl but euere turnyng —  
 As of þis Quyncyan shewyd þe endyng, 100  
 As at þe ende of þis legende  
 They here shul wych lyst attende.  
 And not oonly ygnoble was þis Quyncyan,  
 But he eek was a ful vycyous man,  
 And speecyally he was lybydynous 105  
 Thorgh fleshly lust, & þere-to coueytous,  
 Fals of byleue & an ydolatur —  
 Wych to mammettys doth godly honour  
 And uery god in heuene doth denye.  
 But whan þis Quyncyan dede aspye 110  
 The purpose of Agas in hyr entent,  
 By hys offycers for hyr he sent  
 And del(y)ueryd hyr tyl oon Affrodyse,  
 A wumman wych lyuyd in synful wyse,  
 Hyr body offryng to þe vncleennesse 115  
 Of ych þat cam; and of lyk wykkydnesse  
 Wyth hyr she had doughtrys nyne.  
 Whom he chargyd þat wyth sum gyne  
 They shuld alle doo al her kunnyng,  
 Both by behestys & by thretyng. 120  
 Of thretty dayis wy'-yn þe space  
 To remeue Agas from goddys grace  
 And enclynyn hyr herte to ydolatrie.  
 And þei anoon them dede applye  
 To that purpoos. but yt nold not be; 125  
 „For thys I wyl ye knowe, *quod* she,  
 That myn herte on swych a stoon ys groundyd  
 And yn Cryst Jhesu so steedfastly foundyd  
 And byldyd up in swych degre,  
 That alle youre wurdys, wych as wynd be, 130  
 Youre thretys as flodys, youre hestys as reyn,

As to me ben both frustrate & veyn;  
 For, þow ye neuere so sore assayle  
 My fundacyoun, ye not preuayle  
 135 Shul mown þer-geyns ner vndyr you alle  
 Shul þe byldyng maak doun to falle.“  
 Thus oftyn wepyng she dede seye;  
 And wyth deuouth herte she god dede preye  
 That he vouchydsaf hyr make  
 400 For hys loue deth for to take  
 And so to entryn in-to that blys  
 Where ioye & myrth endles ys.  
 And whan Affrody seye þe stedefastnesse  
 Of blyssyd Agas & þe goodnesse,  
 145 From wych she nold remeuyd be,  
 To Quyncyan she seyde on þis degre:  
 „Syre, as fer forth as I kan aspye,  
 Esyere yt ys stonys to mollyfye  
 And to makyn as soft as ys lyht brede,  
 150 And brennyng yryn to þe softnesse of lede,  
 Than yt ys þis tendyr maydyns herte  
 Fro þe entent of crystene feyth *conuerte*“ —  
 Wych both *impossyble* semyng to be.  
 And anoon Quyncyan comaundyd pat she  
 155 Shuld be brouht to hys *presence*;  
 And whan she come was, he hys *sentence*  
 Vttryd þus: „damysel, anoon sey me  
 Of what kynrede born ye be?“  
*Quod* Agas: „I sey yt for no pompousnesse —  
 160 A ientyl wumman I am, as bern wytnesse  
 Al my parentele ryht wele kan.“  
 „If þou þan, *quod* he, be a ientyl wumman,  
 A serual persone why shewyst the  
 In maners & condycyouns for to be?“  
 165 „For I am, *quod* she, Crystys handmayde,  
 Therefore to shewe me I ne am dysmayde  
 A seruyle persone for Crystys sake.“  
 „Than to þis questyoun a-sieth þou make,  
 170 *Quod* Quyncyan: syth þou ientyl art & fre  
 Of byrth, & handmayde hou mayst þou be?  
 For by al resoun, as I do gesse,  
 Ful contrarye ben seruage & ientylnesse

147 A. R.: here Affrodyse delyneryth Agas ageyn to Quyncyan.  
 153 l. semyth? 163 l. seruyll. 171 Ms. & st. a.



And to-gedyr no-wys may be combynyd.“  
 „I-wys, *quod* Agas, yf þou were illumynyd  
 Of heuenely grace wyth þe influence. 175  
 Thou sone shuldyst chaungyn þis sentence  
 And yn þine inwarde conseytys sone aspye  
 That Crystys seruage ys grettest genterye,  
 And most souereyn fredam & lyberte  
 Is in hys seruyse prouyd to be, 180  
 Whom to seruyn ys a kyngys offyhs.“  
 „Ya, leue al þis talkyng, *quod* he, vnwyhs,  
 And of two thyingys anoon do chese:  
 That ys to seyn, whethyr þou wylt lese  
 Thy lyf of peyn wyth greth vyolence, 185  
 Or ellys louly to offryn frankensence,  
 Deuoutly knelyng up-on þi kne,  
 On-to oure goddys wych immortal be  
 And al thying weldyn in her subieccyoun.“  
 „I-wys, *quod* she. syth so hy renoun 190  
 Is in youre goddys as þou doost expresse,  
 I wold to Venus, youre goddessse,  
 Thy wyf were lyk, & pou to Joue,  
 Thy god, whom to syttyn aboue  
 Thow feynyst othyr goddys alle 195  
 And syngulerly for helpe to hym doost calle  
 And in ych myschef for socour dost seke.“  
 And anoon a buffet vndyr þe cheke  
 He comaundyd hyr haue, seying þis-wyse:  
 „In-to þe iniurye of þi Justyse 200  
 Be not *presumptuous* þi mouth to vndo,  
 But kepe þi tonge — wyhsdam wyl so —  
 And iape me not, I the counsayle.“  
 „Sykyrly, *quod* Agas, I grethly meruayle  
 That þou, wych holdyst þi-self so wyhs, 205  
 So fonnyd art wexyn & so nyhs  
 And so fer forth led in errour,  
 That swych goddys pou doost honour  
 And wyrshepyst wyth greth solemnyte  
 To whom comparyd for to be 210  
 And to be assemelyd to as in lyf  
 Neythyr þe pou deynyst ner þi wyf,  
 But thynkyst iniurye to you & wroung

That I desyre you to lyue long  
 215 Wyth your goddys in egal degre.  
 For, yf þei very *perfyht* goddys be,  
 Voyde of al malyhs & of yre  
 And to you but good no-thing desyre,  
 And efthsonys on þat oþir syde  
 220 If from here lyf thou þe dyuyde,  
 Dysdeynyng her lyknesse of entente,  
 Thanne to my purpos þou doost assente  
 And as lytyl apprysyst hem as do y.“  
*Quod* Quynceyan: „why art þou so besy  
 225 Wyth veyn cours of wordys slye  
 And cautelous me for to ludyfye  
 And to *prolonge* þe tym in sotyl wyse?  
 Shortly I sey: but þou sacryfyse  
 Do to oure goddys in humble manere  
 230 Here opynly & wy<sup>t</sup> hert entere,  
 Swych torment to þe I shal applye  
 That for uery peyn þou shalt dye  
 And so lesyn al werdly solas.“  
 To whom demurely þus seyde Agas:  
 235 „Ful lytyl I charge hou þou me threte;  
 For, thowe wyld bestys þou behete  
 To me to sende: whan Crystys name  
 They onys here, they shul waxe tame;  
 And thowe þou threte me by feer,  
 240 Yet chaunge no-wyse I wyl my chere,  
 For þe dew of heelful saluacyoun  
 Aungelys from heuene shul bryng me doun;  
 And þow þou torment & woundys me threte  
 And wyth yerdys & scourgys to be bete,  
 245 Yet of þe holygost counfort to haue  
 I hope weel, swych as schal me saue  
 And so strong make in sundry wyse  
 That, what-so-euere þou kanst deuysel  
 Of peyn & of cruel torment,  
 250 Thorgh hys *grace* of hool entent  
 I hem alle despyse wyth herte entere.“  
 And he anon wyth a sturdy chere  
 Chargyd hyre on-to prysoun be lad,  
 For she hym vttyrly confoundyd had

A-forn allè folk euene opynly. 255  
 Whedyr Agas went as myryly  
 And as gladly as þow þat she  
 To a feste royal led had be;  
 And as she þedyr went. & eek there,  
 Lych as Januence us dooth lere 260  
 In hys book clepyd golden legende,  
 Wyth deuouth preyer she dede comende  
 To god hyr cause ful humbylly.  
 And Quynceyan þe next morwe erly  
 Agas beforh hym comaundyd apere; 265  
 To whom he seyð on þis manere:  
 „Agas, I counsel þe for þi prowē,  
 Cryst for þi god forsake thowe  
 Euene here in opyn audyence,  
 And to my goddys offre wyth reuerence, 270  
 Deuouthly on þi kne knelyng!“  
 But Agas ne wolde for no thyng  
 Neythyr Cryst for hyr god forsake  
 Ner to hys goddys sacryfyse make.  
 Wherefore anoon hyr comaundyd he 275  
 Vp-on a iebet hangyd to be,  
 And there to be betyn ful cruelly.  
 And she þus hym seyde demurely:  
 „I in þis peynys haue swych lykyng  
 As he þat heryth a newe glad tydyng, 280  
 Or as he þat seth & doth vndyrfoungē  
 Hym whom to seen he desyryd hath longe,  
 Or as he þat depe hyd in grounde  
 A precyous tresour hath neuely founde  
 Wyth neuere to-forn he had seyn. 285  
 For þis I wyl þou knowe. certeyn,  
 That, lych as þe nobyl greyn-whete.  
 Tyl yt be weel trosshyn & bete  
 And from þe chaf be partyd so clene  
 That no fylth þer-in be sene, 290  
 It ne shal be put in-to þe garnere  
 Of þe lord; & so in lych manere  
 May not my soule depuryd from vyce  
 Entryn yn of gloryous paradyce  
 By palme of martyrdam to þe place, 295

But þou my body do al to-race  
 Wyth þi tormentours ful dilygently.  
 Spare not therefore! for I am redy  
 To suffre what-euere þou lyst to do.“  
 300 *Quod* Quyncyan þan: „anoon go to,  
 O tormentours, & to þis damysel ying  
 Sumwhat shewyth of youre kunnyng:  
 Touchyth hyr a lytyl from þe herte  
 Vpon hyr pappys & doth hyr smerte,  
 305 And let hyre knowyn what ys peyn!“  
 And þei anoon hyre gunne to streyn;  
 Sum wyth pynsouns blunt & dulle  
 Hyr tendyr brestys begunne to pulle  
 Ful boystously, summe in here hondys  
 310 Browhtyyn brennyng-hoot fyr-brondys  
 And therwyth hyr pappys al to-brent,  
 Sum wyth yirnene forkys out rent  
 The flesh þer-of, that grete pyte.  
 How þe blood cwt ran, yt was to se,  
 315 On euery syde ful plenteuously;  
 And whan þis was doon, he gan to cry  
 And chargyd hys tormentours in al hast  
 Hem of to kутten & way to kaste,  
 Wyth-oute pyte or reuthe, allas.  
 320 Al þat he bad, performyd yt was.  
 And whan a-vey was kut both flesh & fel,  
 Agas þus seyde: „o wrecchyde & cruel  
 And cursyd tyraunth, hast þou no shame  
 A-vey to kuttyn that on thy dame  
 325 Thou dedyst soukyn for þi fostryng,  
 Ere þou koudyst etyn, whyl þou were ying,  
 And ere þou wyt haddyst or dyscrecyoun?  
 Where-fore, me semyth, greth confusyoun  
 It awt to be to euery man  
 330 Thus to dysfyguryng a wumman,  
 As þou hast me in þi fersnesse.  
 But not-wythstandyng al þi cruelnesse,  
 Maugre al þi furious vyolence,  
 Thorgh help of heuenely influence  
 335 In my soule al hool wyth-ynne  
 Pappys I haue wych fro me tynne

Thou neuere shalt moun *wyth* no peyne,  
 Where-wytth I fostre & susteyne  
 Al my wyttys ful dilygently;  
 Wych to my lord god halwyd haue y 340  
 From þe begynnyng of my tendyr age.  
 And þis seyde, Quyncyan in hys fers rage  
 To prysoun chargyd hyre to be lad  
 Wyth-owte lettyng, & eek forbad  
 That no leche shuld entryn hyre to; 345  
 Mete & drynk he chargyd also  
 No man so hardy hyr to brynge,  
 To enfamyne hyre fully purposyng  
 In hys malyncoly & in hys yre.  
 But god, wych of heuene ys lord & syre 350  
 And al thyng weldyth at hys wyll,  
 Wold not suffren hym for to spylle  
 Hys seruauyth wy<sup>t</sup> so cruel iugement;  
 Wherfore to hyre in prysoun he sent  
 A ould man aboute mydnyht, 355  
 Beforn whom went a chyld *wyth* lyht.  
 Thys ould man sempt a leche to be,  
 And dyuers medycyns *wyth* hym broht he  
 Wych were both good & sure  
 And suffycyent hyr woundys for to cure. 360  
 And whan he cam euene þere she was,  
 To hyre he seyde þus: „o mayde Agas,  
 Al be yt so þat þis mad man,  
 Thys consularye, þis Quyncyan  
 Wyt torment hath þe doon greth dere, 365  
 Yet hast þou hym wy<sup>t</sup> þine answeere  
 Tormentyd more þan he hath þe:  
 For in hys *conscyence* ful *confuse* ys he  
 And, as yt semyth, at hys wyttys ende.  
 But, for I present was whan he dede rende 370  
 From þi brest þi pappys cruelly  
 Wyth-oute eythyr pyte or mercy,  
 I consyderyd haue by my kunnyng  
 That wyth good dilygence & entendyng  
 They mouñ wele be reeuryd ageyn 375  
 And maad al hool. yf þou wylt, certeyn;  
 And comyn I am to þe same entent

355 A. R.: here comyth Seynt Petyr to Agas in prysoun.

And *wyth* me brouht many an oynement,  
 Wych be both good & profytable  
 380 And to cure yeh soor good & able,  
 And ellys I nolde haue come now here.“  
*Quod* Agas ageyn wyth ful sad chere:  
 „Syre, treuly, I wyl ye knowe pat y  
 Dede neuere yet medyeyn to my body,  
 385 Syth I was born; wherfore now shame  
 To begynne yt were & wurthy blame.“  
 „Doughtyr, I am a crystyn man, *quod* he,  
 And perfore pou nedyst not to be shamyd of me.“  
 „Nay nay, syre, *quod* Agas, certeynly,  
 390 No-thhyng a-shamyd of you am y  
 Ner aferd; for, syth fer stopyn in age  
 Ye been, as semyth by your vysage,  
 And on pat opir syde *wyth* greth torment  
 So woundyd I am & so al to-rent  
 395 That on no wyse, as yt semyth, be me  
 No man of lust myht tempyd be.  
 Wherfore, fadyr, ryht humbylly  
 I you thank & sey gramerey  
 That ye of your cherytabylnesse  
 400 Vouchesaf to do swych besynesse  
 Me to curyn wyth greth dylygence.  
 But yt shal not be; wherfore goth hence!“  
 „And what ys cause, I you beseche, *quod* he.  
 That you to coryn ye nyl suffryn me?“  
 405 „I-wys, syre, *quod* she, for ful of uertu  
 A lord I haue, clepyd Cryst Jhesu,  
 Wych of swych myht ys & of puyssaunce  
 That wyth o wurde al my greuaunce  
 He curyn may, & enere sore,  
 410 And *perfyth* helth to me restore.  
 Therefore, yf he wyl, yt shal be do.“  
 „And pis same lord sent me pe to,  
*Quod* pis elder softly smylyng,  
 And hys apostyl I am, wy'-owte doutyng,  
 415 In whos name I dar wele expresse  
 Dylyueryd pou art from al dystresse  
 And eek alle pi woundys ful curyd be.“  
 And pis seyde, sodeynly vanysshyd he

And no more was seyn in þat plas; —  
 Januence seyth þat seynt Petyr yt was. 420  
 And anoon wyth a deuouth entencyoun  
 On bothen hyr knees Agas fel down  
 And thankyd god wy' deu mekenesse  
 Of alle hys greth grace & hys goodnesse;  
 For alle hyr woundys both mest & lest 425  
 Ful curyd were & to hyre breest  
 Hyr pappys restoryd meruelously  
 At Petrys partyng euene sudeynly.  
 And wyth þe bryhtnesse þat þere was  
 In þe prysoun whan curyd was Agas 430  
 Of seynt Petyr, so astoynyd were  
 Hyre kepers alle. & so ful of fere,  
 That from hyre they went anoon,  
 And þe dorys lefth opyn euerychon  
 Of þe prysoun, & fast gunne fle. 435  
*Quod* oon to hyr þan: „o mayde fre,  
 Syth alle þi kepers ben flad awaye,  
 Goth wher you lyst, I yow praye.  
 For euery dore ope stond ful wyde;  
 Wherefore why lenger ye here abyde?“ 440  
*Quod* Agas: „woldyst þou *I* shulde fleen hens  
 And so leuyn þe froyht of *perfyht* pacyens?  
 God forbede! for not oonly so  
 It shulde befallē, but eek þer-to  
 I shulde be cause thorgh my cowardnesse 445  
 That my kepers shulde been in dystresse  
 And grethly damagyd for lesyng of me.  
 It shal not be so, for I wyl not fle,  
 But, pleyntly, what-euere of me betyde,  
 Styllē in þis prysoun I wyl abyde, 450  
 As long as yt lykyth my lord, my loue,  
 Cryst Jhesu, wych in heuene aboue  
 Lyuyth & regnyth of myhtys most,  
 Wyth hys fadyr & wyth þe holygost,  
 And euere hath doon & shal doon ay.“ 455  
 But sone, euene aftyr þe fourte day,  
 For Agas out of prysoun sent  
 Quynceyan. and þus hys entent  
 To hyr he seyde: „oon of þese two

- 460 Chese anoon whethyr þou wylt do,  
 That ys to seyn: or in humble wyse  
 To oure goddys þou shalt sacryfyse  
 Beforn alle folk here opynly,  
 Or ellys wy<sup>t</sup> more cruel tormentry  
 465 Than þou hast suffryd, be maad to dye.“  
 „Thy wurdys, *quod* Agas, been ful of folye,  
 Wykkyd. froward & ful of uanyte,  
 The cyr defoulyng in sundry degre!  
 Sey me now, o wrecche in þi felyng  
 470 But wrecchyddere yet in þin vndyrstondyng.  
 Woldyst þou þat I shuld make  
 Sacryfyse to stonys & god forsake  
 Wych ys in heuene & from al dystresse  
 Me hath delyueryd thorgh hys goodnesse  
 475 And of my body hath curyd euery wounde?“  
 „Who ys he that, sey me þis stounde,  
 Wych þe hath helyd?“ *quod* Quyncyan.  
 „I seye, *quod* she, Cryst, god and man,  
 And sone of hyr, by a special prerogatyff  
 480 Wych was both maydyn, modyr, & wyf,  
 And of god eek þat syttyth in heuene on hy.“  
 „How darst þou, *quod* he, so malapertly  
 Hym nemelyn ageyn in my presence  
 Of whom to heryn me doth offence?“  
 485 „How-euere, *quod* Agas, þe yt hangyr or greue,  
 On Cryst my lord I wyl beleue  
 Wyl þat my lyf here doth endure,  
 And louyn hym wyth herte clene & pure  
 And wyth my lyppys to hym clepe & calle  
 490 In euery nede, what-so-euere befallle,  
 Wych, yf he wyl, may me saue.“  
 „Now shal be sene yf powere haue  
 Thy Cryst, *quod* he, þe to saue & hele  
 From swych peynys as þou shalt fele  
 495 Sone aftyr þis!“ & anoon he bad  
 Broke sherdys greth plente abroad be sprad  
 And vndyr þo sherdys ful hoot brennyng  
 Colys be kast, & wyth-oute taryng  
 Agas al nakyd þer-on be leyd.  
 500 And doon was anoon lych as he seyde.



And whyl þei were besy vndyr hyr to rake  
 The hoot colys, sodeynly to quake  
 The erthe began, and so myhtyly  
 The cyte yt shook þat a greth party  
 Fel sodeynly down, & in þe fallyng 505  
 Two conselours, wy<sup>t</sup> þe iuge syttyng,  
 It oppressyd & slow, wyth many oon mo;  
 And forthwyth þe peple ful of wo  
 Wyth o voys ful loude þus dede crye:  
 „Syr iuge, for þe wnryhtful tormentrye 510  
 To Agas doon, we suffre al thys;  
 Wherefore to secyn oure counsel yt ys,  
 Ne hap what ellys may be-falle.“  
 And whan þei on hym þis-wyse dede calle  
 Inportunely, he roylyd in hys mende 515  
 How he myht best þis matere ende; —  
 For whan he thus sey þe erthe quake  
 And on euery syde down housys shake,  
 Castellys, tourys & wallys hye,  
 He wex aferde; & on þat oþir partye 520  
 Of þe peple he drede sedycyoun,  
 Wych lyk was to growyn in þe toun.  
 Anoon he chargyd hys tormentours  
 Agas to relese of hyr sharp shours  
 And quenche þe feer & to prysoun hyr lede. 525  
 And as he comaundyd, done was in dede.  
 Where whan she cam, wyth hert entere  
 To god she maad þus hyre preyere:  
 „Lord Jhesu Cryst, wych me of nowt  
 Oonly by grace hast made & wrowt, 530  
 And fro my yung & tendyr age  
 Preseruyd hast from synnys seruage  
 And my body also from polluceyoun  
 Hast kept of al fleshly corrupeyoun  
 And þe werdys loue hast fro me take, 535  
 And hast eek vouchydsaf me vycetryhs make  
 Of alle tormentys & wyth-oute resystence  
 Wyth þe vertu me enduyd of pacyence:  
 Taak now up my spyryth. I þe prey hertly,  
 And comaunde me to come to þi mercy!“ 540  
 And whan she þus had preyid wyth mylde steuene

- Wyth a greth voys to þe fadyr of heuene,  
 She yald up þe spyryt — aftyr Januence decre  
 Aboute þe yerys of *grace* two hundryd fyfty  
 & thre,
- 545 Wych tyme as Decius was emperour.  
 And whyl *wyth* oynementys of sw(e)te odour  
 Feythful peple dede here besy cure  
 Hyr blyssyd body to þe sepulture  
 Redy to dressyn, euene vnwarly
- 550 A yung man, in clothys of sylk freshly  
 Arayid, & wyth hym al clad in whyht  
 An hundryd chyldryn & mo, ful freshly dyht,  
 Besyde Agas graue dede stonde,  
 And a taplet of marbyl held *in* hys honde,
- 555 Wyth an epytaphye craftely graue þere-yn,  
 These wurdys conteynyng in latyn:  
 Mentem scām habuit, spontaneam, honorem  
 deo, & patrie liberacionem.  
 Of wych scripture in wurdys fewe  
 Januence þe sentence þus dede shewe:  
 Thys Agas, *quod* he, had a soule holy,
- 560 And to hyr passyoun she hyre offryd frely,  
 Honour eek & worshype to god yaf she,  
 And fredam she purchasyd to hyr cuntre —  
 Thys was þe sentence of þe seyde tablet.  
 And whan on þe graue yt up was set,
- 565 The yunglyng *wyth* alle hys cumpany  
 Awey dede vanysshyn euene sodeynly.  
 Wych neuere were seyn aftyr þat whyle  
 In al þe marchys of Cycyle.  
 And whan puplysshyd was þis myracle & told,
- 570 Of paynyms & iewys both yung & old  
 Ful many oon wyth greth dylygence  
 Come to hyre sepulcre & dede reuerence  
 To þis holy martyr & blyssyd *virgyne*. —  
 But sone aftyr þat she hyr lyf dede fyne:
- 575 As Quynceyan wyth greth pompe & pryde,  
 To enserchyn hyre patrymonye, dede ryde,  
 Tweyn hors of hys wex ful sauage  
 And gunne to nehyn in here fers rage:  
 Of wych þe toon hym greuously boot,

And wyth hys kakun þe topir hym smoot 580  
 And doun hym threu in-to a reuere —  
 Whos body neuere aftyr dede apere  
 Nere myht be foundyn in no wyse,  
 Ne neuere shal tyl at þe last asyse  
 Reioynyd to þe soule on-to helle 585  
 It shal goon, þer-yn to dwelle  
 Wyth deuelys in peyn endlesly.  
 Lo, þus kan god ful ryhtfully  
 Ful lowe hem throwyn wych þat hye  
 In here propyr conceyt aboue þe skye 590  
 Surmountyde were as for a tyde!  
 Lo þis ys euere þe ende of pryde  
 And of hem wych oute of here mynde  
 Puttyn here creatour & ben vnkynde  
 To hys goodnesse, & euere debate 595  
 Wyth hys seruauuntys & hem doon hate,  
 And lyst in no wyse here god knowe,  
 Tyl þei in peyn be plounchyd lowe!  
 Infynyht exaunplys here-of we hau;  
 But for þis tyme þis Quynceyan 600  
 As to oure purpoos ys suffycyent,  
 Whom fro seruyl condycyoun Fortune up hent  
 Of hyre whele by uertybylyte  
 And put hym in þe staat of hy degre  
 And wyth greth worchepe hym dede auauunce 605  
 And yaf hym þe reule & þe gouernaunce  
 Of þat wurthy & comodyous yle  
 Wych of ould tyme clepyd ys Cycyle,  
 And þe dygnyte eek of consularye;  
 And whan (he) þus clombyn was so hye, 610  
 For hys vnkyndenesse sone ouyr-th(r)owe,  
 As ye herd, he was & leyd ful lowe.  
 I wyl of þis mater now no more seyn,  
 But to blyssyd Agas turne I wyl ageyn  
 And makyn an ende of hyre legende. 615  
 But fyrst I wyl, who-so lyst attende,  
 As Januence techyth, o myracle telle,  
 Wych in þe cyte of Cathanence befelle,  
 Aboute swych tyme by reuolucyoun  
 As blyssyd Agas suffryd hyr passyoun; 620

Next folwyng lytyl beforn hyr day  
 Of veniaunce fel þis meruelous frey.  
 A greth hyl wych stood þat cyte nere,  
 Sodeynly brast, & þer-oute cam fere  
 625 Ryht copyous, wych feruently brent,  
 And toward þe cyte so swyftly yt went  
 And so impetously as yt had ben a brook  
 Of reyn-watyr; & what-euere yt took  
 In hys rennyng cours, wer yt styk or stoon  
 630 Or erthe, in feere yt went anoon  
 And consumyd was almost sodeynly.  
 And whan þe multytude of paynmys sy  
 Thys-wyse al thyng aboute hem brenne,  
 Doun from the hyl þei gunne to renne  
 635 To Agas graue, ful ny for fer  
 Owt of here wyt; & whan þei come þer,  
 They took þe veyl wych þe graue dede wrye,  
 And toward þe feer þei fast dede hye  
 And betwyn þe cyte & þe feer yt set,  
 640 So trustyng þe cours þere-of to let  
 And þe furyous rage & þe greth vyolence.  
 And so yt dyde: for swych resystance  
 It made, þat, whan yt cam þer-to,  
 It ceeyd & no more harm myht do.  
 645 And, doutlecs, al þis doon was  
 The meryht to shewyn of blyssyd Agas  
 And how plenteuously in grace she dede  
 habounde,  
 And þe frowardenesse eek for to confounde  
 Of paynmys wych neuere wyl beleue  
 650 How myhty god ys. tyl þei yt preue  
 Be sum myracle shewyd sensorybilly. —  
 Now, blyssyd Agas, wych in heuene on hy  
 Croūnyd as a quene wyth ioye & blys  
 Lyuyst & regnyst, as wurthy ys,  
 655 And euere more shalt wy'-owtyn ende:  
 Purchace us grace, or we hens wende,  
 In þis owtlaurye so to lyuyn & do  
 That at owre partyng we may come to,  
 Plenerly purged from al oure synne,

The gloryous place wych þou art ymae,  
 There euere to abyde wyth god & the —  
 Sey yche man amen, pur cheryte.

Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramerey.

## XII. THE PROLOGE OF SEYNT LUCYE.

Luceye of „lyht“, aftyr Januencys purpose,  
 Takyth þe name by dyryuacyoun:  
 For þe kynde of lyht ys, as seyth Ambrose,  
 That in syht þerof ys gracious *consolacyoun*;  
 It dyffoundyth þe self *wyth-owte inquynacyoun*; 5  
 It ryht furth *procedyth wy'-owte crokydnesse*,  
 And a long lyne *wyth-owte morous dylacyoun*  
 Ful redyly yt passyth, for þe greth swyftnesse.  
 In wych exaūnple Januence doth expresse  
 That Luceye had þe beute of *virgynyte*, 10  
 Wy'-owte spot of fylthe or of vnclennesse;  
 And ful wyde on brede she chad hyr cheryte;  
 Ryht entent to god wy'-owtyn oblyquyte  
 She had. & þe lyne of good werkyng  
 Wyth *perseueraunce* fynally possedyd she — 15  
 Thys ys þe entent of Januences wrytyng. —  
 Now, blyssyd Luceye, wych clepyd art lyht  
 Or lyhtys weye. by a synguler *propyrte*  
 Of special grace whom so greth myht  
 The holygost yaf þat in no degre 20  
 To þe bordelhous myht not drawyn þe  
 A thowsend men, wy' oxyn many a peyre:  
 Granth vs in *vertu* so strong to be  
 That no-maner vyce vs mow apeyre! Amen.

## HERE BEGYNNYS THE LYF OF SEYNT LUCYE.

Thys nobyl *virgyne*. þis blyssyd Luceye, 25  
 Whos lyf y purpose for to dysc(r)ye

12 l. shad. 14 Ms. lyue. 26 Ms Ms. dyscye.

Altengl. Bibliothek. 1.

Brefly in englyssh, yf god me grace  
 And of lyf graunte leyser and space,  
 Born was in a comodyous yle  
 30 Wych pat storyis clepyn Cecyle,  
 And in a cyte wych þei vse  
 That þer dwellyn to clepyn Syracuse;  
 And lyneally descendyd of þe wurthyest kyn  
 The seyde cyte wych dwellyd yn.  
 35 Whos fadyr deyid in hyr noūn-age.  
 And a modyr she had, bothe wyhs & sage,  
 Whos name clepyd was Eutyce,  
 Wych vertu louyd & hatyd vyce.  
 And so befel þat þe greuouse syknesse,  
 40 Clepyd dysseyntyrre, hyr dede oppresse,  
 Ful yerys foure, & þat so greuously  
 That no leche hyr cowde do remedy. —  
 But who-so lyst to vnderstonde  
 What dysseyntyrre ys, let hym fonde  
 45 To aqueyntyn hym wyth summe of þese men:  
 Ypocras, Constantyn, or Galyen,  
 Wych of fysyk þe pryncys be  
 And arn souereyns clepyd in þat faculte;  
 Wych kun declare clause by clause  
 50 Of yche syknesse both ruth & cause  
 And how þei shuldyn curyd be.  
 But I no skyl kan of þat faculte;  
 Wherefore no man loke aftyr here  
 That I shuld more seyn in þis matere  
 55 Than þat dysseyntyrre of comoun vsage  
 The reed flyx ys clepyd in oure langwage,  
 Wych wyth of þe guttys excoryacyoun  
 Sendyth owte sangweyn agestyoun;  
 But how þis syknesse hath spyceys thre  
 60 And how of thre humours þei causyd be:  
 As coler reed, fleum salt, & coler adust —  
 Wych of alle þe thre ys þe wurst —  
 Nere for what skyl yt ys incurable,  
 And specyally whan þe colour ys sable:  
 65 Of þat faculte for I am but bare,  
 I wyl not presumyn here to declare.  
 Sufficyth to knowyn þat þis syknesse

27 Me. ys st. yf. 35 noun age = nonage minority. 40 L. A. fluxus sanguinis. 58 l. congestioun.

Is ful greuous, as bern wytnesse  
 Kun þei best þat han experyence,  
 And speccially seyð Eutyce, wych greth expence 70  
 Doon had þer-on, as to-foor seyð ys,  
 Ful yerys foure. but aftyr þis,  
 Whan thorgh þe prouynce of seyð Cecyle,  
 Wych of lengthe & brede ys many a myle,  
 The glorious fame dyuulgyd was 75  
 Of þe blyssyd *virgyn* seynt Agas,  
 Wych in (þe) cyte of 'Tagatence  
 Was neuely martyrð *wyth* greth vyolence, —  
 Whom for to seken wy<sup>t</sup> an holy entent  
 On hyr festful day mych peple went 80  
 From euery plage of þe seyð Cecyle,  
 And speccially from Syracuse, wych fourty myle  
 And fyue ys from þens. or lytyl lesse —:  
 At wych tyme, execytyd, as I gesse,  
 By Lucye, hyre doughtyr, Eutyce also 85  
 The same pylgrymage *purposyd* to do;  
 And not-wythstondyng hyr syknesse  
 She & Lucye hem þedyr dede dresse.  
 And whan þei doon had her pylgrymage  
 And offryd, as þan was þe vsage, 90  
 And performyd was þe *processyoun*,  
 In wych yerly was red & of custom  
 That gospyl wych tellyth of a wumman  
 That of þe reed flyx no remedy myht han  
 Tyl she had touchyd *wyth* feythful entent 95  
 The hem benethyn of hys garnement;  
 And whan þe gospel was endyd & do,  
 Lucye hyr modyr þis-wyse seyð to:  
 „Modyr, yf þou yiue ful credence  
 Of þis gospel on-to þe sentence, 100  
 Beleue þat Agas hath euere present  
 Hym for whos name she suffryd torment;  
 Wherefore I counsel þat þou hyr *graue*  
 Wyth ful feyth touche, & þou shalt haue  
 Of þi syknesse soon remedye.“ 105  
 And aftyr. whan yche man hym dede hye  
 Hoom to hys yn, hym to counforte  
 Wyth bodyly food & othyr dysporte,

They two abydyn, & wy<sup>t</sup> humble entent  
 110 To Agas touñbe to-gedyr þei went,  
 To offryn to hyr deuouthly here præyere.  
 And whan þei *contunyd* had in þat manere  
 A lytyl whyle: or þan (s)he took keep,  
 Lucye oppressyd was wyth a sleep.  
 115 And anoon as she a-slepe was,  
 Hyr thouht, she sey blyssyd Agas  
 In myddys of ryht a grete company  
 Of aungelys stondyn, and ryally  
 Wyth gemmys arayid bryht & clere,  
 120 And to hyr seying on þis manere:  
 „Lucye, sustyr, & mayde deuouth,  
 What ys þe cause þat þou come outh  
 Of me for to askyn swych a bone  
 As to þi modyr þou mayst *grante* sone?  
 125 For thorgh þi feyth & þi goodnesse  
 Curyd ys þi modyr of hyr syknesse.  
 More-ouyr I wyl þou knowe treuly:  
 That, lich as þis cyte þorgh goddys mercy  
 Of Tagatence onouryd ys by me,  
 130 So shal Syracuse ben vurshepyd by þe;  
 For a dwellyng-place both myry & glad  
 To god & þi maydynheed þou hast maad.“  
 And wyth þis wurd Lucye abreyd  
 Out of hyr slepe, & to hyr modyr þus seyð:  
 135 „Modyr, be myry & of ryht good cher!  
 For releef þou hast of þi myster  
 And art ful helyd of þi syknesse.  
 Wherfore I þe prey for þe goodnesse  
 Of hyr thorgh mene of whos præyere  
 140 Thou art maad hool, þat in no manere  
 Here-aftyr, neythir in ernyst nere game,  
 No mortal husbonde to me do name  
 Nere of my body þe frucht of successyoun  
 Neuere desyre by fleshly corrupcyoun;  
 145 But alle þo thyngys wych þou me  
 Shuldyst yeuyn of my virgynyte  
 Seyng (!) to a mortal corruptoure.  
 Yif me Joying (!) to þe conseruatoure  
 And þe keper of my virgynyte,



Cryst Jhesu, wych euere blyssyd be!“ 150  
*Quod* Eutyce þan: „o doughtyr Lucye,  
 Thys nyne yere syth þi fadyr dede dye  
 Al thy patrymony ful dylygently,  
 Wych he þe left, kept haue y,  
 And no-thing yt lessyd in ony degre; 155  
 And also al þat longyth to me  
 As my-self þou knowyst as weel,  
 Wych þine shal ben euery-deel.  
 Wherefore, douhtyr, fyrst me be-graue,  
 And þanne shalt þou ful power haue 160  
 Wy<sup>t</sup> al to do what-euere þou lest.“  
 „Modyr, *quod* Lucye, þis ys not best,  
 As me semyth. þe soth to seyn;  
 For bettyr plesauce to god yt ys, *certeyn*,  
 A man for hys sake to refuse 165  
 Swych as no lengere he may vse.  
 Wherefore, yf þou wylt acceptyd to be  
 Thy yiftys of god, by counsel of me  
 Swych thyng yif hym wylfully  
 And yn swych tyme as þou mayst frely 170  
 Leuyn or kepyn style whyl þou lyuyst;  
 For in þi deyng what-euere þou yiuyt,  
 Therefoor þou yiuyt yt, for in no degre  
 Aweye þou ne mayst yt bern wyth þe,  
 And swych yiftys lytyl thank-wurthy 175  
 Been, as me semyth.“ *Quod* Eutyce: „treuly,  
 As þou wylt. doughtyr, I wyl assente.“  
 And aftyr þis þei home wente.  
 And euene forwyth quotydyanly  
 They almesse delte haboundauntly; 180  
 So þat of her temporal possessyoun  
 Was maad anoon ryht greth dystraceyoun  
 And ych daye yt began to amenuse.  
 Where-up-on ful sore dede muse  
 He that commenauntyd had to be 185  
 Hyr husbonde; & anoon aftyr he,  
 The treuth of þe matere for to aspye,  
 To þe nuryhs he labouryd of Lucye  
 An pryuyly of hyr he dede enquere  
 If she owt knew of þat mater. 190

„Ya, *quod* hyr noryhs, I knowe ryht wele;  
 The cause why þat she summe dele  
 Of hyr meuable good dystraceyoun  
 Makyth, ys for she a possessyoun  
 195 Hath aspyid wych for to bye  
 She hyr dysposyth ful hastylie.  
 To þe comoun *profyht* of you both-two.“  
 Glad was he þanne & fully þer-to  
 He assentyd, & was ryht glad,  
 200 And yt to perform both counseld & bad,  
 Wenying þe fool þat she þat-wyse  
 Ment had a temporal marchaundyse.  
 But whan he sawe how þe game went,  
 And weel perceyuyd þat ner al spent  
 205 Was in almes-dede & no thyng bowt  
 Therwyth ageyn, anoon he sowt  
 Occasyoun how he myht Lucye teynt.  
 And forth-wyth geynys her he reysyd a pleynt  
 Beforn (P)ascasye, wych of consularye  
 210 The offyce hadde & þe lawe dede gye;  
 And þe summe of hys pleynt was þis:  
 That she crysten was & ageyn þe lawys  
 Of þe emperours lyuyd. & whanne Pascaas  
 Thus ageyn Lucye ensencyd was,  
 215 In hasty wyse he for hyre sent.  
 And whan she was come, he hys entent  
 To hyr dysclosyd *in* þis manere:  
 „Lucye, þou art acusyd here  
 That þou a crysten wumman shuldyst be  
 220 And lyuyn ageynys þe general decre  
 Of oure emperours. of þi lygnage  
 To greth vylany & eek damage;  
 If yt be soth. þou art to blame.  
 Wherefore, if þou wylt eschewyn shame  
 225 And harm also. as wumman wyhs,  
 To oure goddys anoon do sacryfyhs,  
 Mekely þem offryng frankencence!“  
 To whom þus Lucye seyde hyr sentence:  
 „A uery & *immaculat* sacryfyse  
 230 To god, þe fadyr of heuene, þis-wyse  
 Is maad: a man hym to delyte

The fadyrlees chyldyrn to vysyte  
 And hem to counforte þat troublid be;  
 And for I now stond in swych degre  
 That I not ellys haue to take to, 235  
 But my-self oonly, sacryfyse to do  
 To þe fadyr of heuene in humble wyse,  
 My-self I offre to hys sacryfyse.  
 For hys sake euene redy to dye.“  
 „These wurdys. *quod* Pascas, þou myht, Lucye, 240  
 To a crystene fool telle, swych as þou art;  
 But her I seye as for my part,  
 Wych kepere am of þe emperours decre  
 And euere wyl, þi wurdys veynly seyde be;  
 Wherfore sece þer-of. Lucye, I preye!“ 245  
 „Ya, Pascas, *quod* she. lyst what I seye!  
 Thou dredyst þi pryneys wych ben mortal.  
 And I drede þe god þat ys eternal;  
 Thou þi pryneys decrees hast in awe,  
 And I besy to kepe my goddys lawe; 250  
 Thou dredyst þi pryneys to offende,  
 And to offend my god I am dredende;  
 Thou desyryst þi pryneys plesaunce to do,  
 And I god to plesyn coueyte also.  
 Wherfore do þou now as þou lest, 255  
 And I wyl doon as me thynkyth best.“  
*Quod* Paschasye: „þou hast wy<sup>t</sup> corruptours  
 Thy patrymonye spent & wyth leechours,  
 Wherfore þou spekyst as a strumpet.“  
 „My patrymonye, *quod* Lucye, I haue beset 260  
 In sykyr place; but of soule ner body  
 Corruptours yet neuere noon had I.“  
 „Of body & soule, o þou nyce Lucye,  
 Wych ben corruptou(r)s. þou vs descrye!“  
 „Corruptours of soule, I-wys, *quod* she, 265  
 And gostly auoūterers ben al ye  
 Wych do youre besynesse in your labour  
 To makyn soulys to forsakyn her creatour —  
 For, as seyth seynt Poule: shrewyd talkyng  
 Corumpyth good maners & good lyuyng. 270  
 But þei ben corruptours of þe body  
 That delectacyoun preferryn here temporally

- Of here flesh, wych ys mortal,  
 Beforn þe delycys wych euere dure shal.“
- 275 „I-wys, *quod* Paschasye, þese wurdys shul fayle  
 Whan tormentys þe onys begynne assayle!“  
 „Sekyr. *quod* Lucye, þat ys a lees,  
 For goddys wurdys shul neuere cees.“  
 „Ergo þou art a god?“ *quod* he.
- 280 „Thyn argument is not wurth, *quod* she,  
 I am no god but I am þe hand-mayde  
 Of hym, wych in hys gospel seyde:  
 Beforn kyngys & meyrys whan ye stonde  
 Wych me fro you to departen shuld fonde.
- 285 Not thynkyth to-forn in youre mende  
 What shal be gynnyng or what ende  
 Of swych wurdys as ye þere shul seyn;  
 For þis I wyle ye k(n)owe certeyn:  
 It ys not ye þat spekyn, sothly,
- 290 But yt ys þe spyryht of your fadyr on hy  
 In þe blysse of heuene of myhtys most.“  
 „Ergo, *quod* Paschasye, þe holy gost  
 Is þe wyth-ynne & þis-manere speche  
 Wych þou here vsyst now doth þe teche?“
- 295 „Certeyn, *quod* Lucye. þis weel woot I:  
 That þei wy<sup>c</sup> chast leuyn contunelly  
 Here in þis werd, been thorch grace  
 The holy gostys temple & hys dwellyng-place.“  
*Quod* Paschasye þan: „here-ageyn shal y
- 300 Ful redyly ordeynyn a remedy,  
 To dryuyn þe holy gost fro the:  
 For to þe bordelhous þou led shat be,  
 Where. wylt þou or nylt, folwe þe lust  
 Of euere comer-þedyr nedyst þou must
- 305 Of nature aftyr the condycyoun;  
 And whan þou þus wy<sup>t</sup> corrupcyoun  
 Defoulyd art, I vndyrtake  
 The holy gost wyl þe forsake.“  
*Quod* Lucye ageyn: „ful weel knowe I
- 310 That defoulyd shal neuere þe body  
 Wyth-owtyn assent of þe soule be —  
 As by an exaūple þou mayst se.  
 I put þis caas þat wy<sup>t</sup> vyolence

286 Ms. begynnynge. Vor ende ist shal auspunktirt. 294 Ms. ye  
 st. þ<sup>n</sup>. 296 Ms. wy<sup>t</sup> st. wy<sup>c</sup> = wych.

Ageyn my wyl þou put frankencence  
 In myn hand & up-on colys reede 315  
 Beforn your goddys yt to shede  
 Thou me compellyst, myn hand shakyng;  
 Wenyst þou þat þis were plesyng  
 To youre goddys as for sacryfyse?  
 I trow nay; but in no wyse, 320  
 I dar weel seyn. to þe hy reuerence  
 Of my lord god no-manere offence  
 That shuld do nere dysplesaunce,  
 Wych in euery thyng more attendaunce  
 Takyth to þe entent þan to þe deed. 325  
 Wherefore, þow þou for þi cruelheed  
 Make by force þe integryte  
 Of my body to be reft fro me,  
 Yet shal I þer-to neuere assent  
 In soule. wherfore, what-euere torment 330  
 Thou to me lyst of þi tyranny  
 Applyn. to suffryn I am redy.  
 Why taryist so long? anoon begyn,  
 Thou sone of þe deuyll, & euery gyn  
 Of peyn wych þou kanst deuysel, 335  
 Spare not in me to excersyse!  
 For I wyl þou knowe I þe not fere.“  
 Whan Paschasye herd þis answeere,  
 Anoon to hys presence he dede calle  
 Of þe cyte þe Ruffyens alle — 340  
 Wych been men þat synfullye  
 Wummen ben customyd to selle & bye  
 And to settyn hem to ferme at þe bordelhous,  
 Ther to gete wy<sup>t</sup> her craft vycyous  
 Her lyuyng, & her maystrys þer-to, 345  
 Greth peyne to suffre, lesse þei so do.  
 And whan þei were come to þe presence  
 Of Paschasye, þus he hys sentence  
 To hem shewyd: „Syr, I you charge:  
 Whan ye þis damysel han forth at large 350  
 Whom I iuge comoun wumman to be,  
 Makyth proclamacyoun þorgh þe cyte  
 That to þe bordelhous come who-so wyl,  
 Wyth hyr þe lust for to fulfyl

355 Of hys flessh at hys owe lykyng.  
 And doth hem to wet þat she ys ying,  
 Lusty & feyr, & a maydyn also:  
 And men þe gladlyer shul *precyn* hyr to.  
 And so long hyr letyth ben excercysyd  
 360 Lych to you as I haue deuysyd,  
 Tyl she be deed for werynesse.“  
 And anoon furth-wy<sup>t</sup> þe gunne hem dresse  
 Hyr furth to lede, as Paschasye bad.  
 But wyth al þe myht at þei had,  
 365 Wyth so greth wyhte þe holygost  
 Hyr had fyxyd þat lest & most  
 Styryn *hir* ne myht ner remeue.  
 Wych Paschasys hert sore dede greue;  
 And anoon he comaundyd al þe men  
 370 Wych aboutyn hym stood, þedyr to ren  
 And help to drawe. but yt wold not be.  
 And anoon he chargyd hem þat she  
 Shuld both handys & feet be bounde;  
 And whan þat was doon, þe selue stounde  
 375 Thedyr he ordeynyd to repeyre  
 Of myhty oxyn ful many a peyre,  
 Weel harneysyd & arayid þer-to.  
 But neythyr men ner bestys myht do  
 To hyr ryht nowt. but as an hyl  
 380 Rotyd, she stood both fyx & styl.  
 And whan he þis sawe, he forth dede calle  
 The wycchys & þe prestys of þe templys alle  
 And preyid hem þat wyth þere incantacyouns  
 And to her goddys wyth inuocacyouns,  
 385 That þei shuld helpyn hyr forth to brynge.  
 But for al her crafth & here preyinge,  
 Ner for no thyng þei cowde deuyse,  
 They myht hyr steryn in no wyse.  
 And whan he þis sawe, wenyng þat she  
 390 Had by wycchecraft þus heuy be,  
 Vp-on hyr oyle he dede caste,  
 Hopyng þer-wyth for to waste —  
 Aftyr þe comoun opynyouns entent —  
 The myht of malgyk or enchauntement.  
 395 But alle hys besynesse myht not auayle.

And whan al hys craft he saw fayle,  
 „Lucye, he seyð, I þe beseche,  
 What be þi wycchecraftys do us teche!“  
 „I wyl þou knowe, Pascasye, *quod* she,  
 That wycchecraftþ þer ys noon in me, 400  
 But al þat doon ys, by þe vertu  
 Doon ys of my lord god Jhesu.“  
 „How ys yt þanne, *quod* he, dylate,  
 That a maydyn yung & delycate  
 Of a thousand men may not styryd be?“ 405  
 „Sekyrly, the holy gost, *quod* she,  
 Swych wychte me yenyth, þat, þow þou do  
 Othyre ten thousand men þer-to.  
 They shul me neythyr styre ner meue.  
 For fully in þat scrypture I beleue 410  
 That seyth of hem wych to god calle  
 In ony nede: a thousande shul falle  
 On þi lyfth syde & on þi ryht hand  
 Shul ouyrth(r)owe ten thousand,  
 And be þei neuere so shrewyd of wyl. 415  
 Shal noon of hem alle neyhyn þe tyl.“  
 Wyth þis answerē he greuyd was sore  
 And in hym-self trouiblyd more & more.  
 Compasyng alle hys wyttys wyth-ynne  
 By what craft or by what gynne 420  
 He moost cruelly mybt to deth hyr brynge.  
 And whan Lucye hym stondyn þus saw musyng,  
 She dede þus crye: „o wrecchyd Pascaas,  
 Why art þou so tormentyd in þis caas,  
 Wych ynne þi-self wyth malycyusnesse 425  
 So grethly doth þine herte oppresse?  
 Why art þou of coloure so pale, & heu?  
 Syth þou hast prouyd how by þe vertu  
 Of þe holy gost I hys dwellyng-place  
 And hys temple am made by a specyal grace, 430  
 Leue þine erroure & yiue credens;  
 And yf þou ne wylt, fast hy þe hens —  
 What shuldyst þou lenger here abyde?“  
 Whan he þis herd, ful loude he cryde  
 For uery angwyssh euene of hys herte. 435  
 And anoon he chargyd men to sterte

Feyr for to fecche, & yt to encrees,  
 He bad hem bryng wax, pych & grees,  
 And makyn a feer hyr round aboute.  
 440 And of þe tormentours al þe route  
 To executyn were myry & glad  
 Al þat cruel Paschasye bad.  
 And whan þe feer began to glowe,  
 Vpon hyre he bad men throwe,  
 445 Feruent oyle ful fast boylng.  
 And whan performyd was al þis thyng,  
 In þe myddys stondyng of þe leye  
 Lucye stedefastly þus dede seye:  
 „I haue besowt my lord Jhesu  
 450 That þis feer mow no vertu  
 Or power haue to touche me,  
 For two causys: oon ys þat þe  
 The more anguysshyd I myht make,  
 Another ys, of deth to take  
 455 Away from crystene men þe fere  
 And to suffraunce of passyoun þe myhtyer.“  
 And whan Pascasyis frendys stondyng by  
 Herde þese wurdys, þei wer angry,  
 And euene lych woodmen þe ferd:  
 460 For in hyr throte þei shouyn a swerd,  
 Hyr sone desyryng to confounde.  
 But not-wythstondyng þat greuous wounde  
 She kept hyr speche. & þus pleynty  
 To þe feythful she seyde þat stood hyr by:  
 465 „Syr, be ryht glad! for I telle you,  
 To Crystys cherche pees ys yeue now:  
 For deed þis daye ys Maxymyan.  
 And from hys regne ys kast Dyoelycyan.  
 More-ouyr I wyl ye knowe sothly  
 470 That, as Agas for Tagatence, so am y  
 Thorgh goddys grace ordeynyde to be  
 A medyatryce for þis cyte.  
 Thankyth hertyly god of hys goodnesse,  
 That lyst for you so wele to dresse  
 475 And aftyr greth sorwe send mery tydyng!“  
 And whyl she þis-wyse stood talkyng,  
 Pascasye takyn & boundyn myhtly



The romayns mynystrys brouht þer forby  
 To Rome-ward, for þei relacyoun  
 Haddyn þat he greth depopulacyoun 480  
 Had maad *in* the prouynce of Cecyle.  
 Wher whan he cam, wyth-yn short whyle  
 Acusyd, conuyct, & iugyd was he  
 Of þe senate hefdyd for to be;  
 And so home to helle he dede hym hye. 485  
 But not-for-þan seyð blyssyd Lucye  
 Neythyr deyid ner meuyd from þat grounde  
 In wych she took hyr deedly wounde,  
 Tyl prestys comyn & wyth holy entent  
 Mynystryd had hyre þe sacrament 490  
 Of Crystys body, & tyl eek alle men  
 W(y)ch stood be-syde had auswerd amen:  
 And þan anoon she dede comende  
 To god hyr soule & forth it sende  
 To heuene-blysse þourgh goddys grace. 495  
 Whos body was beryd in þe same place,  
 And þere-onyr a cherche made hastyly,  
 In wych yt ys shrynyd ful reuerently,  
 Abydyng þe daye of þe greth assyse.  
 In wych, o Lucye, in humble wyse 500  
 I the beseche þat þe translatur  
 Of þi legende for hys labour  
 By mene of þe, wych clepyd art lyht,  
 Aftyr þi name, may haue a syht  
 Of þe greth lyht & eek bryhtnesse 505  
 Of hym þat sunne ys of ryhtwysnesse  
 And illumynyth wyth hys grace alle men,  
 Whom onys to seen ys ioye, amen.  
 Mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

481 Ms. & st. in.

### XIII. THE PROLOG INTO SEYNT ELIZABETH LYF.

**T**he yere of grace, who lyst attende,  
 As seyth Januence in hys golden legende,

A thousand and two hundryrd also  
 Yf thretty & oon be addyd ther-to,  
 5 The nyntende day euyn of Nouembre —  
 Wych ys þe threttende kalende of Decembre —  
 By the uertybyl cours of fatal deth  
 Owt of thys werd passyd seynt Elyzabeth,  
 Wych the kyngys doughtyr was (of) Vngarye  
 10 & wyf to Langrauye, pryince of Turyngye.  
 Whos lyf my wyl ys to declare  
 In englyssh tonge, al be yt but bare. —  
 Elyzabeth, as myne auctor doth expresse,  
 „My god knowyth“ ys for to seyne,  
 „My goddys seunte“. or „my goddys ful-  
 15 sumnesse“.  
 In wych threfold *interpretacyoun*, certeyne,  
 If yt be declaryd in wourdys pleyne,  
 Of thys blyssyd Elyzabeth men shul know moun  
 The synguler laude and comendacyoun.  
 20 Fyrst, as I seyde. betoknyth Elyzabeth  
 „My god knowyth“: & þat congruently  
 To hyr *pertenyth*, wych wyth þe swete breth  
 Of grace enbaumyd was so copyously  
 In hyr tendyr age, þat hyr werkys treuly  
 25 He approuyd & made hyr to be knowe  
 And through-out þe werde hyr fame be blowe.  
 Or ellys in thys threfolde *cognycyoun*  
 Of god mow wele vndyrstonden be  
 The thre dyuyn *uertuhs*. aftyr myne *opynyoun*,  
 30 That ys to seyn: Feyth, Hope, & Cheryte —  
 Wych Elyzabeth had in excellent degre,  
 As euery wytty man may perpende  
 That dylygently redyth hyr *legende*.  
 What made hyr þe werd for to despyse  
 35 In hyr tendyr age & to han uictory  
 Ther-of in so many sundry wyse,  
 But *perfyth* feyth, aftyr hyr reoule, treuly?  
 Moyses throug feyth so grete wex & hy  
 That Pharaos doughtir sone he forsuke to be —  
 40 So dede þis Elyzabeth thys werdys vanyte.  
 What made hyr to haue so greth pacyence  
 In suffraunce of trouble & of *adueryte*

And þat she neuere wolde m(ak)e no resystence,  
 But ful hope, of god rewardyd to be? —  
 Wych seyth in þe gospel on þis degre: 45  
 They shuld be blyssyd wych for ryhtwysnesse  
 Mekely trybulaeyouns suffryn & dystresse.  
 That she had cheryte, ys eth to knowe,  
 Syth cheryte ineludyth loue & eke pyte,  
 Of god & our neybour both hy & lowe; 50  
 I trowe þan þat moor had neuere noon þan she,  
 As, who-so abyde tyl hyr lyf red be,  
 Shal pereof heren meeche experyence.  
 Lo, þus þese thre vertuhs she had by excellence!  
 More-ouyr Elyzabeth on þe secunde wyse 55  
 Is as mych to seyn as „goddys seenty day“:  
 Wych, as myne auctor pleynty doth deuyse,  
 To oure Elyzabeth weel applyid be may,  
 For in þe seene werkys of pyte she hyr  
 oecupyid ay,  
 Or for now in seente day of soulys rest she ys, 60  
 Abydyng þe octaue of body & soule in blys;  
 Or by þis nounbyr of seene, who-so take hede,  
 Seene statys wych she was yn, vnderstonde be  
 moun:  
 As maydenhede, maryage, & also wydewede,  
 Actyf, & contemplatyf, þe relygyoun, 65  
 The seente, where she now dwellyth, ys heuenly  
 regyoun.  
 And so þe wurd to Danyel seyde affermyd of  
 hyr may be:  
 That seene tymys han chaungyd up-on the.  
 The threde interpretacyoun, as I seyde before,  
 Of þis name Elyzabeth ys „goddys fulsumnesse“, 70  
 And sygnyfyith þe ioie wych for euyrmore  
 Elyzabeth ys entryd thorgh goddys goodnesse;  
 Of wych ioie kyng Dauyd þus seyde expresse:  
 „I, lord, wyth þi fulsumnesse saeyat shal be  
 Thanne whanne þi ioie shal appere to me.“ — 75  
 Now, blyssyd Elyzabeth, for þi cherytabylnesse  
 Helpe us alle to comyn to þat blysfyl place  
 Where þou art in ioie wych neuer shal lesse  
 And euere beholdyst god in hys glorious face;

80 And syngulerly helpe, þorgh þi specyall grace,  
I the besече, to dwelle *wyth* the there  
Aftyr þis outlaury dame Elyzabeth Vere. Amen.

**T**hys blyssyd Elyzabeth, as I seyde before,  
The kyngys doughtyr was of Vngarye,  
85 Noble of byrthe, but of relygyous lore  
More nobyl — for she dede magnyfye  
Alle hyr kynrede & eek gloryfy  
Wyth manye exaunplys of *perfyhtnesse*,  
And wyth myraclys bryhter þan þe skye  
90 Enbelshyd yt by þe *grace* of hyr holynesse.  
No wundyr for of kende þe *souereyn* auctoure  
Abouyn al natur hyr extolld ful hye,  
Whan she, þat was of beute floure  
And fostryd up *wyth* kyngly delycacye  
95 Wyt many another of hyr allye,  
Alle chyldly thyngys dede despyse  
Or ellys them treuly she dede applye  
Wyth al hyr dylygence to goddys *seruise*.  
In wyche-maner werkys men se moun  
100 Hyr tendyr youthe wyth what sympylnesse  
Began fyrst, & wyth what deuocyoun  
From day to day she dede hyr besynesse  
In studijs to ben occupyd of goodnesse.  
Veyn pleyis to despyse was hyr dylygence,  
105 The fauoure to fleen of Fortunys fykylnesse,  
And eueremore to *perfytyn* in goddys reuerence.  
For, whan she fyue yere was of age  
Or ellys lesse. as þe legende doth seye,  
So deuouth to god was hyr corage  
110 That to cherche she oft wold go to *preye*;  
And whan she there was, hyr to getyn awaye —  
To seruyn god so desyrous was she —  
Hyр compers & hyр maydyns, for to pleye,  
Anethe myht wyth-oute greth dyffyculte.  
115 Yet whan to pleyn aftyr chyldryns guyse  
Wyth hyр pleyfers brouht was she  
And yche othyr chasyd in *dyuerse* wyse,

Euer to chercward she dede fle,  
 Sekyng ther by an oportunyte  
 To entryn; yn whan she come was, 120  
 God worchepyng she fel down on hyr kne,  
 Or ellys in þe pawment up-on hyr faas.  
 And thou she of lettrure no kunnyng had,  
 Yet ful oftyn-tyme she wold vse  
 To han a sauter opyn beforn hyr sprad, 125  
 Where-in she made hyr for to muse,  
 And long yt was or she hyt wold refuse.  
 As thow she had red euen by & by,  
 Sekyng a colour hyr so to excuse,  
 Not to (be) led oute þens to hastyly. 130  
 Also ful oftyn in hyr pleying  
 Prostrate to ground she fel down,  
 Vpon hyr face hyr-self mesuryng,  
 As þe pley askyd; but hyr intencyoun  
 Was þer-by to han an occasyoun, 13  
 Vndyr colour of pley, so couertly  
 To worshepyn god wyth deuocyoun,  
 Whom in herte (she) louyd souereynly.  
 She usyd also a ful noble custum:  
 That, yf she owt wunne by pleying. 140  
 Were yt more or lesse, þat al & summe  
 To opir smale maydyns pore & ying  
 She yaf yt anoon, þem exhortyng  
 Her Pater noster often forto seye  
 And oure lady to salusyn wyth Gabrielis gretyng, 145  
 And þus shem (!) inducyd for to kun prey.  
 Thus, as by processe of yerys she dede growe,  
 She encrecyd by the effect of deuocyoun.  
 And for in no wyse she wolde ben ouyrthrowe  
 By sleythe of þe deuyll or of hys suggestyoun, 150  
 She put hyr in oure ladyis proteccyoun,  
 Hyr mekely besechyng hyr aduocate to be;  
 And seynt Joon þe ewangelyst by specyall  
 affeccyoun  
 She ches to be keper of hyr uirgynyte.  
 For wyche entent on seynt Valentynys day, 155  
 Whan of sundry apostlys aftyr vse of þat cuntre  
 Vp-on sundry taprys. wych on þe auter lay,

125 sprad aus sprad corr. 130 be fehlt. 146 shem st. she hem.  
 155 ff. Anders L. A.

- Wrytyn sundry namys vsyd were to be  
 And yche mayde tooke oon aftyr þe casuelte,  
 160 Thyris tooke euenly Elyzabeth aloon  
 Aftyr þe desyre in hyr hert secre  
 The tapyr wych intytlyd was to seynt Joon.  
 Aftyr wych tyme in hyr affecccoun  
 Thys blyssyd apostyl she set so hye  
 165 That, who-so askyd hyr ony petyccoun  
 In hys name, she ne koude yt denye.  
 And þat no successyoun shuld hyr ludyfye  
 Of werdly prosperyte, she dayly dede vse,  
 As ner as she koude ony about hyr spye,  
 170 Sum thyng prosperous from hyr to refuse.  
 Wherefore, in pleyng when she sey succede  
 Myrthe & wantounnesse aftyr chyldyrns guyse,  
 Sodeynly she secyd & wold no more procede,  
 Seyng to hyr pleyfers sadly in þis wyse:  
 175 „Oon song ys ynow, as I you deuyse,  
 Wherefore for goddys sake wyl we vs restreyne  
 From a nopir song!“ & þus be wurdys wyse  
 Hyr handmaydyns from vanyte she vsyd to  
 restreyne.  
 And of hyr outward port what shuld I more seyn  
 180 But þat in al hyr aray she louyd honeste  
 And of nyce garnementys skorn had & dysdeyn?  
 Also certyn vrysouns vsyd yche day she;  
 Wych for ony occupacyouns yf happyd lefth  
 to be:  
 Thow she by hem at euyt wych dedyn hyr kepe  
 185 Constreynyd were to bedde, yet in no degre,  
 Tyl hyr stent were seruyd, she ne wolde slepe.  
 Solemne festys þis maydyn eek ful of grace  
 Euere kepte wyth swych deuocoun  
 That no-bodi hyr sleuys to lace  
 190 She suffren wolde, tyl mes was doon;  
 Ne glouys on þe sunday, tyl yt was noon,  
 Wer yt neuere so coude, vsyn nold she,  
 In þat to satysfyen hyr deuocoun  
 And for þe reuerence of þe domynical solemnyte.  
 195 And þat she shulde of swyche syngulartes  
 Wych þat she louyd & had in vsage,

167 l. succeſſe? L. A. mundi ſuccellus. 169 ner st. fer? vgl. 582  
 186 stent portion.

No-wyse þe lettyd, up-on hyr knees  
 Ful oft knelyng wyth deuouth corage  
 Auowyd þat neuere for no language,  
 Of man nere wumman, neythir greth ne smal, 200  
 From þese cerymonyis she shulde outrage,  
 Tyl dethe of hyr lyf vndyrmynde þe wal.  
 Dynyne *seruyse* also wy<sup>t</sup> swych reuerence  
 She herd, þat, whan þe gospel shulde be  
 Red, & in þe sacramentis presens 205  
 Of Crystys body, euere ryht up stude she  
 Wyth sleuys vnlacyd, & hyr nowchys perde  
 She put a-syde, & eek al othyr gere  
 Wych to hyr hede longyde in ony degre,  
 On hyr shuldyr þat tyme she vsyd to bere. 210  
 And whan þis body *innocent* þus prudently  
 Had reulyd þe tyme of hyr virgynyte  
 And by cours of yerys successyfly  
 Atteynyd þe state of wummans degre,  
 By hyr (fadyr) constreynyd to entryn was she 215  
 The state wych longyth to weddit men,  
 Wych stant in þe feyth of þe trynyte  
 Wyth kepyng of goddys *preceptis* ten.  
 To þe wych astate, thow she, sothly,  
 Loth were, yet she assentyd þer-to, 220  
 Neythyr for lust nere lykyng of hir body,  
 But hyr fadrys wyl for she wold do,  
 And in þat astate þat she myht also  
 Educatyn, yf hyr fruht god dede sende,  
 Them to hys *seruyse* — þis meuyd hir lo 225  
 To þis conclusyoun to condescende.  
 But yet, er she to þe lawe was bounde  
 Of maryage, stonyng in hyr lyberte:  
 Shewyng þat no lust of flessh founde  
 In no-maner wyse in hyr myht be, 230  
 In a maystrys hande wyth humylyte  
 She a vow made: yf for to sterue  
 Yt happyd hyr husbonde er than she,  
 Perpetuel continence þat she shulde obserue.  
 Thus weddyd was to Langranye, of Turyngye 235  
 The pryuce. þis Elyzabeth, of contynence  
 The uery myroure, ful solemnelye

As askyd þe stat of þer magnyfycence,  
 As ordeynyd hadde goddys prouydence  
 240 That to hys loue she many shuld brynge,  
 Both greth & smale, & throggh hyr prudence  
 Hem god to seruyn she shuld yeuyn techyng.  
 Wherfore, althow hyr estate dede chaunge  
 Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth by hyr fadrys decre  
 245 To swych as to hyre was ful straunge,  
 I mene to matrymony from uirgynyte,  
 Yet not-for-þan in hyr hert secre  
 Hyr affeccyoun wyth-owtyn chaungabylnesse  
 Was more leef a maydyn to haue be  
 250 Than *princesse* or quene or emperesse.  
 But of (how) greth deuocoun & eek reuerence  
 To godward she was, & of what mekenesse,  
 And efthsonys, of how greth abstynence  
 She was to hyr-self, & of what largenesse  
 255 And pyte to þe pore, & what tendyrnesse  
 Of seke men she hadde & how men in care  
 To counforte & chere she dede hyr besynesse,  
 The *processys* folwyng shul *clerely* declare.  
 To speke fyrst of preyer: of swych feruoure  
 260 She was þat hyr madynnys she dede *preuente*  
 In goyng to cherche ful many an oure  
 Or more: where þe tyme she spente  
 So deuouthly & wyth so holy entente  
 That yt semyd she purposyd to purchase  
 265 Of hym þat from heuyn al goodnesse sente,  
 Wyth hyr pryuate *preers sum* newe grace.  
 And not only in cherche þis was hyr guyse  
 To *preyen*, but eek yche nyht also  
 Ful oft-tymys she dede up ryse  
 270 Out of hyr bed, þe same to do,  
 There abydyng an our or two  
 In swyche *preyers* as hyr thoute best;  
 Yet hyr husbonde ful oftyn hyr *preyd* lo  
 To sparyn hyr body & hyt yeuyn *sum* rest.  
 275 And for þis custome she wold wele kepe  
 And in no wyse hyr-self þerfro restreine:  
 If hyt hyr happyd ony tyme to slepe  
 Past hyr custom, she dede ordeyne



- Oon of hyr maydyns, wych was, certeyne,  
 Most famylyare hyr wyth, hyr for to take 280  
 By þe bare foot & hyr soor to streyne  
 Ther-by, tyl she of hyr slepe dede wake.  
 And so yt fel þat onys on a nyht  
 Thys damysel, as she was wone, *pryuyly*  
 To þe bed cam wyth-outyn ony lyht 285  
 And by þe foot she shoke vnwarely  
 The pryince. & he woke sodeynly,  
 And whan of þe cause he had *informacyoun*,  
 He hyt foryaf & ful prudently  
 Euere þer-of made *dyssymulacyoun*. 290  
 So þus by suffraunce of þis good man  
 Conformablylly yche nyght dede ryse  
 Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth, þis holy wumman,  
 As ye me han herde beforn deuysel.  
 But þat þe acceptabyllere þe sacryfyse 295  
 Of hyr preyers to god myht alwey be,  
 Them to wattryn in plenteuous wyse  
 Wyth wepyng eyne ful oftyn oysyd she.  
 And not-wythstondyng þe greth wepyng  
 Wych she dede vsyn in *copyousnesse*, 300  
 In hyr chere apperyd no dyffygyryng  
 By hyr terys, but rather gladnesse;  
 And so, who hyr sey, myht ueryly gesse  
 That ioye & sorue in hyr had swych a *tem-  
 peraunce*  
 That, þow she outward shewyd trystesse, 305  
 Yet of inward ioye she hadde habundaunce.  
 And for to spekyn of hyr mekenesse:  
 A mekere creatur no-where þan she  
 Was neuer noon, lyche as I gesse,  
 For more meke, soothly, þer myht noon be; 310  
 For þe more despect thyng were in ony degre  
 And þe more contemyble in sundry wyse,  
 Of them euere she hadde þe more cherte  
 And þe gladere was hem to exercyse.  
 Thys sempt wel by oon þat in hyr *seruyse* 315  
 So greuously syknyd, þe soth to seyn,  
 That hym to seen ych man dede agryse  
 And hym to touchyn had uery dysdeyn —

- Saf she alone, pis ys certeyn:  
 320 For of hym she had swyche tendyrnesse  
 That hys heed in hyr lap for to leyn  
 She hym oft suffryd, thorgh hyr gentylnesse;  
 And not-wythstondyng hys horrybylnesse,  
 Swych in mekenesse was hyr grace, lo,  
 325 That alle hys sorys both more & lesse,  
 Whan no madyn of hyrs wold put hand to,  
 Wyth a pyn or a nedle for to vndo  
 And lete out þe fylthe, she not dede abasshe,  
 And hys ruggyd (h)erys she clyppyd *al-so*,  
 330 And wyth hyr owyn handys hys hede to wasshe.  
 In ragacyouns also, after hyr custum,  
 In lynene clothys alway clad was she  
 And bare-foot euere folwyd þe processyoun —  
 So was she groundyd in humylyte;  
 335 And eek at stacyouns wher *sermons* shuld be,  
 She nold ben among þe statys hy,  
 But among þe wummen of porest degre  
 She alwey wold syttyn ful deuouthly.  
 In hyr puryfycacyouns eek she ne wold  
 340 Wyth precyous *gemmys* hyr dysguyse,  
 Wyth nowchys nere wyth clothys of gold,  
 As of ladyis of *astate* yt ys þe guyse,  
 But by exaunple of Marye in humble wyse  
 In hyr owyn armys hyr chyldryn fre,  
 345 Werdly pompe so vsyng to despyse,  
 Wyth a lamb & a candeale up offryd she.  
 And whan she from cherche cam home agen,  
 In-to hyr chaunbyr she went hastly  
 And all þo clothys dede of, certeyn,  
 350 Wyth wyche to cherche she went, sothly,  
 And auoon forthwyth euene by & by,  
 Ere þan she wolde to mete goon,  
 To sum pore wumman wych dwellyd þer-ny  
 Awey she hem yaf euene euerychon.  
 355 A tokne yt was also o greth mekenesse  
 In hyr, þat stood in swyche lyberte  
 As she dede & in so greth wurthynesse,  
 That to oon maystyr *Conrade* she wolde be  
 Subiect, stonyng þe greth pouerte

329 Ms. erys. ad so. 331 l. rogacyouns. 342 a in *astate* überschr.  
 354 Ms. she she. 359 l. not-wythstondyng.

- Wych he was yn, saf þat of kunnyng 360  
 And of doctryne ful excellent was he  
 And ful *perfyth* eke was of good lyuyng.  
 To whom by leue of hyr husbonde  
 Thys humble & most meke creature  
 A solemne vow made in hys ryht hande: 365  
 Hym to obeyin wyth-outyn forfature  
 In alle thyngis whyl hyr lyf dede endure —  
 And þis she dede oonly for þat entent:  
 To purchasyn þe meryht of obedyens pure  
 And by exauple of Cryst to deyin obedyent. 370  
 Not long aftyr þis up-on a day,  
 Whan he hyr had clepyd to hys *prechyng*  
 And þe Markesesse of Menence kept hyr away,  
 That she ne myht kepyn hys byddyng:  
 So greuously he bare hyr absentyng 375  
 That no foryiuenesse he wolde hyr hete  
 Tyl, to hyr smok voydyd hyr clothyng,  
 Wyth othyr gylty maydyns she was bete. —  
 O uery mekenesse, o blyssyd obedyence!  
 What wumman koude now obeyin to 380  
 Swych a comaundement wyth-oute offence,  
 As dede þis myroure of pacyence, lo!  
 Vnneth ony nunne yt mekely wolde do,  
 And to seyn pleyn treuthe, I trowe yt nolde  
 here  
 Wyth-owtyn murmur & grucchyng also 385  
 Neythyr prest ner munk, chanoun ner frere.  
 For both of men & wummen also  
 The molde þese dayis ys so sore alayde  
 Wyth froward wyl, þat, for to do  
 Swyche obedyencys yf þei were asayide, 390  
 They wolde compleyn & ben euyl apayid;  
 And þis ys o greth cause, as I dar wele saye,  
 That relygyous gouernaunce ys so sore affrayid,  
 For dew coreccyouns ben al put aweye.  
 But in þis mater I wyl no ferthyr walk 395  
 Ner þer-of do make lenger exclamacyoun —  
 For *perauentur*, yf I dyde treuly talke,  
 Sum folk wolde haue greth indygnacyoun  
 That fro my mater swych dylatacyoun

- 400 I dede make wyth-owtyn nede;  
 Wherefore to cece I make protestacyoun  
 An ageyn to Elyzabeth I wyl me spede. —  
 I sey, þis myroure of uery obedyence,  
 Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth, þe soth to seyn,  
 405 Greth rygour vsyd of streyht abstynence  
 And wyth vygylyis & dyscyplynys hir body  
 dede peyn;  
 And ful oftyn also she hyr dede restreyne  
 From hyr husbondys bed & in priue manere  
 Al nyht slepelees, þis ys certeyne,  
 410 She perseuerently lay in hyr preyere.  
 And yf yt happyd ony whyle þat she lest,  
 Aftyr þat she long had wacchyd be,  
 To graunt hyr body to haue sum rest,  
 Constreynyd by þe comoun necessitye  
 415 Of slepe — as yt nedyth mannys freelte:  
 To bed to hyr lord she nolde goon ageyn,  
 But eyn in þe flore al clade wolde she  
 Down on tapytys to slepe hyr leyn.  
 Hyr maydyns also she vsyd to charge  
 420 Ful oft-sythys, in hyr lordys absence,  
 Wyth yerdys, wych wer both grete & large,  
 Hyr body to betyn wyth greth vyolence —  
 And þis she dede to make a recompence  
 Of Crystys chorgynge to þe byttyr peyn,  
 425 And eek þat she wyth swych sharpnesse  
 Hyr flesh from wantounnesse she myht refreyne.  
 More-ouyr, hyr abstynence in etyng  
 And drynkyng to knowyn yf we wyl muse,  
 And temperaunce eek in al swych thyng,  
 430 I say þat ful oftyn she dede vse  
 At þe table syttyng. hyr to excuse  
 To hyr husbonde, oonly for that entent  
 That delycat metys she myht refuse,  
 And wyth symple brede oonly to be content.  
 435 For maystyr Conrade hyr had streythly  
 Chargyd, no-wyse þat she shuld eete  
 Of hyr houshould-metys wych conscyensly  
 Hyr thoute hyr seruauuntys dede not gete.  
 And for þis charge she nold forgete:

Whan othyr delycatly dede habounde, 440  
 She & hyr maydyns oftyn dede frete  
 The most groos metys pat myht be founde.  
 But notwythstondyng þe greth streyhtnesse  
 That to hyr-self she vsyd contunely,  
 Yet mete she wolde both hanlyn & dresse 445  
 And departyn hyt aboutyn ful plenteuously  
 Through-out þe (h)alle, both fer & ny —  
 Thys was pat in hyr of superstycyoun  
 No note shuld be, but wyth curteysy  
 Alle gestys comyng she glad shuld moun. 450  
 It fel on a tyme, aftyr a longe iourne,  
 Whan she both feynt was & wery,  
 That to mete were set hyr lorde & she  
 An seruyd wyth met wych, certeynly,  
 Wer not as she trowyd get ryhtfully; 455  
 Wherfore blak brede & hard also  
 In hote watyr moystyd, ful pacyently  
 Wyth hyr maydyns she eet, & content was so.  
 For wych cause of hys most clere expence  
 A certeyn porcyoun assygnyd he 460  
 Wherby wyth-owte scrupyl of *conscyence*  
 She & hyr maydyns myht foundyn be  
 Wych wer assentyd to lyuyn in swych degre  
 As her lady dede. but not-for-than  
 Mete of þe courte ful often left she 465  
 And eet þe meet of *sum* good pore man.  
 Whan Langrauye þis maner of reule dede here  
 Of hys wyf, he hyt suffryd pacyently  
 And neuere yt grucchyd in wurde & chere  
 But rether yt approuid *in* hys thought *preuy*, 470  
 And ful oftyn he seyde very feythfully:  
 Ne had be in part for the wardys shame  
 And for trowble also of hys meny,  
 He gladly wold han done þe same.  
 The state more-ouyr of wylful pouerte, 475  
 Wych no-weye contendyth for to be gaye,  
 Not-wythstondyng hyr hy dygnyte  
 In wyl she desyryd from day to day —  
 And pat for two causys, þe soth to sey:  
 Fyrst to Crystys pouerte for to be kynde, 480

And þat þe werde wyth hys pompous aray  
 Shuld of hys *in* hyr ony *propyr* thyng fynde.  
 Wherefore ful oftyn þis blyssyd matrone,  
 Whan in hyr chaunbyr euene *preuily*  
 485 Wyth hyr owyn maydyns she was alone,  
 She hyr wolde arayin ful porely  
 Whyth rude clothys & also on hy  
 Vp-on hyr hede leyn a foule kerche,  
 Seying: „lo þus wyl I goon, sothly,  
 490 Whanne I come to þe state of pouerte.“  
 And thow wyth þe brydyl of abstynence  
 She hyr-self refreynd, as herd haue ye,  
 Yet to pore men swych affluence  
 Of almesse shersyd (!) & swych lyberalte,  
 495 That she noon suffryd wych she myht se  
 In-to myserye or myschef for to falle.  
 Wherefore thorgh-oute al þat cuntre  
 „Modyr of pore men“ folk dede hyr calle.  
 And to þe seuene werkys of mercy  
 500 Wyth greth dylygence she dede intende  
 And hem euere fulfyllid ryht deuouthly,  
 For þat entent þat she myht *comprende*  
 That frendely blyssyng wych Cryst shal sende  
 To hys chosen chyldren whan in aspecial  
 05 Of þese werkys he þem shal comende  
 And seyn: comyth takyth þe kyndam eternal!  
 And shortly to makyn a rehersayle  
 Of hem, I saye þat she wold gladely  
 Clothe þe pore nakyd, ner she nold fayle  
 510 Pore pylgrymys to beryin ful honestly;  
 She made also crysmys ful dylygently  
 For pore chyldryn whan þai shul crystyn(d) be,  
 And wolde be godmodyr. þat she þer-by  
 To helpe hem myht haue þe more lyberte.  
 515 Ful oftyn wyth hyr maydyns also wold she  
 Wyth hyr owyn handys wul spyn & dresse,  
 To makyn of cloth -- & þat for causys thre:  
 Fyrst wyth hyr labour to excludyn ydylnesse,  
 Exaunple eek to shewyn of mekenesse,  
 520 The thryd cause ys þat wyt þe labour

482 ony st. noon. 494 shersyd st. she sernyd. 504 l. especyal. 508 Ms. þe st. þat. 512 Ms. crystyn.

- Of hyr owyn handys she myht doon almesse  
 To pore nien wych askyd for Crystys honour.
- The hungry more-ouyr she vsyd to fede,  
 Yeuyng vytalys ful plenteuously  
 To alle þo peples wych weryn in nede, 525  
 But in tyme of derthe most copyously.  
 Wherefore onys, whan hyr husbonde, sothly,  
 Wyth Frederyk þe emperoure was at Cremone,  
 Alle hys garners she emptyd vttyrly  
 And delt corn aboute, where ony made mone. 530
- Drynke also wyth ryht glad chere  
 Ful oftyn she yaf on-to þe thrusty.  
 Whereof a greth myracle, as ye shal here,  
 Fel onys: for, whyl she to a greth company  
 Yaf bere in a cuppe ful dilygently 535  
 Wyth hyr owyn handys thorgh hyr mekenesse,  
 Whan þei alle had dronkyn suffycyently  
 Yet of beere in þe cuppe was neuyr þe lesse.
- And for to spekyn of hyr hospytalyte:  
 She þer-yn had so gret affeccyoun 540  
 That pylgrymys & al men in pouerte  
 To herberwyn she vsyd wyth deuocyoun.  
 Wherefore an hospytale in þe vale down  
 Euene vndyr þe castel she dede make,  
 In wych þo þat up shuld not clymbyn moun 545  
 Shuld receyuyd ben & hyr almes take.
- But not-wythstondyng þe dyffyculte  
 Of to & fro-goynge, both up & down,  
 Yet yche day onys at þe lest wold she  
 Of þis hospytal makyn vysytacyoun 550  
 And to þe seke men makyn admynstracyoun  
 Of swych as þey nedyd, & þer-wyth-alle  
 She hem yaf many an exhortacyoun  
 That þei from pacyence shuld not falle.
- And þow she euery stynkyng exalacyoun 555  
 Of þe eyr bare alwey ful heuyly,  
 Yet for goddys loue seke mennys corrupcyoun  
 She not abhorryd but ful pacyently  
 It suffryd euyr, & eek ful dilygently  
 Hyr besyid hem for to helpe & cure, 560

- Whan hyr maydyns wych stodyn by  
 Vnneth of hem myht þe breth endur.  
 Pore wummens chyldryn also vsyd she  
 In þat place to kepyn ful many oon,  
 565 To wych she shewyd as grete cherte  
 As she modyr had be to þem euerychon;  
 And whanne she cam, sume to hyr runne anoon  
 As chyldryn to þe modyr, & sume dede crepe,  
 And eftsonys, whan she away dede goon,  
 570 As she here modyr had ben, þei gunne wepe.  
 Smale pottys of glas she onys dede beye  
 And anelectys eek, wych ryht freel be,  
 The chyldryn þer-wyt for to pley,  
 As yt was þe guyse of þat cuntre.  
 575 And as in hyr lappe doun broght hem she,  
 From þe hiest cra vnwarely at onys  
 They fel, noon harmyd in no degre,  
 Al-be-yt þei fel on ryht greth stonys.  
 Seke wummen eek was hyr delyte,  
 580 In þat cuntre wych bedlaure dede lye,  
 Both yunge & olde, for to vysyte,  
 As fer as she ony koude aspye;  
 And here preuy chaunbrys she wold yn pryce  
 To knowyn her nede, ful dylygently,  
 585 And þem to counforth she wold hyr hye  
 Both wyth wurde & dede, cherytabyilly.  
 In wych dede, as me semyth, sothly,  
 She by fyue-folde of *consyderacyoun*  
 Of god purchasyd rewarde eternally:  
 590 Fyrst by *propyr* & *personel vysytacyoun*,  
 By trauayle eek in goyng up & doun,  
 The thrydde ys *compassyoun* & *pyte*,  
 The fourte ys *gostly consolacyoun*,  
 The fyfte of *temporal subsydye ys plente*.  
 595 She also wele louyd to beryn pore men,  
 And in þat dede she had swyche lykyng  
 That, whan of ony she herde, she fast dede ren  
 Tyl she cam þer, wyt hyr beryng  
 Sum-maner cloth of hyr owyn makeyng,  
 600 In wych she myht þe deed body leyn;  
 And tyl yt were beryid, for no thyng

572 l. annulettys; L. A.: ollieulas et annulos vitreos. 575 t in  
 broght überschr. 588 tilge of.



Home she ne wolde returne ageyn.  
 And onys yt happyd þat no thyng redy  
 Aftyr hyr entent she myht fynde  
 To wrap in a mannys deede body, 605  
 For, þat she ordeynyd, was left behynde  
 For greth haste. & þer-wyth to hyr mynde  
 Cam hyr greth vayle: & anoon she hyt rent,  
 The deed body there-yn to wynde,  
 And þer-yn yt beryid wyth humble entent. 610  
 Lo, þus exercysyd was þis blyssyd wumman  
 In þe seuene werkys of bodyly pyte,  
 An mo wysys þan I now tellyn can.  
 In wych eke hyr husbonde comendyd may be,  
 For to godwarde ryht deuouht was he, 615  
 And, for he swych werkys myht not tendyn to,  
 Hys wyf leue he yaf and auctoryte  
 For her bothyns profyht what hyr lyst to do.  
 Thus longe to-gedyr lyuyd these two,  
 Langrauye & Elyzabeth, ful uerteuously. 620  
 And up-on a day she hym þus seyde to:  
 „Dere spouse, whom next god most tendyrly  
 I loue, & euere haue done, treuly,  
 I counsel you fully you to delyte  
 To leuyn alle þese ocupacyouns werdly 625  
 And þe londe of behest for to vysyte —  
 I mene Jerusalem & al þat cuntre  
 In wych Cryst made hys bodyly pylgrimage  
 And for oure sake þer deyd on a tre,  
 Betrayid by þe iewys cruel outrage; 630  
 Wych now hethyn men kepyn *in seruage*.  
 Where yf þou woldyst wyth a deuouth entent  
 To delyueryn yt exercysyn þi corage,  
 I ne kan seen where yt myht bettyr be spent.  
 Bettyr no, ner nowher ellys so weel 635  
 In þis werd. y dar ryht boldly seye;  
 For, who be þe cours of þe fatal whele  
 In þat holy iourne happe for to deye:  
 If he be clene, he goth a sykyr weye,  
 To heuene warde for he may not fayle. 640  
 Wherfor, husbonde, I yow counsel & preye  
 For soule-hele forsake not þis trauayle!“

Thus thorgh þese wordys & many mo  
 Of Elyzabeth Langrauye was steryd, treuly,  
 645 To Jerusalem on pylgrimage for to go  
 And ageyn þe hethene to fyhtyn manly.  
 And whan he hym (had) made al redy  
 And shuld furth passyn on hys pylgrimage,  
 To takyn hys leue he cam ful goodly  
 650 To Elyzabeth, stondyng in opyn place.  
 And þer anon ful many a wattryng face  
 Of lordys & ladyis men myht aspye!  
 And þe comouns þer clothys dede al to-race  
 And weptyn eek wyth-outyn remedye,  
 655 And summe lowde „allace allace“ dede crye,  
 „Why forsakyst us, oure lord, o Langrauy?“  
 But Elyzabeth hyr eyne from terys kept drye  
 And þus to hym seyde ful wummanly:  
 „Wyth what affeccoun & how enterely  
 660 I þe loue, dere spouse, & euyr haue do,  
 No man knowyth but god, & þou & I,  
 Wych not oonly in flcshe bodyly lo  
 By þe knot of spousayle ioynyd hath us two  
 But in spyryth eek thorgh hys cheryte  
 665 So to-gedyr confedryd hath so  
 That impossyble ys vndo þe knot to be.  
 But why I now shuld wepe in ony wyse,  
 Resonable cause kan I noon se,  
 Syth I se þe goon to doon hym *seruyse*  
 670 Whom I loue in most souereyn degre.  
 Sumtyme I sorwyd whan thou wentyst fro me,  
 But now neythyr sorwyn ne wepyn I may,  
 Be so þat Cryst thorgh hys benygnyte  
 The grace yiue to seruyn hym to hys pay.“  
 675 Thus Langrauye, as Crystys owyn knyht  
 Armyd in uertu & in cheryte,  
 Leue takyn goodly of euery wyht,  
 To Jerusalem forth took hys iourne.  
 Where whan (he) had a certeyn tyme be  
 680 And in goddys cause quyt hym ful manly,  
 The froyht of hys labour þere receyuyd he  
 And deyid & went to goddys mercy.  
 And þus entryd Elyzabeth consequently

647 had fehlt. 655 Ms. forsakyst þou mit austr. þou. 665 So st. vs? 679 he fehlt.

- The state of wydewod — in wych þat she  
 Exercysyd was ful uerteuously 685  
 And assaylyd wyth ful myche aduersyte,  
 And hyr pacyence assayid in sundry degre;  
 But she so was rotyd in stedefastnesse  
 That in no wyse she hurt myht be,  
 For alle thyng she suffryd *wyth* gladnesse. 690
- Anoon þan, as by þe trumpet of fame  
 Blowe was thorgh-owt al Turyngye  
 Langrauyis deth, Elyzabethys grame  
 Began to growyn: for euene sodeynly  
 Langrauyis brothyr by uery tyrauntrye, 695  
 As she a wastour & a dystroyour had be,  
 From hyr dowarye hyr drof ful vnpytouslye  
 And from alle þat she hadde in ony degre.
- And whan she was brought to swych pouerte  
 That she ne hadde where hyr heed to leye, 700  
 In a tauerners hous in a swyncote lay she,  
 Tyl mydnyht; & þan she took þe weye  
 To a place of menours & hem dede preye  
 Te deum laudamus to synge *wyth* deuoceyoun,  
 That he hyr maad wurthy, er she dede deye, 705  
 To suffren despyht & persecucyoun.
- The next day aftyr compellyd she was,  
 Wyth hyr yunge chyldryn & hir maydyns also  
 Of oon of hyr enmyis to dwellyn in þe place,  
 Where a streyht loggyng was sygnyd hyr to; 710  
 And both hyr ost & hyr osten hyr dede do  
 Alle þe greuance þat þei coude deuyse.  
 And whan she þis sey, ful humbylly lo  
 Bad þe wallys fare wele, seying þis-wyse:
- „Yf I hadde foundyn in þis place here 715  
 In men & wummen ony gentylnesse.  
 I wolde han leue take of hem *wyth* a glad chere;  
 But syth I noon fynde, I me hens wyl dresse.“  
 And þus constreynyd by ful greth dystresse,  
 To hyr fyrst herberwe ageyn she went; 720  
 But fyrst hyr chyldryn for þere tendyrnesse,  
 To be norsshyd, to sundry placys she sent.
- And onys hyr happyd to pacyn forth by  
 A ryht foule weye, whedyr she wold goon,

- 725 Wych ryht depe was & ryht vnesy,  
 Wher-yn was leyde ful many a stoon,  
 Many a blok & many an hors-boon  
 In wych men myht skape goyng warlye,  
 And ellys pleynly þer myht noon
- 730 Scapyn away wyth clothys drye.  
 And euene as she entryd had þe strete,  
 An old wumman, to whom hyr mercy  
 She oftyn had shewyd, she ther dede met,  
 But weye she hyr yeuyn nolde, treuly;
- 735 And so in þe slooth she fel rewly.  
 And as sone as she myht, she dede up ryse  
 And was not wroth, but low meryly,  
 And wypt hyr clothys in ful besy wyse.  
 Aftyr þis an abbesse of greth dygnyte,
- 740 Wych hyr graundam was by lyneal descence,  
 Hauyng compassyoun of hyr pouerte,  
 To þe bysshope hyr broht of Hauenberenge,  
 Wych was hyr eme, a man of greth reuerence.  
 And he hyr receyuyd ful honestly,
- 745 Purposyng to doon al hys dylygence  
 Hyr ayen to maryn ful solemnely.  
 And whan hyr maydys þis herd preuily  
 Wych wyth hyr had vowyd to ke(pe) chastyte,  
 In her bertys inward þei wer sory,
- 750 Dredyng uttyrly þat yt so shuld be;  
 Wherefore þei weptyn. þat pyte was to se.  
 And whan þei yt hyr tolde, ful sore wepyng,  
 She fyrst was astoynyd of þat nouelte,  
 And þus aftyr þem counfortyd, mekely seying:
- 755 „I truste in my god oonly, for whos loue  
 Perpetuel avowyd I haue contynence,  
 Þat he wyl my purpose gracyously approue  
 And brekyn to þat contrarye euery uyolence  
 And geyn al mannys counsel make resystence;
- 760 And yf I noon oþir wyse may me sure make.  
 Kuttyn of my nose I shal in here presence;  
 Þan me so dyfformyd no man shal wyl take.“  
 And forth-wyth at þe bysshopys comandement  
 Thys blyssyd Elyzabeth ful of humyly(t)e
- 765 Maugre hyr teth to a castel was sent,

728 in st. on? 737 low laughed. 742 L. A. Babenbergensem. 748  
 Ms. toke st. to kepe. 756 Ms. contynente. 764 Ms. humylyc.

- Ther to abydyn hyr frendys deere  
 And to sum wurthy man maryid to be;  
 But she hyr comyttyd to god in hyr thouht.  
 And in þe mene-tyme fro be-yonde þe se  
 Hyr husbondys bonys by goddys *grace* wer broht. 770  
 Thanne anoon ageyn she fecchyd was þens,  
 Wyth þe seyð bonys to metyn deuouthly.  
 And whan þat she was commyn, wyth greth  
     *reuerence*  
 The bysshope & she wyth a greth cumpany  
 Them ageynys wentyn *processyonelly*. 775  
 And whan þei were receyuyd. she dede *conuerte*  
 To godward in heuene hyr eyne mekely,  
 Thus to hym seying wyth a deuouth hert:  
 „Euere-lestyng honour, lorde, be to the,  
 Wych in myne husbondys bonys home sendyng 780  
 Hast vouchydsaf of þi benygnyte  
 Thy wrechyd handmayd to yiuyng gladynge!  
 Thow knowyst wel, lorde, thow y hym þe  
     *lyuyng*  
 Louyd next þe, yet, lord, for þine honoure  
 I gladly hym wantyd & wyth-oute wepyng 785  
 To Jerusalem I sent hym, yt for to sokour.  
 And al-be-yt to me ful delectable yt were  
 Wyth hym to han lyuyd euere in swych pouerte  
 That yehe of vs shulde haue been a beggere  
 And thorgh al þe werd sowl oure necessyte, 790  
 Yet wold I not, lord, wytnesse of the,  
 Ageyn þi wyl hys raunson appende  
 Oon heer of myn hede; wherfore hym & me  
 Oonly to þi *grace* I lowly recomende.“  
 And whan she þis-wyse receyuyd had 795  
 Hyr husbondys bonys fro be-yunde þe se,  
 Inwardly in hert she was ful glad;  
 And anoon she wyth greth solemnyte  
 Hem dede beryin. & aftyr þat seyð she  
 Thys-wys to þe bysshope in wurdys pleyn: 800  
 „Syr, syth my lord ys now comyn home to me,  
 Othyr husbonde wyl I neuere haue noon, certeyn.“  
 And þat þe hundyrdfold frucht she ne shuld lese  
 Wych longyth to hem þat wyth stedefastnesse

792 appende st. expende; l. for hys raunson.

- 805 Of Crystys gospel þe perfeccyon do chese  
 And fro þe lyfth hand passyth of wrechydnesse  
 To þe ryht hand of heuently blysfulnesse,  
 The state she entryd of pore relygyoun,  
 Wylful pouerte wyth chast clenness
- 810 Kepyng & of obedyence þe subieccyon.  
 Hyr habyth contemptyble & of lytyl valu  
 Was russet, þe werst þat myht be founde.  
 Wych ful oftyn wyth cloth of a nothyr heu  
 Was lengthyd. þat yt myht touche þe grounde;
- 815 And for al nyce pryde she wold confounde,  
 Whanne hyr sleuys wer rent, wer seruyd þe same.  
 And for she in mekenesse so dede habounde,  
 To spynnyn & cardyn she hadde no shame.
- And whan hyr fadyr. þe kyng of Vngary,  
 820 As ys seyð befor, al þis dede here,  
 How she was brouht to pouerte & myserye,  
 An erl he sent, wych he louyd entere.  
 Thedyr anoon, hyr to counfortyn & chere  
 And to steryn hyr to returne to hym ageyn.
- 825 And whan to hyr presence he gan appere,  
 He astoynyd was & þus dede seyn:  
 „Was neuere kyngys doughtyr, I trow, certeyn,  
 So enyl arayid & in so rode degre  
 Seyn syttyng & vsyn werkys vyleyn!“
- 830 And anoon dounknelyng to hyre seyð he:  
 „Leue al thys, lady, & return wyth me  
 Home to your fadyr wyth-owt more let!“  
 But for nouht he coude seyn, yt nolde be,  
 For þus to lyuyn & deyin hyr hert was set.
- 835 And þat hyr hert myht oonly to god up pace  
 And so no lettyn shuld han hyr deuocyon,  
 She hym preyid enterly of hys specyall grace  
 That he hyr grauntyn wold of al temporal  
 possessyon  
 Contempt, & from hyr hert al delectacyoun
- 840 Of hyr chyldryn takyn in euery degre,  
 And ageyn al spyht & eek desolacyoun  
 Constaunth & pacyent euere for to be.  
 And whan she had preyid hertyly þis-wyse,  
 To hyr maydyns she seyð: „god my preyere

So hath herd þat I as dung now despyse 845  
 Al temporal þingis, & my chyldryn here  
 To me þan opir mennys be no more dere,  
 And despyht & reprove I set ryht not by;  
 And þerfore, me semyth, wyth myn herte entere  
 I loue no thyng ellys but god hym-self oonly.“ 850  
 Eek maystyr Conrade. hyr for to proue,  
 Joynyd hyr oftyn þingys to hyr ful *con(t)rary*;  
 And two maydyns wych she lengest dede loue,  
 Wych wyth hyr of youthe had be contunely,  
 He put away out of hyr company — 855  
 And þis he dede oonly to þat ende  
 That hyr dygnytes & hyr fyrst glory  
 They shulde not reducyn out o) hyr mynde.  
 But in al hys *preceptys* euene by & by  
 Wych he hyr bad, wyth-out resystence 860  
 Or murmur or grocchyng eueremore redy  
 She was foundyn to hys obedy-nce,  
 And þer-wyth constaunte to pacyence:  
 By wych hyr soule she myht possede,  
 And by meke obecyannce wyth-outyn vyolence 865  
 She myht vycetry han & heuene to mede.  
 And oft she seyde: „yf for god drede y  
 An erdely man. þe heuenely iuge to fere  
 Mych more I owe. & þerfore trewely  
 To þis pore man wyche ys but a beggere 870  
 I chese to be subiect & obedyent rathere  
 Than to ony opir more ryche man,  
 To escheu al occasyouns þat I myht lere  
 By wych temporal counfort I ony myht han.“  
 Aftyr þis yt happyd in-to a nunnery 875  
 Hyr onys to entryn wyth-owtyn hys leue,  
 Requyryd of þe nunnys ful deuouthly.  
 Wych hym so sore dede agriene  
 That not wyth wurde oonly he hir dede repreue,  
 But he hyr so sore eek dede betyn be 880  
 That thre wokys aftyr both morwe & eue  
 The merkys of hyr wundys men myht se.  
 And þan to hyr maydyns she dede seye,  
 Both for here & hyre owyn consolacyoun:  
 „Lyche as, whan a flode rysyth up heye, 885

- Gres goth vndyr, & whan yt fallyth doun,  
 Gres surmountyth: so, whan afflyccyoun  
 To us comyth, we owyn wyth mekenesse  
 Vs to submyt, & whan yt sesyth. we moun  
 890 Rysyn up to God wyth (g)ostly gladnesse.  
 And so wele she groundyd was in loulynesse  
 That she nolde suffryn in no-maner wyse  
 Hyr maydyns hyr clepyn lady nere maystresse,  
 Nere, whan she cam, ageyn hyr for to ryse,  
 895 As among ientelys yt ys þe guyse,  
 Nere in þe plurere nounbyr spekyn hyr to  
 But oonly in þe syngulere, she hem dede deuysse.  
 As souereyns to subiectys be won to do.  
 She dysshys in þe kechyn ful oftyn also  
 900 Wolde wasshyn & wypyn, (&), to exclude lettyng,  
 Hyr maydyns she sent opir thyngys to do  
 In þe mene-tyme of pis doying.  
 And ful oftyn she seyde wyth chere smylyng:  
 If ony lyf of more despectuousnesse  
 905 She coude han fondyn in ony thyng,  
 She hyt wold han chosyn wyth greth gladnesse.  
 Aftyr pis. þat she myht wyth Marye  
 Of þe best part han sum porcyoun,  
 Hyr-self ful dilygently she dede applye  
 910 To ben exercysyd in contemplacyoun.  
 In wych she had so greth consolacyoun  
 That, aftyr terys wych she shedde copyously.  
 She had many an heuenely vysytacyoun  
 And men to loue god she steryd besyly.  
 915 And pis grace she had most syngulerly:  
 That, whan she sempte most mery to be,  
 Than of pore deuocyoun most copyously  
 She terys out shedde ful of pyte;  
 And þat was doon in so meruelous degre  
 920 That wepyng & ioying to ony manys syht  
 To-gedyr she was. for no deformyte  
 Ner rymple aspyin in hyr no man myht.  
 „For tho wych in wepynge, quod she,  
 Deformen her chere inordynally  
 925 And altryn here face in sundry degre,  
 (God to skornyn þei seme, treuly.



- But so to doon yt ys vncomely;  
 Wherefore yche man for hys byhoue  
 That he yeuyth god, yeue yt gladly,  
 For a glad yiuer god doth loue. 930
- And in þis astate of contemplacyoun  
 Wych she wyth Marye dede excercyse,  
 Many an holy reuelaeyoun  
 And many a vysyoun of hy empryse  
 To hyr was shewyd in sundry wyse. 935  
 Of wych oon I now entende  
 Here to tellyn, as doth deuysel  
 Januence in hys golden legende.
- Onys, swych tym as euery man  
 That crystene ys doth hys deuer 940  
 Wyth al þe dylygence þat he kan  
 From synne to make hys conscy(e)nne clere,  
 I mene in lente, wyth þe feer  
 Enflawmyd of *perfyht* cheryte  
 In a cherche in deuouth preyer 945  
 As she lay, thus vysytyd was she:
- On-to þe awter as she hyr eyne  
 Vpward kest wyth greth dylygence,  
 So sadly fyxid þei wer both-tweyne  
 And stablysshyd wyth so greth reuerence 950  
 As she had ben in goddys *presence* —  
 And þis enduryd a ful longe space; —  
 Wher wyth heuenely influence  
 And gostly *conforth* she refresshyd was.
- But whan she home cam & for febylnesse 955  
 In hyr maydyns lappe lenyd softly,  
 Owt at a wyndow she dede dresse  
 To heueneward hyr eyne ful deuouthly:  
 And anoon forth-wyth euene sodeynly  
 Swych gladnes in hyr þer dede appere 960  
 And swych ioye, þat ryht enterly  
 She low & wyth thy hertly chere.
- And whan she longe in þis vysyoun  
 Of greth gladnesse had counfortyd be,  
 Sodeynly hyr hert syne she kest down 965  
 And shed oute terys in greth plente.  
 And eftsonys she low as fyrst dede she,

- And aftyr wept ageyn ful plenteuously;  
 And tyl complyn-tym in swych degre  
 970 She alteryd þe tyme meruelously.  
 And whan þat she longe in þis manere  
 Contunyd had, no word seyng,  
 At þe last wyth a ful glad chere  
 She gan to oysyn þis talking.  
 975 As she had answerd to a nothyr spekyng:  
 „Ya. lord, wylt þou ben wyth me,  
 So to be wyth þe yt ys my lykyng,  
 And from þe neuere departyd to be.“  
 And aftyr þis whan she preyid was  
 980 Of hyr maydyns wyth humble supplicacyoun  
 That she wolde of a specyal graas.  
 To goddys worshepe & here edyfycacyoun,  
 Declaren to hem hyr reuelacyoun  
 That she had þan, & what yt ment:  
 985 And by here importune preyer ouyr-comyn,  
 She þus hem shewyd hyr entent:  
 „I sawe þan, *quod* she, heuene on hy  
 Beforn me opnyd, to my semyng,  
 And Jhesu, my loue, most benygnely  
 990 Of hys good grace to me bowyng:  
 And whan I hys chere most bryht shynyng  
 Behelde, so ful I was of gladenesse:  
 Myn hertys ioie þan wyth lawhyng  
 Me thouht I coude no bettyr expresse.  
 995 And eftsonys whan yt hys goodnesse  
 Lykyd hys presence to wythdrawyn fro me,  
 I so oppressyd was wyth heynesse  
 And ouyrcomyn *wyth* sorwe in swyche degre  
 As ye þan dede beholde and se,  
 1000 And for I myht not *hym wyth* me kepe  
 At my wyl, whan he dede fle,  
 I koude noht ellys but sorwyn & wepe.  
 But whan yt plesyd hys mercyfulnesse  
 On me to rewyn & han mercy,  
 1005 He shewyd me ageyn þe bryhtnesse  
 Of hys glad chere & seyde goodly:  
 „Yf þou wyth me wylt ben, sothly,  
 I wyl be wyth þe, be not aferde!“

- And I hym answerde ageyn redely  
 Euene in swych forme as ye haue herde.“ 1010
- And þan hyr maydyns gunne hyr beseche  
 That þe vysyoun wych at þe autere  
 Che had in cherche, she wold hem teche.  
 And she hem answerd in þis manere:  
 „It nedyth not you þat for to here; 1015  
 But þis I wyl ye knowe, treuly,  
 That in ioye & myrth I was entere  
 And þer many a prynee of god I sy.“
- And not oonly þus in contemplacyoun  
 Thys blyssyd wumman had þat honour 1020  
 To be inspyryd wyth heuenely reuelacyoun,  
 But hyr preyer eek had swych fauour,  
 So strong was eek & of swyche vygour,  
 That sum wych cold bodyly were  
 And gostly, yt causyd of both feruour, 1025  
 As by an exaunple ye may lere.
- A yong man oo tyme she dede se  
 Arayid, as she thouhte, to seculerly;  
 To whom she seyde in þis degre:  
 „Yung man, þou lyuyst to dyssoluthly 1030  
 An seruyst not oure souereyn lord on hy;  
 Desyryst ony helpe of my preyere?“  
 „Ya, þat I do, *quod* he, sekyrly.  
 I beseche yow þer-of wyth hert entere.“
- And she anon wyth ful glad chere, 1035  
 Desyryng þis yung man for to wyne,  
 Bygan to makyn hyr preyere,  
 An counselyd hym eek for hys synne  
 To preyin also. & anon wyth-ynne  
 He wex uery hoot in al hys body; 1040  
 Wherfore, of preying þat she wolde blyne,  
 He hyr besowht ful benygnely.
- But she preyid furth & wold not cece,  
 Wyth deuouht herte & entent pure;  
 And euere hys hete dede more encrece, 1045  
 Pat no lengere hym pouht he yt myht endure;  
 Wherfore he cryid: „o blysfyl creature,  
 Sesyth of preying. I beseche yow!  
 For so sore I brenne, þat my nature

- 1050 Consumyth & wastyth, but I ne woot how.  
 And in uery treuth so hote was he  
 That he swet & rekyd meruelously,  
 And hys armys, as he wood had be,  
 Kest to & fro & al hys body —
- 1055 As ych man myht se þat stode hym by,  
 Wych hym myht neyþir reule ne stere;  
 And so he ferd euere contunely,  
 Whyl Elyzabeth contunyd hyr preyere.  
 And whan she secyd & preyid no more,
- 1060 Hys heet eek secyd, & he mekely  
 Knelyng thankyd hyr þefore;  
 And anoon he, *compunct* inwardly,  
 Seyng how strong & how myhty  
 Hyr preyer was, wyth an holy entent
- 1065 The werd he forsuke uttryly  
 And to þe menours ordre went.  
 Of þe holy *conuersacyoun* of þis wumman,  
 Blyssyd Elyzabeth, who-so lyst to knowe,  
 Mo exaunplys he redyly may han
- 1070 In Januencis legend, wych ys kouth & knowe;  
 Two or thre stondyn euene by rowe  
 Next þis wych last I of made mende.  
 But as for me now, best ys, I trow,  
 To eschewe *prolyxite*, to make an ende.
- 1075 For. þow I had kunnyng for to ryme  
 And eek to endyten as copyously  
 As had Gower & Chaucers in þer tyme  
 Or as now hath þe munk of Bery,  
 Joon Lytgate. yet coud not I
- 1080 Thys byssyd wumman Elyzabeth *commende*  
 Aftyr hyr merytys suffyeyently;  
 And þefore to secyn I now intende.  
 What tym þat god þis blyssyd creature,  
 Thys holy Elyzabeth, þorgh hys goodnesse
- 1085 Delyueryn wold from þe foule ordure  
 Of þis woful werdys wrechydesse  
 And bryngyn hyr up to þe gladsumnesse  
 Of þe blysse of heuene: to hyr he sent,  
 To been hyr massagere, a feruent accesse;
- 1090 And she yt receyuyd wyth glade entent.

- And as she lay in þis syknesse,  
 To þe wall she hyr turnyd sodeynly,  
 And euyñ furthwyth of greth swetnesse  
 Syngyng she made a melody.  
 And anoon hyr maydyns stonyng by 1095  
 To hyr went & hyr dede beseche:  
 Of þis melodyus song þe cause why  
 She wold fouchesaf hem for to teche.  
 To whom demurely þus answe(r)d she:  
 „I wyl þat ye haue ful knowlechyng 1100  
 That here betwyx þe wal & me  
 Cam sodeynly a feyre byrd flyyng,  
 Swych as I neuyr sawe in my lyuyng,  
 And to syng began in so sweth manere  
 That I ne myht me conteyne for no thyng 1105  
 But song wyth hyr, as ye dede here.“  
 And in þis syknesse she euere mery  
 Was & neuere secyd for to preye.  
 But whan hyr tym neyhyd ny.  
 That ys to seyn whan she shuld deye, 1110  
 The day beforñ she þus dede seye  
 To hyr maydyns: „what wold ye do,  
 If þe deuyl, wych ych man to trey  
 Is euere besy, come now yow to?“  
 And anoon aftyr she had seyð so, 1115  
 Wyth an hy voys she gan to crye,  
 As þow þe deuyl she had spoke to:  
 „Fle fast away & hens the hye“ —  
 And þus thryis she dede specyfye  
 Thys wurd fle — „for I the despyse.“ 1120  
 Aftyr wych wurdys ful demurely  
 To hyr maydyns she seyð þis-wyse:  
 „Lo, now neyhyth þe tyme of mydnyht  
 In wych Cryst Jhesu born wold be,  
 And yn þat same oure he throgh hys myht 1125  
 To hys heuēnely dwellyng clepyd hath me:  
 Now fare wele alle!“ & þerwyth she  
 In-to þe handys of hyr creatour  
 Yald up hyr spiryth; & anoon yt he  
 Led in at þe gatys of hys heuēnely tour. 1130  
 And not-wythstonyng þat hyr body

- Foure dayis kept vnberyid was  
 Aftyr hyr deth, yet certeynly  
 Noon euyl odour from yt dede paas,  
 1135 But rather an odour of solace.  
 Wych alle men meruelously dede *conforte*  
 That al þat tyme in-to þat place  
 The body to vysyte dede resorte.  
 More-ouyr of byrdys a ful greth route,  
 1140 Swych as men to-forn neuere had se.  
 On þe cherche-rof syttyng wyth-owte  
 Begunne to synge in meruelous degre,  
 And in here song madyn swych melode  
 Pat alle men wundryd þat yt dede here:  
 1145 For, as yt sempt. þei seydyn a dyryge  
 In her maner wyt ful glad chere. —  
 Now, blyssyd Elyzabeth, *wyth* hert entere  
 And al humblenesse I þe beseche:  
 Accepte þe entent of my preyere:  
 1150 For my synnys to þe heuently leche  
 Be medyatryce & a mene me teche  
 How wyth-owtyn ony empechement  
 Askapyn I may þe cruel wreche  
 The day of þe last ingement.  
 1155 And fynally, lady, to þe trew entent  
 Of hyr attende wych specyally  
 Thy lyf to make me yaf comaundement  
 And þe in hert louyth ful affecteuosly,  
 In mene dame Elyzabeth Ver, sothly;  
 1160 A chartyr hyr purchase here of pardoun,  
 And whan she shal passyn from þis owvlaury,  
 Of god hyr brynge to þe contemplacyoun.  
 Amen, mercy, Jhesu, & gramercy.

In thys boke be wretene þe teyntys Iuys, fyrst of

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Translatyd into englys be a doctour of dyuynite  
 clepyd Osbern Bokenam [a suffolke man], frere austyn  
 of the *conuent* of Stokclare [and was doon wrytyn in Cane-  
 bryge by hys soñ frere Thomas Burgh: The yere of our lord  
 a thousand foure hundryth se yn & forty: Whose expence dreu  
 thretty schyligys; & yafe yt on-to this holy place of nunnys that  
 þei shulde haue mynd on hym & of hys systyr Dame Betrice  
 Burgh. of þe wych soulys Jhesu haue mercy Amen].\*

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\* Das Eingeklammerte ist klein überschr. v. a. II.





## BEILAGE.<sup>1</sup>

This Dialogue betwix a Seculer asking and a Frere answering at the grave of Dame Johan of Acres shewith the lineal descent of the lordis of the honoure of Clare, fro the tyme of the fundation of the Freeris in the same honoure the yere of our Lorde MCCXLVIII, unto the first day of May the yere MCCCLVI.<sup>2</sup>

(Aus dem Monasticon Anglicanum VI, p. 1600.)

<p><i>What man lyeth here? sey me, sir Frere! —</i> man. — <i>What ellis? — It is a woman. —</i> <i>Whos doughter she was, I wolde lefe here. —</i> wol you tell, sir, liche as I kan: ng Edwarde the first aftir the con- quest began, s I have lernyd, was hir fadir: nd of Spayne borne was hir modir.—</p>	<p><i>Quis jacet hic? — Nullus. — Quid tunc? — Est foemina. — Cuius Filia, tu mihi dic! — Ed. pri. post con. mihi fert sic</i> Cronica, si memorem: dedit huic Hispania matrem. —</p>
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<sup>1</sup> Das folg. Gedicht wird in der Roxburgh Ed. Bokenam zugeschrieben (s. p. VII, m.), vielleicht mit Unrecht; doch ist es jedenfalls in seinem Kloster und in seinem Kloster gedichtet (c. 1456). Woher das Gedicht genommen ist, wird im M. A. nicht angegeben. Ueber dem Titel steht ein Bild, einen Laien und einen Mönch neben einem Wapen darstellend. Zwischen dem engl. und dem lat. Texte stehen Wapen mit lateinischen Beschriften, neben Str. 1 mit Ueberschr.: Dominus Ricardus Comes Glovern. qui circa annum MCCXLVIII induxit fratres ordinis S. Augustini in Angliam, et Domina Matilda Comitissa Herefordiae, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Gilbertus filius et haeres dicti Ricardi, et Dña Matilda filia Comitis Vlster, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Gilbertus filius et haeres dicti Gilberti, et Dña Johanna de Acris, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Johannes de Burgo Comes de Vlster, et Dña Elizabetha filia et haeres in parte dicti Gilberti, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Lionellus Dux Clarentiae: et Dña Elizabeth filia et haeres dicti Ricardi, et Elizabeth, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Edmundus Comes Marchiae, et Dña Philippa filia et haeres dicti Ricardi, et Elizabeth, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Rogerus filius et haeres dicti Edmundi, et Dña Elianora, filia et haeres in parte Cancie, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Edmundus filius et haeres dicti Rogeri, et Dña Anna filia Comitis de Stafford, vxor eius.

Darauf: Dñs Ricardus Comes Cantabrigiae, et Anna filia et haeres Rogeri Comitis Marchiae, post obitum fratris sui Edmundi, sterilis.

Darauf: Dñs Ricardus Dux Ebor. filius dictae Annae, et Dña Cecelia filia Comitis Westmer-land, vxor eius.

Das letzte Wapen neben Str. 17 ist ohne Ueberschrift.

<sup>2</sup> In dieser Zahl ist wohl ein C ausgelassen und der 1. Mai 1456 als das Datum des Gedichtes anzunehmen.

2. *What was hir name?* — Dame  
 Johan she hight  
 Of Acris. — *Why so declarid wolde*  
*be?* —  
 For there she sey first this worldes  
 light,  
 Borne of hir modir, as cronicles tell  
 me.  
 Wherefore in honoure, O Vincent,  
 of the,  
 To whom she had singular affection,  
 This chappell she made of pure  
 deuotion. —

3. *Was she ought weddid to any*  
*wight?* —  
 Yea, sir. — *To whom?* — Yf I shulde  
 not lye,  
 To Gilbert of Clare, the erle by  
 right  
 Of Gloucestre. — *Whos son was he?*  
 — So hlye.  
 Another Gilbertis. — *This genea-*  
*logye*  
*I desire to know: wherefore telle me*  
*Who was his fadir, yf it plesse the.* —

4. This Gilbertis fadir was that  
 noble knyght  
 Sir Richard of Clare, to sey al and  
 sum,  
 Which for a freris love that Giles  
 hight,  
 And his boke, clepid De Regimine  
 Principum,  
 Made first freres Augustynes to Inge-  
 loude cum,  
 Therein to duelle: and for that dede  
 In heven God grant him joye to  
 mede. —

5. *But laterally, who was, telle me,*  
*This Richardis wife, whom thou*  
*preisest so?* —  
 The countesse of Hereforde, and  
 Maulte hight she,  
 Which, wan dethe the knotte hadde  
 undoo  
 Of temporal spousale bitwixe hem  
 two,

*Cognomen mihi da!* — De Acris si  
 dicta Johanna. —  
*Cur sic, de lara!* — Quia nam fui  
 haec ibi nata.  
 Hinc in honore tuo, Vincenti. pec-  
 tore puro  
 Qua cubat hanc bellam fundavera  
 ipsa cupellam. —

*Nupta fuit necne?* — Fuit immo. —  
*Cui?* — Mihi crede:  
 Gilberto comiti Gloucestr. *Quis*  
*pater illi?* —  
 Alter Gilbertus — *Quis erat, mihi*  
*dic, pater ejus?* —

*Nobilis et nardus redolens fuit is*  
 Ricardus,  
 Qui, quos dilexit, heremias tra-  
 mare vexit  
 Ordinis egregii doctoris, nomen et i-  
 Augustinus erat; quos princeps ip-  
 fovebat  
 Ob merita Egidii dulcisque amo-  
 libelli  
 Quem de Regimine procerum coi-  
 posuit ipse,  
 Ut suus in regno noviter succre-  
 ceret ordo  
 Anglorum: hinc sit ei summe mere-  
 requiei! —

*Sed precor ex latere: fuit uxor qui*  
*mihi pande,*  
*Istius eximii quem effers sic lau-*  
*Ricardi?*  
 Haec fuit illustris domina et rec-  
 lenda Matildis,  
 Quae, postquam sponsum mors str-  
 vit seva Ricardum,

With divers parcels encrecid our  
fundation,  
The as oure monumentys make  
declaration. —

*Of the first Gilbert who was the  
wife? —*  
The name Maulte, a lady full honourable,  
One of the Ulsters, as sheweth ryfe  
her armes of glasse in the easte  
gable.  
And for to God thei wolde ben accep-  
table,  
Her Lorde and she with a holy  
entent  
Made up our chirche fto the fund-  
ament. —

*Now to dame Johane turn we  
ageyn,  
Wher Gilbertis wife, as to-forne  
said is,  
Which lyeth here: Was she bareyn? —*  
Nay, sir. — *Sey me, what frute was  
this? —*  
A branche of right great joie, I wis. —  
*In or woman? —* A ladie bright. —  
*What was hir name? —* Elizabeth  
she hight. —

*Who was hir husbonde? —* Sir  
John of Burgh,  
One of the Uls ris: so conjoynd be  
stris armes and Gloucesters thurgh  
and thurgh.  
The sheweth our wyndowes in housis  
thre,  
The courtur, Chapiter-hous, and fraitour,  
which she  
Made out the grounde, both plaun-  
ce er and wall —  
*And who the rofe? —* She allone did  
al. —

*Had she ony issue? —* Yea, sir,  
sickerly. —  
*What? —* A daughter. *What name  
had she? —*  
The hir modir; Elizabeth, sothely. —  
*Who evir the husbonde of hir might be?*

Particulis nostrum variis prius un-  
dique strictum  
Auxit fundamen: hinc merces ei  
detur, Amen. —

*Et que Gilberti fuit uxor, dic mihi,  
primi  
Istorum haeredis? —* Praeclaris, si  
michi credis:  
Ex Ulstris nata fuit ipsa Matilda  
vocata,  
Ut monstrant arma majori picta  
fenestra  
Ecclesiae istius; fabricam de pulvere  
cuius  
Munere magnifico fundarunt hii duo  
primo. —

*Num sterilis domina fuerat praefata  
Johanna? —*  
Non, set foemineo ditata est ger-  
mine claro. —  
*Nomen daque michi! —* Fuit Eliza-  
beth. —

*Fuit illi  
Num sponsus quisquam? —* Fuit  
immo. — *Dicito quisnam? —*  
Ex Ulstris haeres, dictus de Burgo  
Johannes,  
Duxerat hanc, juxta qua (!) sunt Ul-  
Glouc. simul arma,  
Ut patet in multis vitratis ecce fe-  
nestris  
Capituli, dormitorii, refectoriique,  
Quae loca trina suis fundavit sump-  
tibus haec. — *Quis  
Muris adjecit tectum? —* Sola omnia  
fecit. —

*Sanguinis egregii num rivulus  
affuit illi? —*  
Affuit hinc clara, fuit Elizabeth sibi  
nata  
Altera, quae egregio post haec nup-  
sit Leonello,

Kyng Edwardis son the third was he:  
Sir Lyonel, which buried is hir by,  
As for such a Prince, to simpilly. —

10. *Lefe<sup>1</sup> he ony frute, this Prince  
mighty? —*  
Sir, yea, a doughtir, and Philipp she  
hight;  
Whom sir Edmond Mortymer weddid,  
truly,  
Firste erle of the Marche, a manly  
knight;  
Whose son, sir Roger, by title of  
right  
Lefte heire a nothir Edmonde ageyn;  
Edmonde left noone, but deide  
bareyn. —

11. *Right thus did cese of the Mar-  
chis blode*  
*The heire male: Whither passid the  
right*  
*Of the Marchis londis, and in whome  
it stode,*  
*I wolde fayne lerne, yf that I might. —*  
Sir Roger Myddil erle, that noble  
knight,  
Tweyn daughters lefte of his blode  
roial;  
That ones issue deid; that othris  
hath al. —

12. *What hight that ladie whos issue  
had grace*  
*This lordship tatteyne? — Dame*  
Anne, I-wis;  
To the erle of Cambrigge and she  
wife was.  
Which both be dede, God graunte  
hem blys.  
But hir son Richard, which yet li-  
veth, is  
Duke of Yorke by discent of his  
fadir,  
And hath Marchis londis by right  
of his modir. —

1 l. lefte.

Ed. terni nato, post fataque sic tu-  
mulato,  
Ut vides, exigua pro tanto Princip  
tumba,  
Inque chori medio. —

*Set dum tam clara propag  
Liquerit hueredem? — Sic. — Quan  
dicas michi, prolem? —*  
Foemineam. — *Quota fuit ipsa vo-  
cata? — Philippa,*  
Quae, comiti Edmundo le Marc  
data virgo marito,  
Rogerum genuit; hic Edmundur  
generavit;  
Edmundus sterilis obiit sine se-  
mine. —

*Juris*  
*Ergo cui titulus huius cessit domo  
natus? —*  
Rogeri natae. —

*Cuius, dic, nominis? — Anne*  
De Cambrigg comiti nupsit quoque  
— *Filius illi*  
*Num fuit? — Ut nardus redolen*  
quinimmo Ricardus  
Hinc nascebatur, patris qui jure vo-  
catur  
Dux Eboracensis, cuius praefulguro-  
ensis  
Bellorum titulis gloriosus atque  
triumphis;  
Cuique natura donavit munera plur.  
Et fortuna suis hunc pinxit dotibu-  
amplis:  
Gratia succurrat quod longo ten-  
pore vivat  
Foelici vita virtutibus et redimita. —

Is he sole or married, this Prynce  
*myghty?* —  
 le, God forbede! it were grete  
 pitee! —  
 Tho hath he weddīd? — A gracious  
 lady. —  
 What is her name, I the praie telle  
 me! —  
 The name Cicily, sir. — Whos doughtir  
 was she? —  
 The erle of Westmerlond, I trowe,  
 the yengest,  
 and yn grace hir fortunēd to be the  
 hiest. —

Is there any frute betwix hem  
*two?* —  
 No, Sir, thonks be God, ful glorius. —  
 Male or female? — Sir, bothe-two —  
 The nombir of this progeny gracious  
 and the names to know I am de-  
 sirus,  
 In the order eke of birth telle, yf thou  
 kan,  
 I wil ever be even thyn own man. —

Sir, aftir the tyme of longe barey-  
 nesse  
 I first sent Anne, which signifyeth  
 grace,  
 taken that at her hertis hevynesse  
 as for bareynesse wold fro hem  
 chace;  
 Harry, Edward, and Edmonde, eche  
 in his place  
 succedid; and after tweyn doughters  
 came:  
 Elizabeth and Margarete, and aftir  
 William.

John aftir William nexte borne  
 was,  
 which bothe be passid to Goddis  
 grace;

*Conjugus aut solus extat dux hic  
 metuendus?* —  
 Absit ut hic tantus Princeps sine  
 conjugē solus  
 Esset, nam nephas foret. — *Ergo  
 michi, rogo, dicas*  
*Quam duxit?* — Dominam te scire  
 volo gratiosam. —  
*Nomen des huius!* — Extat Cecilia. —  
*Cuius  
 Filia, declares, fuerat?* — Reor,  
 ultima proles  
 Westmurlond comitis sexus saltim  
 muliebris;  
 Quo non obstante divino munere dante  
 Cunctis praelata sit honore sororibus  
 ipsa. —

*Num sunt hiis soboles aliquae?* —  
 Sunt — *Dic michi quales?* —  
 Bis sene proles. — *Harum michi  
 nomina dones,*  
*Quomodo fatale (l. fate), quo sunt et  
 in ordine nate?* —

Post annos steriles multos fit pri-  
 mula proles  
 Anna decora satis, sed post hanc  
 stirps probitatis  
 Nascitur Henricus, cito quem virtutis  
 amicus  
 Cristus in arce poli fecit regnare  
 perhenni;  
 Prodiit Edwartus post hunc, haeres-  
 que futurus;  
 Edmundus sequitur, hinc Elizabeth  
 generatur;  
 Post Margareta, Willielmus postera  
 meta  
 Fit pro presenti donec sua munera  
 ventri  
 Det Deus hinc matris solitae signum  
 pietatis.

Margret post proles hinc Williel-  
 musque Johannes,  
 Quos raptos seculo statuit Deus al-  
 mus Olimpo;

George was next, and after Thomas  
Borne was, which sone aftir did pace  
By the path of dethe into the hevenly  
place;  
Richard liveth yet; but the last  
of alle  
Was Ursula, to him whom God list  
calle.

17. To the duke of Excestre Anne  
married is  
In her tendir youth. But my lord  
Henry  
God chosen hath to enherite heven-  
blis.  
And lefte Edward to succede tem-  
porally,  
Now erle of Marche; and Edmonde,  
of Rutland sothly  
Counte; bothe fortunabil to right  
high marriage.  
The othir foure stonde yit in their  
pupillage.

18. Longe mote he liven to Goddis  
plesaunce,  
This high and mighty Prince, in  
prosperite;  
With virtue and victorie God him  
avaunce  
Of al his enemyes, and grante that he  
And the noble Princesse, his wife,  
may see  
Her childres children, or thei hens  
wende,  
And aftir this outelary the joy that  
nevir shal end!

Inde Georgius est natus, Thomasque  
Ricardus,  
Thomas in fata secessit sorte beata  
Ultima jam matris proles fuit Ursula  
regis  
Quae summi voto coelesti jungitur  
agno. —

*Optime naturam pinxisti; pande fu-  
turam,  
Si scis, fortunam! — Dux Excest-  
tenet Annam  
Uxorem, quae...<sup>1</sup> comes March e  
Edward patris haere(s);  
Rutlonde Edmundus comes existit  
vocitatus.  
Tres reliquas proles solita pieta-  
parentes  
Tempore condigno titulabunt nomi-  
digno.*

Istam progeniem soboles et utru-  
que parentem  
Omnipotens firmet, et incolumem  
rogo, servet  
Temporibus longis, et secum vive-  
coelis  
Prestet, post fata ducens ad galma-  
grata.  
Conferat hoc flamen, pater, et pro-  
precor, Amen.

<sup>1</sup> Hier fehlt ein Vers.

## BEMERKUNGEN.

Die gewöhnlichen abbreviationen habe ich durch cursiven druck wiedergegeben, charakteristische oder zweifelhafte zeichen jedoch beibehalten.  $\eta$  (= *ne*) und seltener  $\eta^1$  (bei hem 1, 201, *custom* 297, *nam cam* 851, *cam* 1078) begegnen fast nur in Marg. (v. a. h.). In der endsilbe -oūn (in Marg. auch  $ou\eta$   $ou\eta$  und anfangs, v. 155 und 56.  $ou\eta$ ) steht die abbreviation des schluss-*e* auf dem vorletzten buchstaben, desgleichen in *mouth deuouht* (= *mouthe deuouhte*), sowie in *stondyn̄g* 3, 170 *lastyn̄g* 9, 1013 (= *stondynge*). Auch in  $o\eta$   $do\eta$   $sey\eta$   $hevy\eta$   $eue\eta$   $crow\eta$   $retu\eta$   $com\eta$  bezeichnet der strich schluss-*e* (*one done* u. s. w.). Hingegen ist  $ou\eta$   $au\eta$  = *oun aun*; in Anna wird statt  $ou\eta$  auch  $o\eta$  (*deuocio\eta*) geschrieben, welches offenbar ebenfalls in *oun* aufzulösen ist, sogar *comānyd* 2, 157 (= *comānyd*), *penānce* 2, 205 (= *penaunce*). Auch  $wo\eta$  (*wo\eta*) *stroūg foūg amoūg* bez. *woun stroung foung amoung* (so findet sich ausgeschrieben *amoung* 3, 632). In *noūbyr chaūbyr exaūple* ipossible kann der strich *n* und *m* bezeichnen, da ausgeschrieben beide formen vorkommen (vgl. auch *laupe tounbe*); in *tounbe exaūple tyraūnt expoūnyd* scheint der strich bedeutungslos (doch vgl. ausgeschr. *ex. ounnyd* 11, 3). Das ms. schreibt öfter *graunt remnauht*, wo wahrscheinlich der strich ausgelassen ist; ich habe hier jedoch einfach *graunt remnanht* gesetzt. In *myh* 3, 616 *brouh* 3, 104<sup>2</sup> scheint der strich *t* zu vertreten (*myht brouht*); -*cōn* (nur 2, 255 *sustentacōn*) ist -*cion*. Von andern abbreviationen des schluss-*e* begegnen: *syth* (*sythe*) Prol. 102, *chaung* (*chaunge*) 1, 565 — besonders ist  $g$  häufig in Anna; *wych* (= *whiche*) 2, 61; 82, *all* (= *alle*) 2, 46; in Christina ist schliessendes *r* (= *re*) häufig, ebenda begegnen *tak* (= *take*) 3, 928, *aprochyd* (= *aprochye*) 3, 754; in *Fides assayl* (= *assayle*) 5 90, *duel* (= *duelle*) 5, 306, *fast* 5, 397, *shalt* 5, 339 (= *faste shalte*), *throw* (= *throwe*) 5, 186; ob *moū* 9, 529 *mowe* oder *mown* vertreten soll, ist zweifelhaft. In Christina ff. haben die abbrev. für *er*, *e. is* (an ll, wie in *angell* = *angellis*, doch *Isabell* 8, 37, = *Isabelle*) dieselbe form; dasselbe zeichen über *y* vertritt bloß die stelle eines punktes über *y*; in *cumyng*<sup>1</sup> (so mit auspunkt. n) 3. 476 und *returnyg*<sup>1</sup> 4, 226 vertritt das zeichen *n* (*cumyng*). Eine eigenthümliche abbrev. ist obengeschr. <sup>t</sup> in *ny<sup>t</sup> my<sup>t</sup>*, wofür ausgeschrieben *mycht myght* u. *myht* sich finden; es

1 Dieses *m* mit verlängerungsstrich konnte im druck nicht wiedergegeben werden.

2 Der strich an *h* in *myh* *brouh* und über *n* ist im druck zuweilen etwas unförmlich dick gerathen.

kann hier cht (wie in schott. mss.) oder th (st. ht) bezeichnen. In *w<sup>t</sup>* bezeichnet es *wyth*, wie in anderen mss.; die daneben vorkommende schreibung *wy<sup>t</sup>* habe ich beibehalten, da ausgeschrieben sich *wyth* u. *wyt* finden. Eine seltene Abbrev. ist *wy<sup>c</sup>* = *wych* 10, 649 (u. 12, 296 wo *wy<sup>t</sup>* st. *wy<sup>c</sup>* verschrieben ist). Noch zu bemerken sind die Abbrev. *ügynyte* 6, 142 = *uergynyte*, *langage* 2, 6 = *language*, *phebꝝ* = *phebus*; *srstycyoun* 6. 214 = *superstycyoun*, *dd' 2*, 231 = *David*.

Im ms. übergeschriebene oder corrigirte buchstaben habe ich ebenfalls durch cursiven druck bezeichnet (z. b. bei *herand* 1, 1041, *whose* 3, 639, *threting* 5, 347 u. a., wo die cursiven buchstaben im ms. übergeschrieben sind). Davon zu trennen sind die correcturen, durch welche ursprüngliche laute des ms. abgeändert sind: so ist in *Anna* in *clepud* 2, 273, *blessud* 2, 565, *lengure* 2, 659 u. in *y corr.*, *wyntour* 2, 259 in *wyntre* verändert, in *Christina* in *foulk* 3, 22, *ould* 3, 198, *tould* 3, 340, *tuo* 3, 518 u. ö. u. auspunktirt, e in *offrey*n 3, 195 (aber vgl. *spekeing* 11, 25), e in *fulle* 5, 284; ferner ist bei *at* = *pat* oft ein *p* vorgesetzt, in *pe* = *pei* i (1, 1059 u. 5, 9 in *they y*) übergeschr. Doch sind die urspr. formen oft genug stehen geblieben (z. b. *at* 3, 74; 9, 131, 237. 716; 10, 142). Diese correcturen stammen jedenfalls nicht von einem der schreiber oder von Thomas Burgh her, sonst würde es unerklärlich sein, warum so viele offenbare fehler des ms. unverbessert gelassen sind; doch scheinen sie bald nach dem ms. gemacht. Ich habe in diesen fällen die urspr. laute, die für die schreiber charakteristisch sind, beibehalten (l. also auch *wyntour* 2, 259) und das zugesetzte *p* in *pat*, *i* in *pei* cursiv gesetzt. Uebrigens sind einzelne correcturen des ms. geradezu unrichtig, z. b. die tilgung des *l* in *richels* 3, 469, des *n* in *malyncoly*, die corr. von *for* in *forth* 3, 82. Andere correcturen scheinen von den schreibern selbst gemacht, wie die tilgung des *d* in *ondly vnwardly* 2, 384.

Zu den häufigeren fehlern des ms. gehört die schreibung *gu* st. *qu* in *gueme*, *guyte*, *Aguarye*, *Aguens*, *inguysytyf*; ferner öfter *forwyth* st. *forthwyth*; die vertauschung von *&* und *in*; von *s* und *d* (so ist *askys* 3, 819 st. *askyd* verschrieben). Auch die schreibung *thying* *paleyis* *dyryuyid* *browhtyyu* (11, 310) *seyin* *seying* st. *seyng* und *seyng* st. *seying* scheint fehlerhaft. Da im reim *haue* und *hane* (inf. u. praes. plur.) sich finden, so ist es oft zweifelhaft, welche form in den text aufzunehmen ist; ich habe durchgehends im text *haue* gesetzt (ausser 3, 592 wo das ms. deutlich *hane* hat; in 6, 446 ist es zweifelhaft).

Eigene correcturen habe ich nur in zweifellosen fällen in den text aufgenommen und dann durch cursiven druck gekennzeichnet — l. daher auch *him* 2, 283, *h(o)usholde* (ms. *husbonde*) 2, 563, *syth* (ms. *swyeh*) 3, 563 *curyde* (ms. *niryde*) 6, 330. —

Schliesslich lasse ich hier noch einzelne nachträgliche Bemerkungen zu einzelnen Stellen des Textes folgen.

p. 1 Der Prolog zu Marg hat im ms keine überschrift (der zu Magd. ist *Prolocutorye* betitelt). Ich habe diesen Prolog, obwohl er speciell zu Marg. gehört, gesondert aufgeführt, weil



er zugleich als eine allgemeine einleitung betrachtet werden kann. — p. 2, v. 44 ff. ähnlich p. 10, 107 u. p. 55, 17 ff. — v. 57 crepaude Krötenstein. — p. 3, 72 tellee (so ms.) st. teele = to blame. — p. 4, 140 ms. behoden st. beholden. — p. 6, 216 Ageland ist mir unerklärlich. — p. 11, 169 l. philosophycal? (es ist des Boetius schrift de consolatione philosophiae gemeint). 177 Die form Chauncers ist wohl auch p. 264, 1077 anzunehmen, sonst findet sich Chauncer. — p. 12, 193 the ist im ms. überschr. — p. 13, 245 l. lefe? (ms. lefe) 256 ms. abreyd st. a breyd. — p. 18, 450 ff. Diese schilderung des drachen stimmt am meisten mit der lat. version in Mombritius tom. 2, a fol. 103 (vgl. Act. SS. Boll. Jul. V p. 28). — p. 19, 474—5 vgl. Mombr. l. c.: sed crux Christi quam sibi fecerat b. Margareta, *crevit* in ore draconis et in duas partes eum divisit. — p. 23, 648 beyke to stretch, auch Prompt. Parv. p. 29. — ib. 663 Die vermuthung, dass vnhende st. vnhende steht, scheint unnöthig, da Halliwell vnhende: abject, outcast (eigentl. = nicht gedeihend) aufführt; dem Sinne nach würde vnhende besser passen — p. 26, 761 Papye = Pauye (lat. Civitas Papiensis). — p. 28, 840 carage st. corage. — p. 31, 979 ff. Die jahreszahl ist sicher verschrieben; die stelle in der Transl. Marg. (Act. SS. Boll.) lautet: Sed anno salutis MCLXXXV Indictione tertia, Urbano tercio Romano pontifice, regnante Frederico imperatore, erant in silva Marchionis, quae est inter Neapolim et Terracinam, duo eremitae. viri admodum religiosi, quorum alter dicebatur Johannes. — p. 32, 996 der Name Burgundio findet sich in der lat. Transl. (Act. SS. Boll.) nicht. — p. 37, 3 firsh ist st. fresh verschr. (vgl. p. 11, 176). — p. 38. 39 im ms. ist thetent durch überschr. e in the entent corr. — p. 40, 135 ms. The wolde mit auspunkt. w. In wold ist d überschr. — p. 41, 149 wyl st. wel. 175 ms. zouyn in zeuyn corr.? — p. 42, 199 to = two (die annahme dass to st. do verschrieben, ist unnöthig). — p. 43, 259 das urspr. wyntour ist wohl in den Text aufzunehmen st. des corr. wyntre. — p. 47, 417 sotheynly st. sodeynly verschr. (der Schreiber hat zuerst wohl sothe schreiben wollen). — p. 49, 486 þe vor saluatur ist überschr. — 502 seyn st. sey, 507 seye st. seyn; p. 50, 525 were st. wore, 528 ayeyn st. ayen, 529 was com st. com was. — p. 51, 565 blessude in blessyde corr. — p. 53, 659 ms. urspr. lengure. — p. 54, 687 Es kann fraglich sein ob In balaade ryme nicht zum folg. gehört und der punkt nach 686 zu setzen, da ein lat. Gedicht in balaade ryme (7zeil. strophen) auffällig ist; doch würde in diesem Falle die stellung von wherfore auffällig sein. — p. 54, 4 weldful st. welthful. — p. 56, 64 degre (so ms. st. manere. — p. 61 264 all ist überschr. im ms. — p. 62, 331 o in wol scheint corr., l. wohl wil. — p. 68, 575 mayle (ms. mffayle mit austr. ff) scheint verschrieben (st. meruayle?). — p. 69, 594 rehetē (erfreuen) ironisch; oder st. threte verschr.? 621 quenchyddyst (ms. in euchyddynt) kann dreist in den text aufgenommen werden, da es unzweifelhaft die urspr. lesart ist. — p. 70, 655 l. For in (pis) mayde. — p. 74, 819 askys st. askyd verschr. — p. 75, 832 ms. ony oder eny? — p. 76, 879 u. 897 seying st. seyng. 898 gyr-

nyng = grynnyng. — p. 78, 987 wyth überschrieben. — p. 81, v. 38 fair fehlt im ms. — p. 84, 154 l. *To* (ms. *And*) here soulys? — p. 85, 226 ms. returnyg. — p. 88, 317 yde ist wohl st. *perde* verschr. — p. 91, 14 slow ist praet.; diese schreibung mit o in slow drow ist nicht selten; l. daher auch p. 163 v. 163 wohl drow. — p. 92, 45 l. edyfy(i)d. — p. 96, 195 nepmst ist wohl st. *nempnid* verschr. — p. 98, 300 l. hey st. *heyer*; das häkchen über y ist wohl nur der über y häufige Punkt. 303 welt = welth. — p. 100, 361 e in whyle ist angesetzt. — p. 102 Von dem lat. motto ist der erste vers aus dem *Carmen eleg. de martyrio et laudibus S. Agnetis* von Philipp ab Eleemosyna Abb. Bonae Spei (cf. Act. SS. Boll. Jan. II p. 350), dessen Anfang lautet: *Agnes sacra sui pennam scriptoris in auret Linguam nectareo compluat imbre meam* — p. 105, 102 & ist vorgeschr. — p. 107, 204 welyng = willyng. — p. 109, 290 begettyn (so ms.) als Part. kann richtig sein. — p. 110, 311—7 vgl. Ambr. V. Aga C. 2: *Sicut enim illi igne conflati sunt ut funderentur, sic colentes eos perpetuo incendio conflantur: non ut fundantur sed ut confundantur in aeternum et pereant.* 322 *proterfly* kann nur als Adv. = *protervely* (von lat. *protervus*) gefasst werden; es ist also zu interprungiren: pis wyche, *proterfly* Oure goddys skornyng; (lat. *Agnetem virginem sacrilegam, Diis blasphemiam inferentem.*) — p. 114, 493 seying st. seyng. — p. 116, 540 wyth st. whyl? 573 of hern = of theirs; Vgl. Ambr.: *corpus posuerunt in praediolo suo non longe ab Urbe, in via quae dicitur Numentana* (dieser Weg führte von der Porta Viminalis nach Nomentum, Stadt der Sabiner, cf. Act. SS. Boll.). — Nach 576 lässt der Dichter die Episode von der Emerentiana aus. — p. 118, 642 l. *And* (*whan*) *pei*. — p. 124, 172 mende aus minde corr. — p. 132, 241 eloquencye aus eloquence corr. 246 asperence st. experience? — p. 133, 280 purchase wohl st. *þorgh* grace verschr. — p. 137, 422 dislauynesse Unreinheit, vom afrz. *deslaver* beflecken. — p. 141, 618 langwyring wohl st. langwyshyng verschr. — p. 147, 860 l. heuyin? — p. 148, 880 l. *perylous*; l ist über y überschr. — p. 151, 997 kothe ags. *coþ* *coþa* morbus, swoon. — p. 153, 1066 i in preyil überschr. 1099 koude = kou l he. — p. 154, 1142 prenyd = printyd. — p. 158, 1293 in dwer = in wer? — p. 160, 26 ms. neychbör; l *neychbow*? — p. 166, 267 die bedeutung von *byete* ist zweifelhaft. — p. 179, 793 cache st. *keche*. — p. 172, 493 e in *phylosophye* überschr., ebenso p. 178, 751 in *contrarye*. — p. 173, 535 leuene (sonst blitz) muss hier „feuer“ bedeuten. — p. 176, 660 and st. þan auch p. 200, 585. — p. 180, 824 A st. IIII? L. A quatuor millia. 835 l. (she) had. 857 a noth = an oth. — p. 186, 23 empler = exemplar. — p. 206, 821 lawhe laughed, ausgelacht. — p. 209, 49 sowde st. sownde? — p. 212, 153 semyng st. semyn (nicht st. *semyth*). — p. 221, 485 hangyr = angyr mit anorg. h. — p. 227, 96 hys ist wohl richtig. — p. 247, 387 ähnliche Verse auch in andern Dichtern. — p. 252, 580 bedlaure bettlägerig. — p. 254, 765 Nachahmung aus Lydgate's Edmund.

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Organ für englische Philologie  
unter Mitberücksichtigung des englischen Unterrichtes  
auf höheren Schulen.

Herausgegeben von

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ao. Professor der englischen Philologie an der Universität Breslau.

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des 16., 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts

herausgegeben

von

KARL VOLLMÖLLER.

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